

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

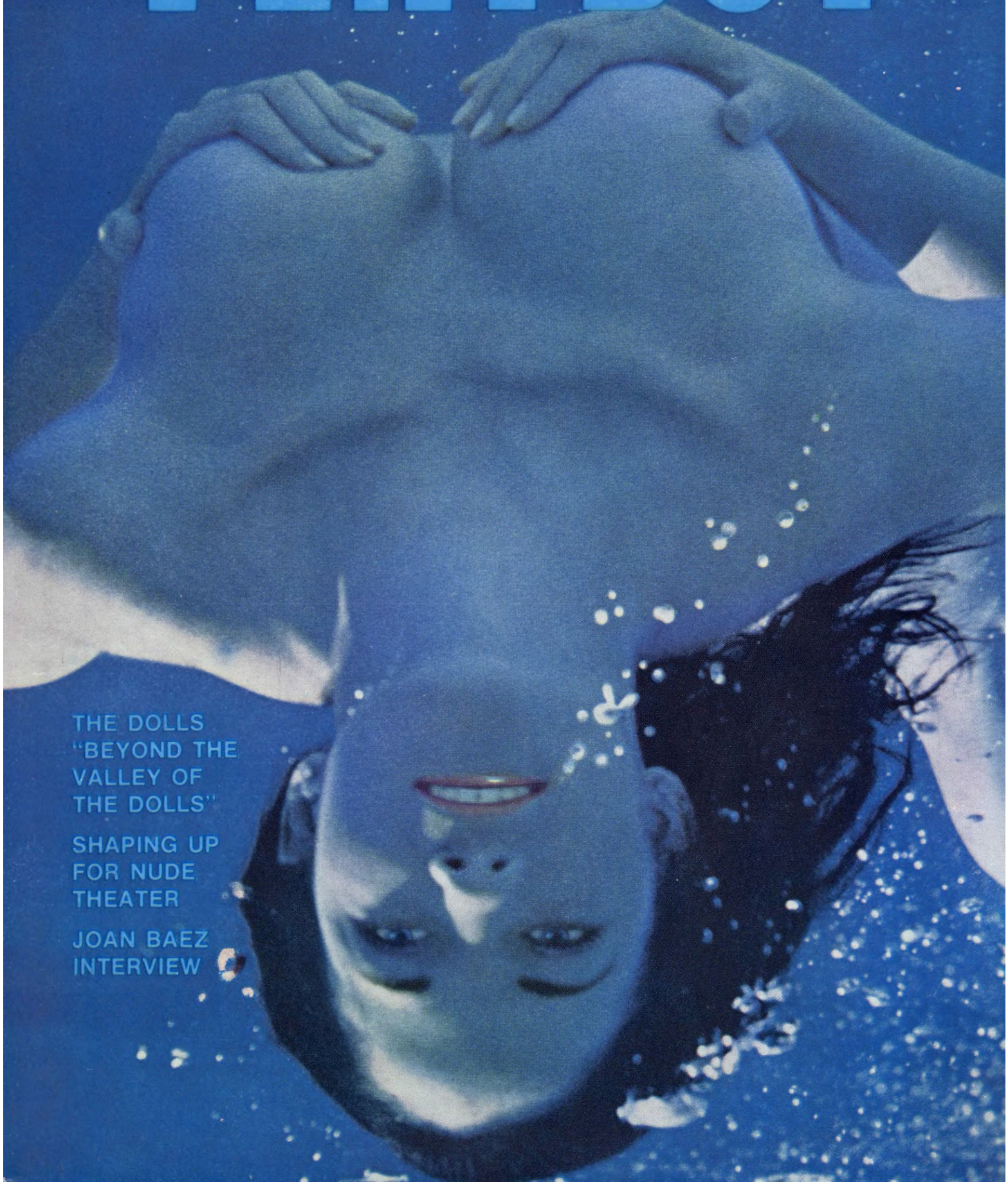
JULY 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

THE DOLLS
"BEYOND THE
VALLEY OF
THE DOLLS"

SHAPING UP
FOR NUDE
THEATER

JOAN BAEZ
INTERVIEW





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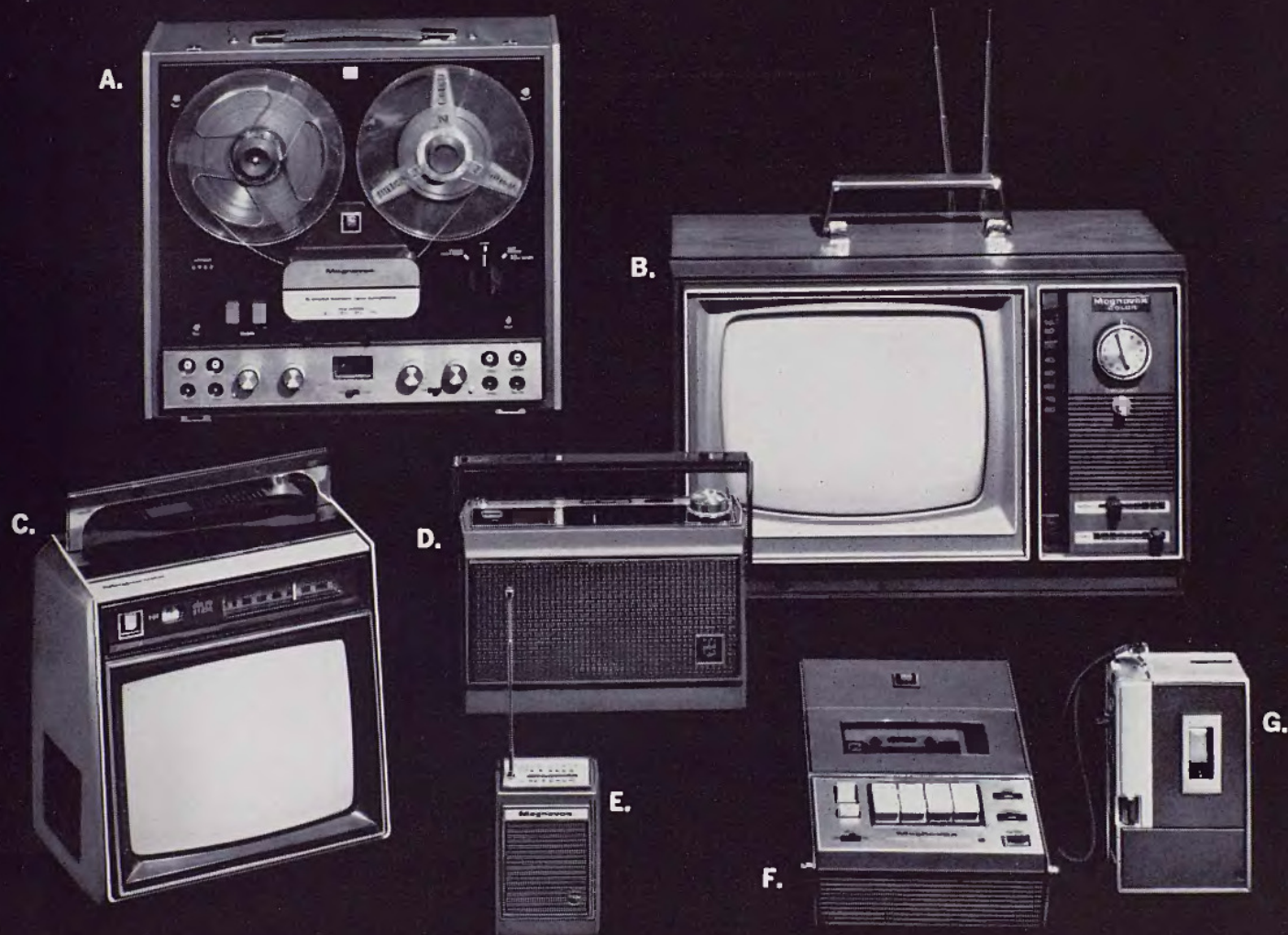
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There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.

PLAYBILL

IF THERE'S A THREAD that links the diverse articles in this early-summer issue, it might be called refreshing irreverence. A case in point is *Further "Up the Organization,"* in which Robert Townsend continues his frontal assault on the inhumane and unprofitable practices of big business that he launched in his number-one best-selling book, *Up the Organization*. Formerly head of Avis, Townsend is currently publishing *The Congressional Monitor*, which he describes as the "world's most expensive daily newspaper" (it costs \$285 per year). Also in a debunking spirit is Morton Hunt's *Man and Beast*, which questions the fashionable notion that ethologists can fully understand human behavior by observing the behavior of lower animals. Hunt, a veteran journalist whose newest book is *The Affair: A Portrait of Extra-marital Love in Contemporary America*, tells us that he finds it "easier to love animals as an ethologist than as a homeowner and part-time country gentleman"; his lawn, he explains, is infested with moles.

Shaping Up for "Oh! Calcutta!" is C. Robert Jennings' backstage account, with four pages of revealing photographs, of the encounter-therapy techniques that were used to rehearse performers for the most irreverent happening in today's theater. Jennings focused on the show's Los Angeles company, which was dogged by remarkably bad luck—first in the form of unfavorable reviews, then by the arrests of some players and the resignations of others and, finally, by the action of the executive producer in New York, who brought suit against his Los Angeles counterpart for failure to pay royalties. These travails, fortunately, are not evident in our pictorial.

Ben Masselink's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Television*, a collection of tongue-in-cheek replies to hitherto unanswered—and unasked—queries about the boob tube, is an entertaining parody of Dr. David Reuben's similarly titled best seller about sex. A free-lance writer who specializes in TV scripts, Masselink has had four books published by Little, Brown; the most recent is a children's book, *Green*. Another lighthearted essay, but with ominous overtones, is Ralph Schoenstein's *Nuke Thy Neighbor*, a vision of the ultimate missile crisis. A prolific humorist and a regular guest on Arthur Godfrey's radio show, Schoenstein will be represented in a forthcoming Grove Press anthology on the subject of *Getting Busted*.

A real-life tragedy of modern militarism is unflinchingly recounted in Jesse Frank Frosch's *Anatomy of a Massacre*, an insider's authoritative report on and analysis of the tensions and decisions that led to the slaughter of Vietnamese villagers by American troops at My Lai—and elsewhere—and the subsequent attempt to cover up the incidents. Frosch was in Quang Ngai Province in March 1968 as a military-intelligence advisor to the South Vietnamese army and was responsible for monitoring all Viet Cong and civilian activities in the ill-fated area of Song My. He is now in Atlanta writing for United Press International. The anguish of trying to stay alive under combat conditions is vividly rendered in Tim O'Brien's *Step Lightly*; recently returned from Vietnam, where he wrote the article, O'Brien is anticipating a career as a political journalist. The folly of war—in fact, of all violence—is eloquently decried in this month's exclusive *Playboy Interview* with political activist, folk singer and committed pacifist Joan Baez. Another timely subject is essayed by Assistant Editor Geoffrey Norman, whose attendance earlier this year at Northwestern University's ground-breaking environmental "teach-out" resulted in his sobering *Project Survival*.

While Frosch, O'Brien and Norman are new to our readers, our roster of contributors also includes such familiar writers as Ray Russell, whose *Meaningful Dialog* is a satiric take-off on the new sexual permissiveness; and Ken W. Purdy, whose *A Semester at Superdriver U* is based on his experience at a high-performance-driving school—which he says has tempted him to fulfill a longtime ambition to race.

This month's lead fiction, Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man's Weather*, illuminates a man's vain attempt to escape his violent past; like Shaw's two most recent *PLAYBOY* stories—*Thomas in Elysium* (January 1970) and *Rudolph in Moneyland* (March 1970)—it will be included in his novel *Rich Man, Poor Man*, slated for September release by Delacorte and already chosen as an alternate Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Other fiction includes Asa Baber's *Last Train to Limbo*, the story of an autistic commuter; and Thomas Baum's *On Location*, a nightmarish fantasy of Mad Ave gone mad. Baber's novel *The Land of a Million Elephants* was serialized in *PLAYBOY* earlier this year; Baum will have a novel, *Counterparts*, published in September by Dial. The meticulously detailed cityscape that accompanies *On Location* exemplifies the unusual paper constructions that are the hallmark of Chicago designer James Higa.

There's more, of course. Fashion Director Robert L. Green shows us fresh possibilities for a familiar fabric in *Denim Does It* and an alternative to the omnipresent four-in-hand necktie in *Bow Brummell*. Master chef Thomas Mario suggests a host of hors-d'oeuvre ideas to brighten any occasion in *Conversation Pieces*. A many-splendored Fire Island beach house is spotlighted in *Striking Sand Castle*; and Ford-De Tomaso's sleek new sports car is showcased in *Torrid Italian Beauty*. The beauties of Russ Meyer's sexy sequel to the Jacqueline Susann print-and-film potboiler get almost total exposure in *The Dolls of "Beyond the Valley."* Playmate Carol Willis radiates good vibrations in *Good Day, Sunshine*; and *Little Annie Fanny* is featured in another risible adventure. It adds up, we think, to a suitably summery issue—as one might deduce from the exuberance of our underwater cover girl, Janet Wolf.



SHAW



HUNT



PURDY



JENNINGS



TOWNSEND



BABER



RUSSELL



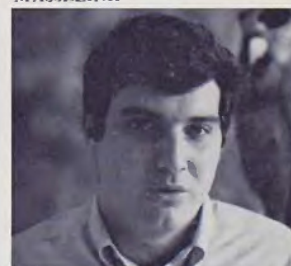
SCHOENSTEIN



MASSLINK



BAUM



NORMAN



FROSCH



HIGA

PLAYBOY



Shaping Up

P. 72



Man and Beast

P. 80



The Valley's Dolls

P. 121



Sand Castle

P. 106

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A man with dark hair is sitting on an ornate, dark-colored chair. He is wearing a bright red long-sleeved shirt, a dark tie with a white diagonal stripe, and blue plaid trousers with a flare at the bottom. He is also wearing dark loafers. The background is a solid dark brown color. The floor is a light tan color, and there is a shadow of the chair and man on it.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Y ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PAYMENT DEFERRED

James Clayton is to be commended for his thought-provoking article, *Our Mortgaged Future*, in the April issue of your magazine. I am planning to share excerpts from it with my colleagues by inserting them into the *Congressional Record*. In this day, when excess is the norm and irresponsibility is called responsible, it is good to know that those like Clayton have the courage and forthrightness to tell it like it is—and will be.

Representative Odin Langen
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

I've just finished reading *Our Mortgaged Future* and found it excellent in every respect. Americans always seem to suffer from myopia when considering the future effects of any present action. National leaders insist upon looking at Government policies in terms of present dollars-and-cents effects. As has been seen with environmental problems, this analysis falls far short of reality. James Clayton has performed a great service for the nation by pointing out the probable long-term effects of our Vietnam involvement—long-term effects that simply have not been considered by the makers of our foreign policy.

Fredrick D. Palmer, Staff Assistant
Committee on Post Office and
Civil Service
Washington, D.C.

Clayton's description of the mood of financial realism toward the war in Vietnam is an apt one. His analysis of the more immediate aspects of the war—the cost in human lives, the money spent, the effect on the American economy—and his treatment of the relationship between the war and our present inflationary spiral are especially valid.

The Federal Government spends over 200 billion dollars a year. What part of this is actually responsible for inflation? The 1.9-billion-dollar expenditure that prompted President Nixon to veto the Health, Education and Welfare appropriation bill represents less than one percent of our annual budget. I agree with Clayton's analysis: Our huge expenditure for the Vietnam war is responsible for many of our economic ills.

Thus far, we have spent more than 105 billion dollars fighting the longest war in our history. It is in this huge expenditure that we must look for the cause of our inflation.

I disagree with people who have argued that peace is less profitable than war. In terms of human lives and misplaced priorities, war is the most expensive activity of man. It is time to give peace a try.

Representative Bertram L. Podell
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

SEX IN THE CLASSROOM

Nat Lehrman's interview with Dr. Mary Calderone (PLAYBOY, April) was first-rate. I think it will be very useful in correcting the distortion of her views created by some right-wing groups. Those who read the interview have the opportunity to examine, at length and in depth, the thinking of Dr. Calderone. Many of your readers who may have been misled by right-wing propaganda now can form their own judgments of her positions. The interview should be a useful service to those of us who are anxious to strengthen family life in our country.

Harold I. Lief, President
Sex Information and Education
Council of the United States
New York, New York

I was very pleased to read the interview with Dr. Mary Calderone; both Lehrman and Dr. Calderone did an excellent job of covering the many controversial and substantive issues in sex-education research. We plan to use the interview in our class for professional public-health workers, in which many areas of human sexuality are considered, emphasizing primarily reproduction, conception, contraception and family-planning programs.

J. M. Kilker, Coordinator
Health Education Research Center
University of California
Berkeley, California

The interview with Dr. Mary Calderone should be sent to all school-board members. The tactics of Dr. Gordon Drake and other propagandists have now been

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exposed as irrational and emotional attacks on sex as well as on sex education.

While I do not personally agree with the rather conservative sexual values expressed by Dr. Calderone in regard to premarital sexual intercourse, I admire her openness to the differing positions of others. It is only a matter of time—and the earnest efforts by people of the caliber of Dr. Calderone—until extensive programs in sex education will become a part of the curriculums of most public schools. As a sex-education consultant, my own research study of 250 randomly selected persons from a wide range of social backgrounds indicates that the great majority approves of high school sex education. Yet the vocal minority has been allowed to hinder the development of such programs, as in Anaheim, California.

Youth-adult communication will be greatly enhanced when a meaningful dialog is encouraged by adults who are able to face social change and who offer their knowledge to youth. Your interview has provided a basis for more involvement by those who share this goal.

Roger W. Libby
Pullman, Washington

In south Texas, Dr. Mary Calderone is spelled c-o-m-m-o-n s-e-n-s-e.

Cecil Parker
Texas College of Arts and
Industries
Kingsville, Texas

That was a splendid interview with Dr. Mary Calderone and it ought to be read by all adults, especially parents. It should considerably strengthen the position of those of us who believe it is vital to provide as much education as possible—including sex education—to the youth of today, who will be spending a large portion of their lives as adults and parents in the 21st Century.

Chester L. Watts, Executive Director
Illinois Social Hygiene League
Chicago, Illinois

I rarely consider writing any kind of fan letter to PLAYBOY, since I seldom read your magazine. However, I feel almost obligated to congratulate you on your interview with Dr. Mary Calderone. The defense Dr. Calderone made for SIECUS by quoting herself truthfully and completely, in comparison with the expurgated and transposed quotes used by the Christian Crusade, was superb.

Agnes Adams
Loretto Heights College
Loretto, Colorado

It was with great interest that I read your interview with Dr. Mary Calderone. Aided by the carefully put questions, she expressed herself well. Unfortunately, she side-stepped the crucial question of whether or not it's possible to teach sex without teaching morality, and she com-

pletely glossed over the basic assumption of SIECUS that the vast majority of parents are either inadequate to the task of teaching their children about sex or unwilling to do so. Most of the evidence for this, of course, lies in the wishful thinking of liberals.

Despite all of the talk about it in this country, sex remains a highly individualistic thing and, as PLAYBOY and its interviewer undoubtedly realize, a source of confusion and trauma for youngsters. Nobody knows this better than their parents and nobody is better equipped to teach them the facts of life with this in mind. Sorry, gentlemen, but your attempt to create a latter-day saint out of Dr. Calderone in order to bolster your own liberal image is a transparent one.

Robert Radcliffe
Cincinnati, Ohio

GRACE NOTES ON THE BLUES

Furry's Blues in your April issue is further confirmation that Stanley Booth is a superb writer, probably without peer in the entire rock pantheon. The article shows a special sensitivity to and knowledge of the music and is just about the best thing ever written on the blues and the plight of grand old men such as Furry and his contemporaries. As with the original New Orleans jazz musicians who are finishing out their days at Preservation Hall, Furry and the other old blues men will not be replaced when they are gone.

Gerald Wexler
Executive Vice-President
Atlantic Recording Corporation
New York, New York

As a blues enthusiast, I greatly enjoyed Stanley Booth's article on Furry Lewis. Recognition for this master of the bottleneck guitar has been long overdue. However, Furry's post-War discography is a little more extensive than the article states. In addition to the Folkways set of 1959, there are two albums on the now-defunct Prestige/Bluesville label, a session recorded in Furry's home on a British label and appearances on several blues collections, the most worth while of which is *Memphis Swamp Jam*, a two-record set on which Fred McDowell, Bukka White, Sleepy John Estes and others are also featured. Your readers will also enjoy *When I Lay My Burden Down*, with Furry and Fred McDowell, on Biograph.

Boris Petroff
Springfield, Ohio

I was glad to see a cat like Furry receive his due. It's too bad that the men who made the music are only now being recognized by the masses. I've talked to some of them for my radio series *The Bluesmakers*, men whose styles are the

musical heritage of this country and who set the stage for virtually everything from jazz to acid rock; you can find them now in two-bit bars and campus coffeehouses, singing their guts out.

My thanks to Stanley Booth and to PLAYBOY. With help like this, perhaps the blues makers can receive the plaudits they deserve.

George Warner
KTNT Radio
Tacoma, Washington

WORTH ITS WAIT

Thank you for publishing Asa Barber's *The Land of a Million Elephants* (PLAYBOY, February, March and April). There is nothing more annoying than the long pauses between installments necessitated by serializing a novel; but in this case, patience was rewarded. It is one of the best novels I have read—gentle and witty and, at the same time, relevant to these thunderous times.

Louise Bean
Racine, Wisconsin

NORTH AMERICA'S PARIS

I am convinced, after reading *The Bilingual Pleasures of Montreal* (PLAYBOY, April), that it is the city of the Seventies, the city where it's going to be, if it's not already the city where it's at. It was New York in the Fifties and San Francisco in the Sixties; and during this decade, it's going to be North America's own version of Paris. Your article blew my mind, though I think you could have spent a few more paragraphs on the city's small but growing and very with-it hippie colony. With the draft board breathing down my neck, what better city to visit—and stay for a while?

Alex Parson
Los Angeles, California

Your article on Montreal is accurate and gives a reasonably complete cross section of the city in the space allotted; but I am disappointed, as a French Canadian, that you err to the extent of calling *un puissant frappeur* a home run. *Un puissant frappeur* is a powerful hitter. A home run is *un coup de circuit* or merely *un circuit*.

B. A. Locke
Quebec City, Quebec

Credit reader Locke with *un coup de circuit*.

ALTERNATIVES ON THE RIGHT

Josiah Lee Auspitz' *For a Moderate Majority* in your April issue warrants serious attention from the political-party structure. Incredibly, American culture and the massive institutions that maintain it still evaluate man's worth according to skin pigmentation and economic background, and the worth of natural resources in terms of the quickest profits.

As one of these massive institutions,

**The only beer that
always tastes light
enough to have another.**



the political party has two options. It can remain oriented to the special interests of the status quo and risk a continued trend toward obsolescence or it can improve American culture by becoming more of a movement than an institution. Auspitz' statement in support of even mild tactics of change is one hopeful step toward the potentials of the latter option.

Alan R. Beber, President

Knox College Young Republicans
Galesburg, Illinois

Your article *For a Moderate Majority* had us chanting, "Power to the engaged, moderate, progressive mass aristocracy!" in the streets, writing "Internationalism, reprivatization, revolution and libertarianism now!" on the walls and passing out buttons proclaiming: JOSIAH LEE AUSPITZ FOR PRESIDENT.

Right on, Ripon! Right on!

John and Susan Holland
Glencoe, Illinois

Josiah Lee Auspitz has made a major contribution to the development of a positive Republican program for the next generation with his article *For a Moderate Majority*. He correctly identifies individual freedom, for foreign countries as well as for us, as the primary issue our society must face over the next 20 years. But, as Auspitz is aware, rhetorical obeisance to libertarian principles does not mean that they will be applied intelligently to national problems. Vice-President Agnew has made a dangerous challenge to our tradition of free expression of ideas, and recent decisions by Attorney General Mitchell have actually reversed the libertarian trend in Justice Department policy. In addition, problems such as consumer protection, transportation and pollution require centralized solutions; many others can be solved only with centralized funding.

While the Nixon Administration has correctly judged the importance of individual initiative in some areas, it has ignored its limitations in others for what are apparently crass political reasons. We can be thankful that Republicans like Auspitz are here to show us that there is another way.

Douglas L. Hallett

Yale Daily News

New Haven, Connecticut

Auspitz has written a perceptive description of the political forces and trends presently at work in the nation. His analysis has gone far beyond the usual commentary, in that he identifies and evaluates an emerging element among the voting population—the "mass aristocracy." But I would point out that the members of the mass aristocracy are at least as concerned with the meaning and quality of individual day-to-day activities and pursuits as they are with

any long-term social goals or objectives.

Deeply involved with how we set and achieve our goals, the mass aristocracy is the natural constituency and ally of the political moderate. The campaign workers and permanent staffers of men such as Gene McCarthy, John Lindsay and Pete McClosky are mass aristocrats in this sense—people who, as described by Auspitz, "seek a meaningful public role that is not directly related to their own pecuniary interest."

Daniel S. Hirshfield, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of History
Brandeis University

Waltham, Massachusetts

In *For a Moderate Majority*, Auspitz slides over the crucial weakness of the moderates and offers no solution to that weakness: "Very rarely do they have the sustained appetite for the petty squabbling and infighting that is necessary to take over the party machinery, which determines the issues and the candidates."

Until moderates develop this appetite, the country will be led by dedicated but immoderate people. They have discovered how the system operates, they have developed a plan for working effectively within that system and they are willing to make the necessary commitment of time and energy to control it.

Robert E. Barnett

Lincoln, Nebraska

Here in Vietnam, where things could easily radicalize George Babbitt, it sometimes seems as if there is no center to the political spectrum at home. There are the bombers and there are the silent majoritarians who would force us together by banquet-chicken rhetoric. Which is why Josiah Lee Auspitz' *For a Moderate Majority* is so timely. I think his contrast of the libertarian and authoritarian styles is perceptive and crucial at a time when the politics of polarization is blowing up around us—and taking with it some people who might have been able to offer much.

When Auspitz says "engaged, moderate, progressive" people must organize, he is not just drumming up business for the Ripon Society; he seems to be telling everybody who had a bad taste left in his mouth after August 1968 to get busy.

Capt. Jason R. Gettinger

APO San Francisco, California

FAIR-WEATHER FASHIONS

Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast in your April issue was a superb showing of what will be "in" during the warmer months. I don't regard myself as a fashion freak, but I like style, and PLAYBOY is my bible for it. You certainly didn't disappoint me with your forecast—your preview of the wet-look slacks and the snakeskin-print pullover was a knockout. Ditto the longer-length raincoat (the only one I've seen that will

keep your knees dry during a downpour). My compliments to Robert L. Green, your Fashion Director.

Stan Blackman

Houston, Texas

Once again, PLAYBOY does a bang-up job of presenting the future in fashions. What I really like about your treatment is that the clothing you show can actually be worn—some of it is avant-garde but not so far out that the items rate as costumes and not clothes. And thanks for picking The City for the setting; nothing beats San Francisco in the summer.

Rudy Willman

San Francisco, California

ROLE CALL

I read *Black Shylock*, by Louis Auchincloss (PLAYBOY, April), with fascination, not alone for the story but also for the conception of Shakespeare's Jew being played as a Negro. The piece is strong and engrossing and even the abruptness of the ending, which might have crippled it, makes it more haunting than a more carefully "analyzed" denouement would have.

Herbert Gold

San Francisco, California

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. . . . And one man in his time plays many parts." Shakespeare said it first, but Louis Auchincloss, in *Black Shylock*, wrote the best fictionalized exposition of the theme that I have ever read. A powerful, dramatic story, it should certainly be included in some "Best" anthology. My compliments to the author. PLAYBOY remains the best source of short serious fiction in America today.

Harold Allen

Omaha, Nebraska

THE ROBOTS ARE COMING

Craig Vetter is to be congratulated on his fine story of the up-and-coming possibilities in the world of computers in his *Dr. Otto Matic, I Presume* (PLAYBOY, April). As a computer operator, I have had ample opportunity to see these truly magnificent machines in operation, but I don't think my generation (nor the author's) will see the day a machine can think or feel for itself. If that day ever comes, however, I sure don't want to be around.

Dick Malone

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Dr. Otto Matic, I Presume was properly irreverent toward the bugbear that self-adapting and self-directing machines—computers—are somehow human, especially when they are set to simulate human-response patterns. In reality, of course, they are only electrical machines, though many citizens with Gothic minds anthropomorphize them to the point

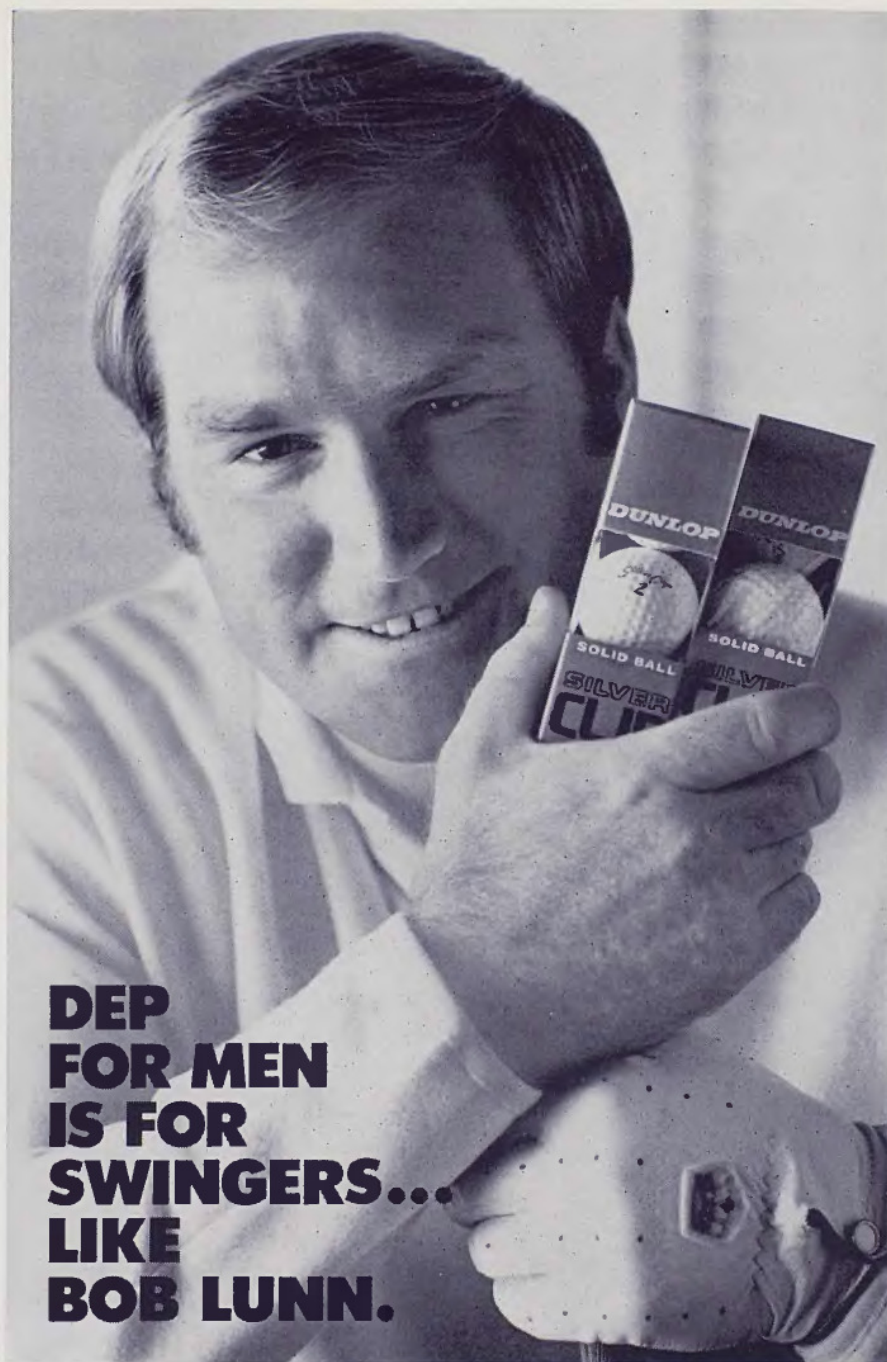
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at which they no doubt imagine that computers have fingers and toes and human desires. I was glad that Vetter warned that we should not allow them to haunt our minds. What *should* haunt us, of course, is the power computers give devious and evil minds in business, the military and the Government. Computers are not an unmixed blessing to our world, especially when many people take to believing that they're human.

John Brillhart
Associate Professor of Mathematics
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

SULTRY SABRAS

The Middle East has always fascinated me, but one glance at *The Girls of Israel* (PLAYBOY, April) finally showed me why the Arabs want to capture the Promised Land.

Girard Christmas
Somers, Connecticut

TOP STORYTELLER

I was certainly pleased to see the superlative John D. MacDonald in PLAYBOY again; his *Dear Old Friend* in the April issue really rang the bell. MacDonald has an inimitable ability to describe a mood, a scene or an emotion precisely as it is experienced and lived. I classify a story or a book as good if it compels me to stay up half the night to finish it; I've never been disappointed by MacDonald. In my opinion, he's one of the greatest storytellers who have ever taken pen in hand.

Judge Sam Harrod III
Eureka, Illinois

Part of the delight in reading a story by John D. MacDonald is that the author does his homework; he really researches the subject he's writing about. *Dear Old Friend*, brief as it was, gains much of its impact from just this sort of attention to fine detail—detail that the reader isn't even aware of because it's so unobtrusive. MacDonald is one of the finest fiction craftsmen going—today's successor to Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler.

Louis Bailey
Chicago, Illinois

BULLY FOR THE BROLLIES

Your *Slick Sticks* and *Jolly Brollies* (PLAYBOY, March) are very attractive. I think they would look better with straw hats, but maybe I am prejudiced. Bravo and best of luck.

Maurice Chevalier
Seine et Oise, France

THE CORPORATE COME-HITHER

I was quite struck by Max Gunther's article, *The Great Campus Manhunt*, in your April issue. Last year, as a college senior, I was exposed to many of the recruiting tactics discussed in

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Gunther's article. Unfortunately, to send a recruiter out sporting a bright-colored shirt, buckle shoes and a hip vocabulary does not give a realistic image of the managerial structure of the firm he represents. Large corporations have not changed their standards; they have only discovered new techniques to manipulate college manpower.

Charles R. Sarder
Rockledge, Pennsylvania

One of the greatest favors you've done your college readers is to publish Max Gunther's *The Great Campus Manhunt*. The inside view of recruiting will be a huge assist to those of us job hunting this summer. The article has been better than a tranquilizer for soothing my fears, better than a shakedown cruise for informing me as to what I might expect. The only thing I'm worried about now is what I should wear to the interviews—a business suit or Levis, wing tips or a pair of boots.

Harold Lurton
Denver, Colorado

HUSTLING AS FINE ART

Barry Rosenberg's article, *The Sports Hustlers* (PLAYBOY, April), brought tears to my eyes as I recalled the numerous times I have been hustled, conned, bilked and just plain cheated on some of our nation's fairest links and in many of our plushest pool halls. They say it takes one to know one, so maybe I lead an exemplary life, after all: I've never recognized the con man until after the fleecing. A first-rate, highly enjoyable piece—but it hurt too much to laugh.

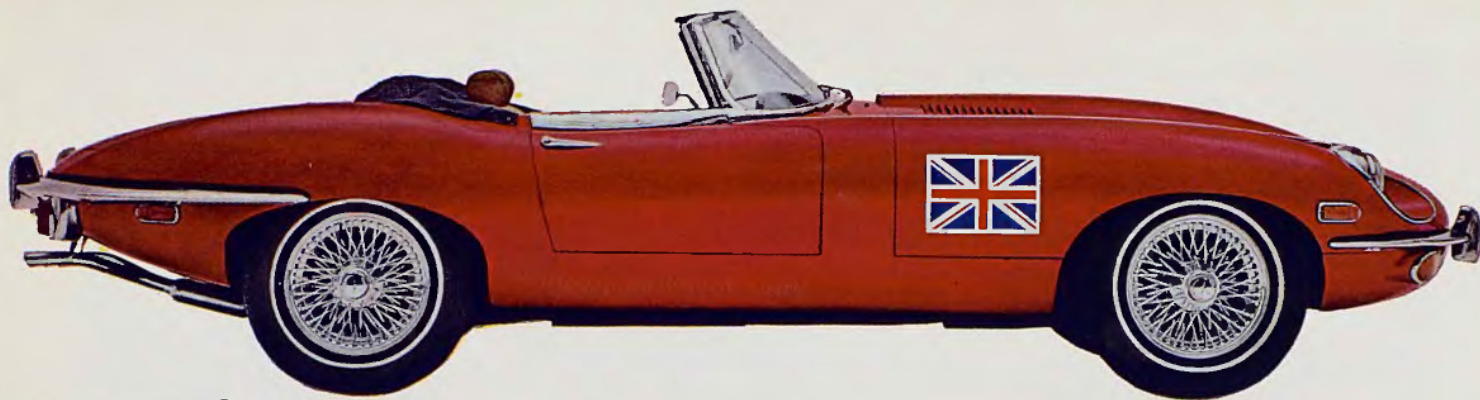
Michael Billsley
Cleveland, Ohio

The article on sports hustlers was wonderful, but it left out Omaha Slim, The Goose and Fearless Fosdick in its pantheon of sharpies. It would have been impossible to include them all, I suppose. You have my appreciation for Barry Rosenberg's research and my hopes that you'll run more articles on the fascinating sport of separating a fool from his money.

Ray Close
Miami, Florida

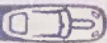
It's a pleasure to read an article devoted to the lighter side of human frailty. *The Sports Hustlers* made me give up the boob tube for the better part of an evening; it certainly should be rated one of the more interesting articles of the year. I've been taken once or twice myself on the local golf course and maybe it was the sense of identification that got to me. At any rate, it was comforting to learn that I probably didn't stand a chance from the start.

George Fairless
Omaha, Nebraska

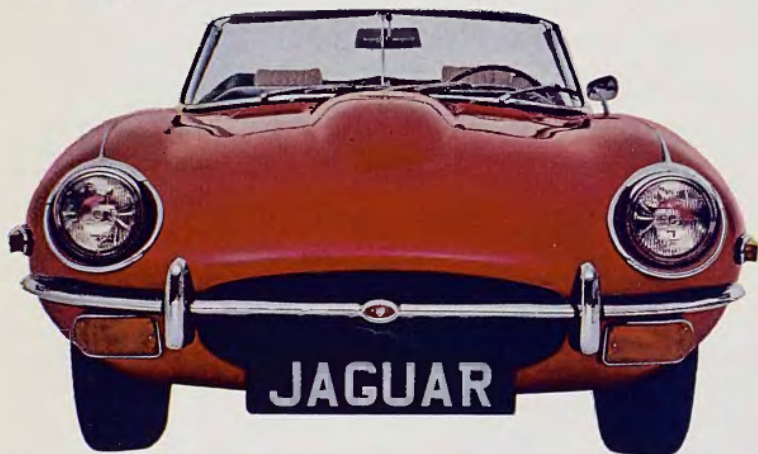


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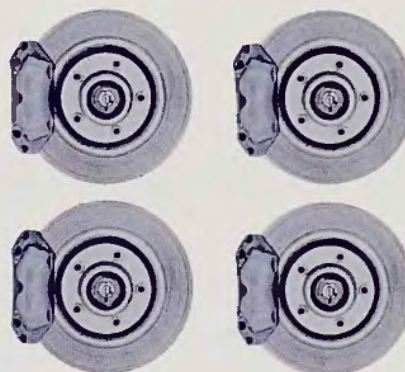
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	Mercedes-Benz 280SL (Germany)	standing 1/4 mile: 17.1 sec., (0-60 mph: 9.9 sec., 0-100 mph: 30.5 sec.)	

Source: Road & Track Magazine.



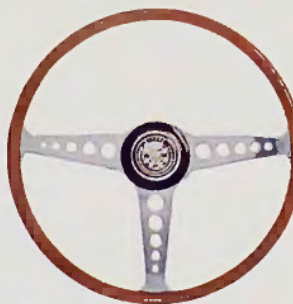
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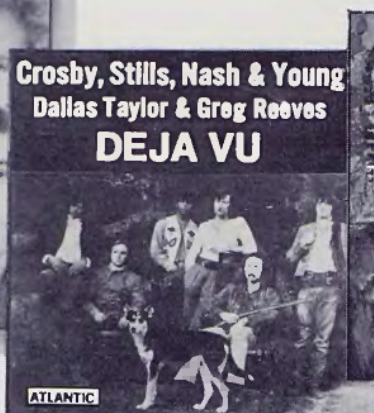
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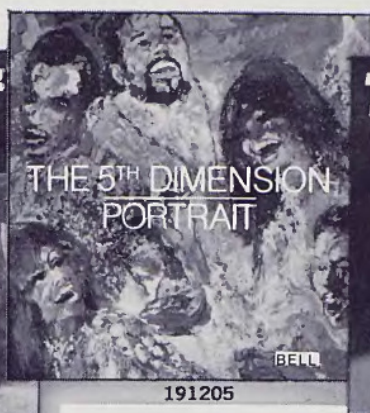
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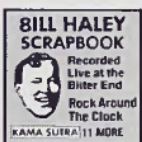
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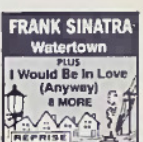
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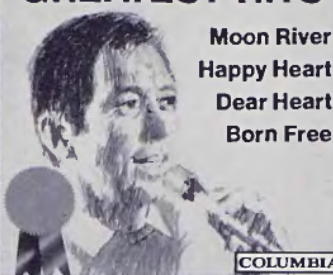


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Although it occasionally presents concerts and dance programs, the Theater for Ideas, in Manhattan, is primarily a forum for intellectuals to talk to one another. From time to time—there is no regular schedule—panels of the prestigious are assembled (Hannah Arendt, Norman Mailer, Robert Lowell, et al.), and the core of the audience is equally prestigious. The “theater” consists of colliding ideas and rising emotions as the panelists argue among themselves and with the audience. The young attend in relatively small numbers, not only because ticket prices are high but because it has become clear since the Theater was founded in 1961 that its middle-aged constituency is about as close to youth culture as Renata Tebaldi is to Grace Slick.

Not too long ago, however, in an architect's huge studio on the East Side, the Theater finally addressed itself to the coming majority. The subject: *New Life Styles of the Young: Liberation or Delusion?* Predictably, everyone on the panel was over 40—social critic Paul Goodman, psychoanalyst Bruno Bettelheim, novelist-teacher Leslie Fiedler and social critic-novelist Nat Hentoff, who acted as moderator. There were more of the young than usual in the audience of about 400; but some had been invited for the occasion, presumably to ensure a sufficient supply of laboratory exhibits.

The evening turned out to be less an examination of the young than a further revelation of how removed from them most of their elders are. Paul Goodman, whose *Growing Up Absurd* was a key catalyst for the first wave of student rebellion a decade ago, showed up in a sweater, as befits a Thirties anarchist at a public meeting; but he now confessed himself disappointed in the new young. “Their culture is raw and ignorant,” he asserted as a young girl in the front row stared at him as if he were a fossil. “Their concentration on drugs,” he persisted, “is simply boring and reflects a sick-making conformism. And they place too much emphasis on interpersonal relationships. I would rather be alone.” Goodman did concede that the young

are freer sexually and full of vitality; but they aren't moving toward liberation, he proclaimed, because they aren't really engaged in political action, preferring instead just to be together. Driven by the need for communion, according to Goodman, they are actually involved in “a religious effort.” Since it is an effort based on faith, not on works, it made no sense to him.

“Who the hell does he think he's talking about?” a bearded young man asked no one in particular. “It wasn't faith that brought me to Washington in November. That took a hell of a lot of organizing and, man, it was political, not religious.”

Bruno Bettelheim, whose amusement was evident in his ironic expression even when he was silent, also found the young wanting. Sexual liberation? “They have exchanged their elders' fear of intercourse for the fear of not having the right kind of orgasm and not having it often enough.” Emotional liberation? “To them, it is bourgeois to have feelings, and so they are cool.”

“Jesus,” said a fierce girl in her early 20s, “what's he on?”

Liberation in general? No, said Bettelheim. They have exchanged one anxiety for another. “People used to say, ‘I know what I want to be, but there is something stopping me from being that.’ Now the young say, ‘I don't know who the hell I want to be.’”

The young in the audience had turned not only cool but cold. Bearded and intense, Leslie Fiedler tried to throw out a connecting line. “The subject of the evening,” he said, “is not amenable to mediation or analysis. It demands commitment. The leading edge among the young are *living* what they feel. All we can do is to have vicarious faith with them, and that's not very good.”

“Why are you all so defensive?” another bearded young man shouted.

“Because we are bound to the young by guilt,” Fiedler said.

“Not me,” Goodman affirmed.

“But we've made them what they are,” Fiedler insisted. “I copped out—responsibly, you could say—on the fantasies I

had when I was young. They haven't. They're living them out. They're creating communities, whether 300,000 for a few days at Woodstock or in communes around the country. They're creating the models of what the society to come is going to be. I don't mean the hard revolutionaries; they're going to be the next bureaucracy. I mean those who are deeply concerned with the question of whether man should bestir himself for profit or live for vision, whether man should live an active or a contemplative life. And it is this radical difference between them and us that disturbs us so profoundly.”

“Not me,” said Bettelheim.

As the audience clashed more and more bitterly with the speakers and with one another, the fissures widened.

“You, all of you,” said a young German socialist, “keep talking to us as if we were objects. As if there was no possibility of understanding us. It is your *help* we need—not analysis, not preaching.”

“What of the growing repression?” said novelist Sol Yurick, focusing on Fiedler's visions. “This is a technological society, and the class that runs the technology will either obliterate the kind of young you talk about or keep them on reservations.”

“But there are contradictions in that technology,” replied Fiedler. “LSD was discovered by a white-coated Swiss scientist.”

“Wow!” said the girl in the front row. “That's an answer?”

“John Lennon is the true revolutionary,” Fiedler replied to a man in his 50s who had agreed with Paul Goodman that the young are not political enough. “He is the true revolutionary because he is changing people's sensibilities.” The girl in the front row brightened.

And on into the night. Goodman remained intransigent. “I listened to a four-sided Beatles album in preparation for this. They're so whiny, with none of the grief and terror you can find in Schumann.”

Smiling indulgently at all the passion, Bettelheim mostly just looked on and

said little. At one point, however, as Fiedler reiterated his prophecy of utopias to come and of the new kind of people who would live in them, Bettelheim observed, "It is my opinion that the saints who walk on earth cannot go to heaven fast enough."

"For this I spent twenty-five dollars?" a girl mourned.

Heading for the door, sociologist Irving Horowitz, editor of *Trans-Action*, a Washington University academic journal, put a note in front of Nat Hentoff. "Enough!" it said. "We're going where youth is—Joe Cocker's singing at Fillmore East."

Another Feather in Our Cap Department: Senior Editor in absentia Michael Laurence (who is alive and well and living in Cornish, New Hampshire) informs us that at a town meeting, he was elected the town's Hog Reeve. "It was a nip-and-tuck five-man race," he writes, "and I fear I would have lost if it weren't for the fact that there were five Hog Reeve positions to be filled. Hog Reeves—whose post, I understand, dates back to the Middle Ages—are solemnly charged with the duty of catching any pigs that might run loose in the town. Unlike some places I can think of, there aren't any pigs in Cornish." As the first PLAYBOY editor to be elected to public office, Mike is thinking of writing a book titled *The Making of a Hog Reeve: 1970*.

We have it on good authority from our California correspondent that a San Francisco saloon catering to the legal profession—and aptly named The Jury Room—has labeled its rest rooms HUNG and SPLIT.

Incidental Information, Apartheid Division: According to an article in *The New York Times*, South Africa classifies Japanese as "honorary whites."

The *Chicago Daily News* tells of a North Side moviehouse advertising a low admission price to senior citizens for the following triple feature: *The Wild Angels*, *The Glory Stompers* and *Hell's Angels on Wheels*.

Our Salt in the Wound Award goes to the Missouri Tourism Commission for placing a billboard urging ESCAPE TO MISSOURI opposite the Indianapolis, Indiana, jail.

A step backward for women's lib? The fair sex was barred from entering the annual World Marbles Championship held at Tinsley Green, Sussex. A spokesman for the World Marbles Board of Control explained: "Marbles are traditionally a male sport and the board feels it is one of the few remaining exclusive

to men. Playing marbles requires a player to bend double . . . and we felt that ladies in this position are open to ridicule, at the very least."

A sign of the times seen in post offices around the country reads: WARNING. UNDER TITLE 18 U.S. CODE IT IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE TO ASSAULT A POSTAL EMPLOYEE. At the bottom of the sign, in very small letters, the printed warning concludes: WHILE ON DUTY.

A spiritual medium in New York's Times Square calls the place in which she conducts her séances The Trance Plant.

Would-be dirty-book thieves should be heartened by a decision handed down in New Orleans. It seems a 21-year-old man charged with lifting ten nudie magazines from the New Orleans Book Mart found himself the beneficiary of a municipal judge's prudery. After hearing testimony in the case, the judge dismissed the charges on the grounds that "you can't steal that which has no value."

An announcer breathlessly interrupted a recent ABC network documentary show with this announcement: "'Ferment in the Catholic Church' will continue after station identification."

According to *The Hollywood Reporter*, a new Disney nature film has been "threatened with X rating unless the studio scissors some of the beaver shots."

BOOKS

Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver / Algiers (McGraw-Hill) took place in the summer of 1969, with journalist-photographer Lee Lockwood, who interviewed Fidel Castro for PLAYBOY (January 1967), asking the questions. In exile, Cleaver has become a confirmed Marxist-Leninist who believes that guerrilla warfare is the first stage for revolution in America (or Babylon, as he calls it). He foresees a "North American Liberation Front" that will include white, black, Mexican-American, Puerto Rican and even such domestic Chinese revolutionaries as may exist. (He is, indeed, far from home.) Though vague as to how this grand design for revolution is to be accomplished, Cleaver remains amazingly hopeful about the ultimate support he and his prospective associates will get in reaction to the Governmental oppression that would result from the first intimations of such an uprising. By 1972, Cleaver predicts, a military dictatorship will take over, because of the full-scale internal war then under way. But the dictatorship will inevitably be succeeded (again, he offers no program beyond fantasy and faith) by democratic social-

ism under which "men will relate to each other as brothers and not as enemies." Cleaver's revolutionary fervor has been transformed into a self-delusory sentimentality. In *Seize the Time* (Random House), fellow Black Panther Bobby Seale, sentenced by Judge Julius Hoffman to four years for contempt and facing a murder charge in New Haven, has written a long and bristling account of his own awakening into revolutionary consciousness and of the beleaguered history of the Black Panther Party. This is the most comprehensive account so far of the focal figures in that movement, with particular emphasis on the seminally influential Huey Newton—a man who knew that "he first had to organize the brothers he ran with and fought with . . . and that once you organize these brothers . . . you get black men, you get revolutionaries." Much of Seale's book is a chronicle of the party's accelerating struggle against destructive elements within the organization, as well as against the systematically repressive police. For Seale, as for Cleaver, the eventual aim is humanistic socialism. Of the Panthers' credo, "Take up the gun," Seale says that "violence is ugly, guns are ugly"—but self-defense is necessary. He agrees with Huey Newton that the revolution will come first through the organization of the *Lumpenproletariat*, followed by an awakening among large numbers of whites that the route to "liberation" is class struggle. For all its illusions, *Seize the Time* is the book of a man of indomitable courage who has risked everything he has for his beliefs.

"They went on to talk about marriage, how stupidly most people went into it, how foolish they were about it, how simple it would be to have a good marriage if one were only sensible." Larry McMurtry's *Moving On* (Simon & Schuster) is a powerful portrait of a bright Texas lass who is not at all sensible about marriage but strives bravely and often foolishly to make a go of it. In a sense, this novel (by the author of *Horseman Pass By*, filmed as *Hud*) is about modern American marriage, with its New Morality self-indulgence, its sad little sexual compromises and furtive compensations, its lack of any standard other than doing-your-own-thing-as-long-as-it-doesn't-hurt-anyone. But in matters sexual, McMurtry seems to say, the hurt is profound, unless you do your thinging with your own wife or husband. On the surface, *Moving On* follows the fortunes of Patsy Carpenter and her unloving husband through several months of life in two alien worlds: the insulated, uptight world of graduate students at Rice University, and the brutal, totally masculinized world of rodeo, where people have names such as Boots and Peewee. Throughout the book, the fierce Texas

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ethos is as starkly evident as the great Southwestern sky itself. In this peculiarly realistic chronicle, unhurried yet engrossing, written in simple yet majestic style, McMurtry turns a trick that is rare in today's contempt-filled fiction: He forces the reader to grow fond of his groping, pining, ludicrously stumbling, painfully human characters, bastards and bitches though they sometimes are.

The proper drinking of *Scotch Whisky* (Macmillan) is not just indulgence but a toast to civilization, says literature professor and whisky enthusiast David Daiches; and his book is written to permit that toast to be made with knowledge and discrimination. In these days of informed imbibing, when even the most casual wine drinker knows his Côte Rôtie from his Côte de Beaune, it is about time the aficionado of hard liquor had a handbook to guide him through the differences between Lagavulin and Glenlivet. Daiches unfolds the epic of Scotch from its beginnings as a homemade Highland brew of dubious quality to its current gentlemanly status. What began as a simple brew of peat-flavored malt barley distilled in a pot still has given way, for the most part, to a series of blends in which the malt whisky is combined with less full-bodied grain whiskies. Daiches outlines this development—along with a technological, social and economic history of Scotch whisky—in such detail that it may require a bottle or three to get through it. For those who do, however, Daiches' own evaluation of the brand-name products of various famed distilleries can provide a liberal education in intelligent drinking. He has some acerbic comments about the American preference for "light"—i.e., comparatively colorless and tasteless—blends that provide a socially acceptable vehicle for the alcoholic content. And this civilized guide to the civilized drinking (and buying) of Scotch abounds in engaging asides, such as the rumor that Vat 69 is the best-selling brand in Europe because it is regarded as a sex symbol.

As big-city mayors go, which usually isn't very far, John Lindsay is above average. Part of his appeal, of course, is his style, reflected in things that range from wide ties and a sometimes raunchy humor in private to an impatience with many of the details of governance. This style is, as we would have expected, absent from *The City* (Norton), Lindsay's book about running New York; yet the mayor's ghostwriters have managed to put together a creditable effort that avoids self-congratulation while it details our urban crises. No amount of running, it seems, can bring the city ahead in its race with time. New York, for example, had 8000 more policemen in 1964 than in 1940, but the number of man-hours

on the force has dropped by no less than 34 percent because of longer vacations, mealtimes and shorter work weeks. Or consider the relationship between garbage disposal and pollution. Shutting down polluting incinerators means more men and street-cleaning equipment, which means more costs. But the city has neither the money nor much more available landfill, so its citizens watch the garbage spill over the curbstone onto the sidewalk and climb toward the window sill. Out of such desperation and sense of impotence, Norman Mailer based a campaign for the Democratic nomination for mayor. Its principal innovation was a semiserious pitch to make the city the 51st state, and its slender hope rested with a "hip coalition" of left and right. Running under the slogan "No more bullshit," Mailer and his running mate, Jimmy Breslin, were flip as often as they were hip; but considering the number of speeches they made in the grip of hangovers, they did surprisingly well. Hangovers were not the only problem. Elephantine egos, amateurishness, factionalism and incompetence helped make a shambles of the campaign's final weeks, and all of it is zestfully recorded in Joe Flaherty's *Managing Mailer* (Coward-McCann). Flaherty, the team's campaign manager, was awed, amused, angered and anguished by the effort to harness his highly strung steeds. His finest hour came at Aqueduct race track, when a Memorial Day crowd gave the candidates a warm reception as Flaherty made ready to distribute a flyer that pictured two Democratic rivals with the caption: "If either of these guys win, they won't pass the urinalysis."

Two short-story collections from two usually talented wordsmiths—John Updike and Donald Barthelme—make their vaguely unsatisfying appearance this season. If one can take Updike's word for it, being a talented, moderately famous but "blocked" Jewish writer in America is a form of "silken" oppression composed of State Department trips, lectures at languorous women's colleges and long, hectically bedded weekends in swinging London. Henry Bech is the sufferer in the case; and if there is one thing that Updike's latest *jeu d'esprit*, *Bech: A Book* (Knopf), proves, it is that Updike had better stick to the goyim. Even with a letter from his hero to start the proceedings and a profuse bibliography—*Steinem, Gloria*, "Whatever Happened to Henry Bech?" and *Hyman, Stanley Edgar*, "Bech Zeroes In"—to wind it up, the man within the "in" jokes comes alive only for moments. The last moment is perhaps the most poignant, when Bech, grasping his mother's spectral but all-too-willing hand, is ushered into the paradise that awaits even a blocked Jewish writer—a grotesque

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pantheon of faded, stuffed, worn-out literary talents. He has made it, but he feels half dead—like the Fellinian scarecrows that award him a prize as “a son of Israel loyal to Melville’s romanticism.” Nu? Or, as Updike inimitably translates: “Now what?” Donald Barthelme provides an answer of sorts. Some books are written with the whole body and spirit, some with one arm (the other tied behind the back) and some with a flick of the wrist. In this last category, Barthelme is undoubtedly our most notable performer; he eliminates the usual furniture of fiction, such as plot, character and theme, and writes about the way people write. His latest addition to the annals of literary table tennis, *City Life* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), keeps the ball pocking adroitly back and forth through 13 (so-called) stories. Along about the middle of Barthelme’s elegant exhibition, one gets the uneasy feeling that though the wristwork is superb, the shots well placed, something essential to the game (the table?) is missing. It then dawns upon one—to use a typical Barthelme cadence—that queer fragments, all decor and no solid ground, are *meant* to provoke precisely this kind of unease. They are the author’s sly way of telling us that life, however you grab it and through whatever old literary clichés you view it, is empty, empty, empty. Pretty deep stuff for a flick-of-the-wrist.

On March 16, 1968, an American Army unit, Charley Company, massacred between 450 and 500 Vietnamese civilians in the hamlet of My Lai. Seymour Hersh, the reporter who first broke the story last November, went on to gather the research for *My Lai 4* (Random House), in which that day of wanton killing is grimly reconstructed by means of interviews with as many members of Charley Company and other sources as he could find. Hersh also examines the complicity of silence within the Army that kept the horror of My Lai hidden so long; and he details the stages through which the event was eventually revealed, beginning with the March 1969 letters to Washington officials by an ex-GI who had heard about the massacre. Hersh emphasizes that American barbarity toward Vietnamese civilians has hardly been uncommon, but My Lai was shocking because of the magnitude of the slaughter. In a wholly alien country and culture, the men of Charley Company, as its casualties increased, came to regard all Vietnamese as “the enemy,” as responsible for their being in constant danger in a war that made no sense to them. Given the chance—an attack on an alleged Viet Cong stronghold that quickly proved to contain only women, children and defenseless men—these Americans, with few exceptions, joined in an orgy of savagery as senseless as the

war itself. As a soldier who shot himself in the foot to avoid participating said, “The people didn’t know what they were dying for and the guys didn’t know why they were shooting them.” Another recent and responsible book on this most troubling episode is *New York Times* reporter Richard Hammer’s *One Morning in the War* (Coward-McCann). And on page 137 of this issue, former U.S. intelligence officer Jesse Frank Frosch adds disturbing new documentation to the still-emerging story of what took place in My Lai.

In the beginning, there is the body—this is the fundamental fact of human existence for Dr. Alexander Lowen, a psychiatrist whose new book, *Pleasure* (Coward-McCann), advances his view that psychology and biology are indivisible. Lowen argues that the erroneous notion of a mind-body duality is chiefly responsible for the inability of countless human beings to achieve pleasurable lives. This basic fallacy, according to Dr. Lowen, leads to a host of confusions, such as the familiar view that thought is superior to feeling. Which, in turn, leads to the quest for power and control as a way of being happy—and so we have all those executives who seek the power of their position but don’t like the work they actually perform. A hollow victory. Dr. Lowen, however, does not subscribe to the worship of sensory awareness and emotional expression that is currently in vogue. “If we negated the values associated with cerebration, discipline and prestige,” he writes, “we would be committing the same fault as those who extol the superior virtues of the ego functions at the expense of the bodily or unconscious processes.” In simplest terms, Lowen believes that the more pleasure a man has in what he is doing, the greater will be his achievement, and the greater his achievement, the greater his pleasure. For the reader whose grasp of advanced psychology enables him to achieve full understanding of Dr. Lowen’s views, there should be considerable pleasure in reading *Pleasure*.

Maya Angelou has lived on three continents and speaks six languages. She has worked variously as actress, dancer, singer, songwriter, poet, author, editor, playwright, educator and civil rights activist. One might think that the bearer of all this kinetic creativity would choose to recount at least a portion of that many-sided career when writing an autobiography. Instead, for her, “Sunlight itself was still young” during the span of early life she elects to recall in *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* (Random House). The now stately and sophisticated lady was then just Marguerite (“Ritie”) Johnson, “a too-big Negro girl with nappy black hair, broad feet and a space between her

teeth that would hold a number-two pencil.” Together with Bailey, her beloved brother—and frequently sole ally—she spent her first dozen years volleying between her grandmother’s staid little store in Stamps, Arkansas, and her mother’s hip world in St. Louis. For young Marguerite, both environments often proved traumatic: She was raped by her mother’s boyfriend at the age of eight and menaced—along with the rest of her family—by the marauding Ku Klux Klan at her grandmother’s. Before her teens, she and Bailey were again shipped off, this time to California, to live once more with her fast-moving mother (and briefly, if somewhat bitterly, with her father). There, both kids rapidly matured. At 16, Bailey boldly ventured off with only a white prostitute to care for him (or perhaps it was vice versa) and Marguerite accidentally became a mother while attempting to dispel imagined fears of Lesbianism. From beginning to end, Miss Angelou crafts her narrative with unabashed honesty and poetic wit. That, added to her evocations of traditional Afro-American customs (e.g., the “sanctified” church service) and emerging black pride (Joe Louis’ defeat of Primo Carnera), makes this a memorable reading experience. In this time of woman’s as well as black liberation, *Caged Bird* eloquently exemplifies why, as Miss Angelou writes, “The adult American Negro female emerges a formidable character . . . [a] survivor deserving respect.”

Does It Matter? (Pantheon) asks Alan Watts in the title of a short collection of essays (two of which originally appeared in these pages). Urging man to become truly materialistic—a seemingly odd position for a professed follower of Zen—Watts fingers ideas as if they were Tinkertoys, creating ideological constructions that often prove more illuminating than a dozen pages of solemn discourse. On the dismal science of economics, for example, Watts declares that we suffer devastating economic depressions simply because we fail to understand that money is merely a device for measuring wealth. Speaking as a materialist, Watts says that it’s as absurd to endure a depression because of a money shortage as it would be to declare that we could no longer build houses because of a scarcity of inches. These verbal antics are playful—and, like all play, both passionate and serious in their assault on a view of man as nothing but a symbol maker. Watts is convinced that too much human psychic energy has been used in adapting to illusory needs created by symbol systems, while too little is focused on satisfying man’s real biological needs. Although Watts’s program for salvation often seems capricious (he would have us replace modern clothing, which maintains biological alienation, with sarongs and saris), in fact he is simply urging the

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development of a symbol system more congruent with biology. Not so long ago, Watts was just an oddity—a way-out philosopher-mystic. Today, much of what he says is echoed by our most thoughtful ecologists and behavioral scientists, who have come to share his view that man must be placed within nature—not above it—if he is to escape extinction.

Quotations from Chairman Bill (Arlington House) is an embarrassing attempt to embalm “the best of William F. Buckley, Jr.,” for the sake of posterity. Neither Buckley nor posterity will be grateful. If compiler David Franke’s selections are at all typical, Buckley turns out to be as quotable as, say, your next-door neighbor. On Norman Mailer: “We shall always have moral perverts among us—sometimes they will go on to explode, as Norman Mailer has—and there is nothing much that can be done about it.” There are hundreds more like that, but it would be unkind to repeat them. The sad thing is that Buckley, as *PLAYBOY* readers have had occasion to learn, is far wittier than these sodden quotations suggest. He is at his best in such forums as his May *Playboy Interview* and his latest collection of essays, *The Governor Listeth* (Putnam), whose title—derived from the Biblical quotation, “Whithersoever the governor listeth” (meaning wherever the captain chooses to steer his ship)—indicates the impulsive catholicity of the author’s editorial ports of call. All his favorite targets are entertainingly besieged: Gore Vidal, whose political attitudes can be “looked up in the yellow pages”; the World Council of Churches, which is “confused” about war, Red China and Christianity; Drs. Coffin and Spock, who believe in “the right of every individual to pass a personal veto on the making of American foreign policy.” The opinions are predictable, but Buckley offers them with a kind of absent-minded charm that keeps his sallies within the bounds of pardon. Somehow we are more amused than upset when Buckley speaks of “ideological weirdos,” even though we suspect that he may mean us. Write on, Chairman Bill.

MOVIES

Time was, and not so long ago, when making films in America was comparable with the running of General Motors—the Hollywood model being a major-studio blockbuster with the equivalent of chromium trim and tail fins, costing anywhere from \$5,000,000 to \$40,000,000. What looked for a while like a modest new trend—toward inexpensive, artistically independent productions—assumed the proportions of a stampede sometime in 1969, the year when such profligate endeavors as *Sweet Charity* and *Paint*

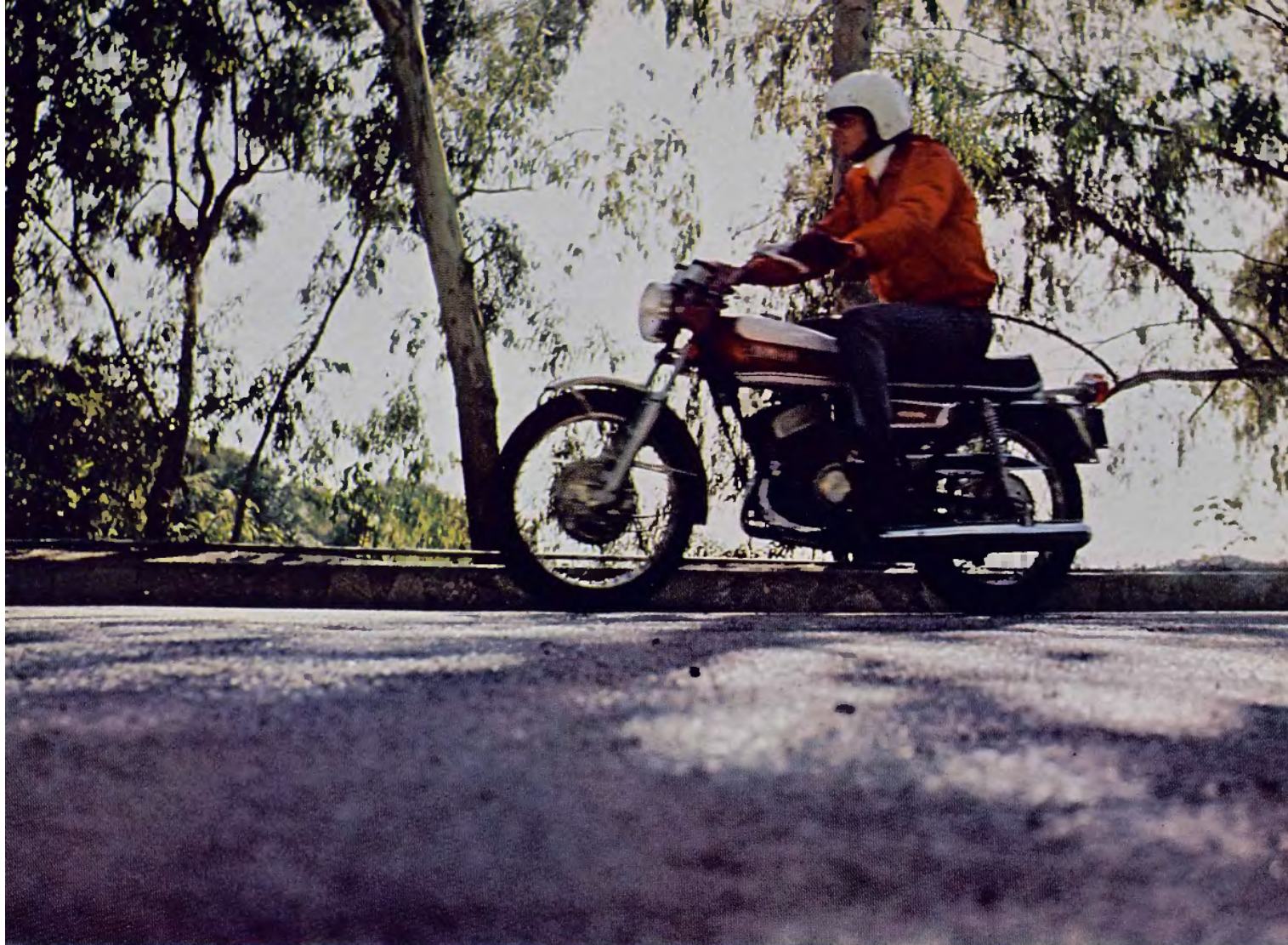
Your Wagon bit the dust raised by *Easy Rider*. Tooled together on a budget of less than \$500,000, this youth-oriented sleeper woke Hollywood from its long slumber, made Dennis Hopper an important director and Peter Fonda a star and promises to make Columbia Pictures \$40,000,000 richer by the time all the receipts are in. You wouldn’t have guessed it when Hollywood was gingerly parceling out Oscars last April, but this fireball is known to the trade as the movie that wrecked the star system as well as the industry’s traditionally stubborn faith in assembly-line superspectacles. If the new releases and production schedules for 1970 and beyond are any indication, more and more films aimed at the under-30 moviegoing majority will be made by young directors with a flair for innovation, particularly if their innovations can be budgeted in six figures. Whether or not movies will be better than ever remains to be seen, since there are as many pitfalls in worshiping youth as in worshiping mammon—and who can guarantee that an economy-minded industry, still largely controlled by aging moguls who have let their sideburns grow, won’t produce 20 small flops for the price of one big one? There is hope, though, in spreading the risk among such men as Hopper, John Korty, Robert Downey, John Cassavetes, Aram Avakian and actor-writer-director Jack Nicholson—*Easy Rider*’s scene stealer, already committed to Columbia for two pictures of his own. The following three reviews of recent low-budget efforts—wildly disparate in technical skill and creativity—should give some preliminary indication of the new directions being taken by the new breed.

Hi, Mom! picks up where *Greetings* left off and brings its hero home from Vietnam to resume his career in “peep art,” making erotic films with a movie camera trained on the windows of a high-rise apartment house in Manhattan. Robert De Niro as the cinemaniac and Jennifer Salt as the exuberant girl who leads him from *cinéma vérité* voyeurism to the cold comforts of a marriage bed are Silly Putty in the hands of writer-director Brian De Palma, clearly one of the least inhibited social satirists now at work. Having earned the right to an expanded budget of approximately \$250,000 (*Greetings* cost only a third as much), De Palma has come up with a slick put-down of practically everything. (“Tragedy is a . . . a funny thing,” the hero muses in one of his weightier philosophical asides.) Ostensibly eager to tell the world why a promising pornographer abandons his career to become an urban guerrilla, De Palma lets *Hi, Mom!* ricochet to a comic climax at an off-off-Broadway performance by the black Theater of Revolt, where white middle-class couples submit to bullying, beating, racial slurs and sexual assault before

fleeing into the street to proclaim, “Clive Barnes was right!” De Palma may still be learning, but we haven’t seen a craftier stab of topical satire on the screen this year.

Dan Wolman, a freshman director from Israel (and a 1968 graduate of New York University’s film school), reveals a rare sensitivity to universal human concerns in *The Dreamer*, filmed on location in northern Israel for the penny-squeezing sum of \$200,000. Everything is wrong with the movie—but Wolman’s obvious sincerity saves it. It isn’t easy to make an audience give a damn about a strange young artist with soulful eyes (Tuvia Tavi) who seems to be frittering away his youth hanging around a home for senior citizens in the ancient city of Safad. Until he reluctantly drifts into an affair with an easily had girl (Leora Rivlin) who arrives from Tel Aviv for her grandfather’s funeral, the boy spends his time doing odd jobs and endlessly sketching a marvelous old lady (Berta Litvina), in whose beautiful, ageless face he can read the whole history of his people. Wolman’s talent can almost be measured by the fact that he evokes genuine interest in this oddball hero and his rather bizarre hang-up about old folks. The director bridges the gap between eternal verities and the ephemeral pleasure principles of modern youth with honesty alone. Though his lyrical camerawork is often overdone, he lavishes love upon every weathered stone in the historic old city that looks about to be buried under the glass and masonry of 20th Century architecture, and he feelingly explores his characters as human counterparts of the same clash.

Black comedian Godfrey Cambridge plays his widely publicized role in white-face during the opening scenes of *Watermelon Man* (formerly titled *The Night the Sun Came Out*, which perhaps didn’t sound black enough to the movie executives in charge). If nothing else, the comedy would be a rarity as an opportunity for a black director, Melvin Van Peebles, whose cinematic style, though erratic, has humor, nerve, sad conviction and an easy spontaneity that can only be called soul. As a white insurance salesman married to a home-screen liberal (Estelle Parsons), Cambridge is a loud-mouth named Gerber (probably Jewish, though we won’t dwell on the hints of jaunty anti-Semitism in Herman Raucher’s scenario), not at all tuned in to the race issue until one terrible morning, when he wakes up black. Of course, his wife packs the children off to her sister in Indianapolis and soon follows them. His neighbors offer to buy his house, a blonde Scandinavian bigot at the office can’t wait to get him into bed and the boss wants him to start selling policies to cullud folks. Convinced that there’s just something wrong with his sun lamp, Gerber tries milk baths, but his doctor tells



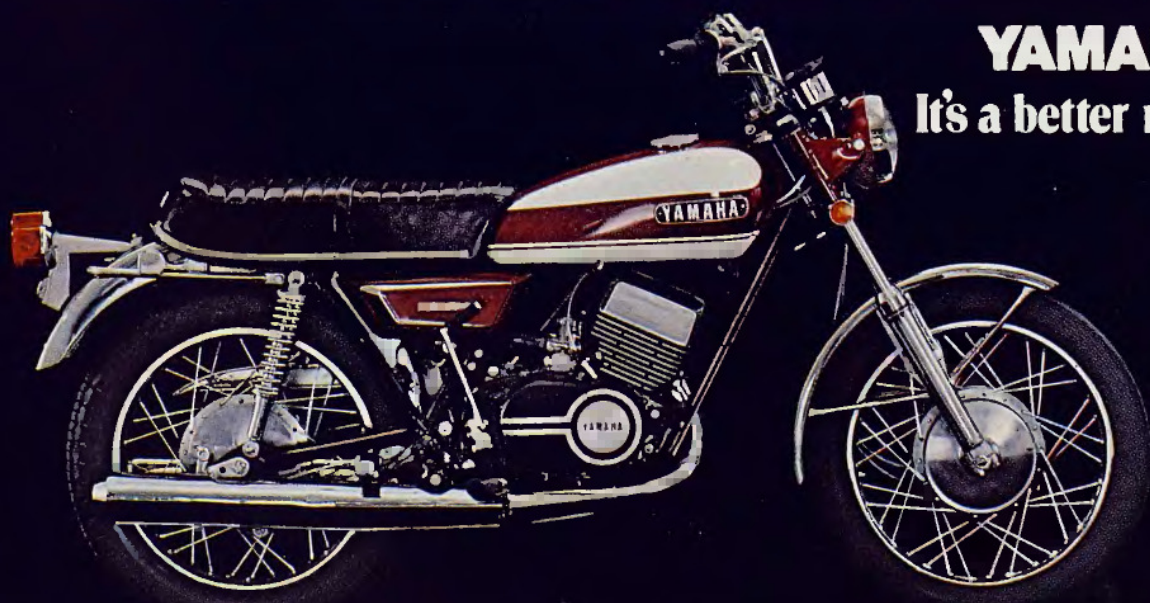
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him it's in his blood, a Negro strain. "You're lookin' at a strained Negro," says Gerber. And that's how it goes for a while, with Cambridge moving from honkie parody to minstrel-show gags, coming on more like a night-club satirist than an actor. Yet the movie gets better as it begins to grow bitter and it achieves a kind of warm, touching dignity toward the end.

Characters with names like Mimi Montage and the Duke d'Escargot keep popping up in *Start the Revolution Without Me*, a neoclassic comedy of errors reminiscent in style and technique of *Tom Jones*. In producer-director Bud Yorkin's feverish brain child, brilliantly staged slapstick turns a somewhat uneven script into one of the year's best comedy romps. It all begins in a doctor's house near Paris (in 1759) as a set of male twins is born into the aristocratic De Sisi family and another set, in the same house, at the same time, is born to the wife of peasant André Coupé. The doctor mixes the twins, sending a peasant baby and a noble one home with each father. Thirty years later, on the advent of the Revolution to topple King Louis XVI, the two sets of mismatched twins (Gene Wilder and Donald Sutherland, each playing dual roles) wind up on opposite sides of the fight. Very soon, the rebel *frères* Coupé—both cowardly louts—are mistaken for the dashing and insane De Sisis, the greatest swordsmen in all of Corsica. The chaos that results runs across the French countryside and through the royal palace in some wildly funny scenes that end with the demented King (Hugh Griffith) helping the revolutionaries storm his own palace. The rest of the spirited cast includes Orson Welles (who provides a suitably arch narration for the film) and Ewa Aulin in her first role since *Candy*. *Start the Revolution* provides a welcome relief from the current famine of good comedy; its only purpose is to make you laugh and, in that, it succeeds admirably.

Theaters showing *A Man Called Horse* would be well advised to follow the example of the old-time shockers and promise that "nurses will be stationed in the lobby, with ambulances near at hand." The film's most nerve-jarring scene is one in which Richard Harris, very mettlesome as an English nobleman captured by a band of savage Sioux early in the 19th Century, has to prove his courage by enduring the Sun Vow ritual—an ordeal that requires a man to be hoisted into the air by ropes attached to crude pins piercing his chest muscles. In the graphic cruelty of this sequence, based on authentic Indian lore, *A Man Called Horse* paradoxically establishes

Hollywood's new, humane approach to the American Indian. The only white man of any consequence in the film is Harris, who is dragged naked into the Sioux camp as slave to an old squaw (played with remarkable credibility by Dame Judith Anderson) and remains there to become a blond brave—even to the point of scalping marauders from an enemy tribe and marrying the sister of his captor, Chief Yellow Hand. Two hundred tribesmen of South Dakota's Rosebud Sioux Reservation enliven the action, and painstaking research shows in the film's blend of fiction and folklore, photographed in the rich, ruddy tones that such 19th Century artists as George Catlin used to paint early America. There are also moments of pure Indian corn, as when Running Deer (Corinna Tsopei) first appears, looking like the Sioux City Sioux of Hollywood's fondest dreams, or when the Englishman repulses a Shoshone attack by hastily instructing his brother warriors in the rudiments of battle as if they were at Agincourt. On the whole, though, this epic touches a responsive chord of nostalgia for the American past, evident in the beads, fringe and headbands that make coffeehouses from coast to coast look like powwows for peace. Aiming for historical accuracy rather than cohesive drama, writers Dorothy M. Johnson and Jack DeWitt and director Elliot (*Cat Ballou*) Silverstein catch the rhythm of life in a tepee village with rare fidelity as well as deep respect.

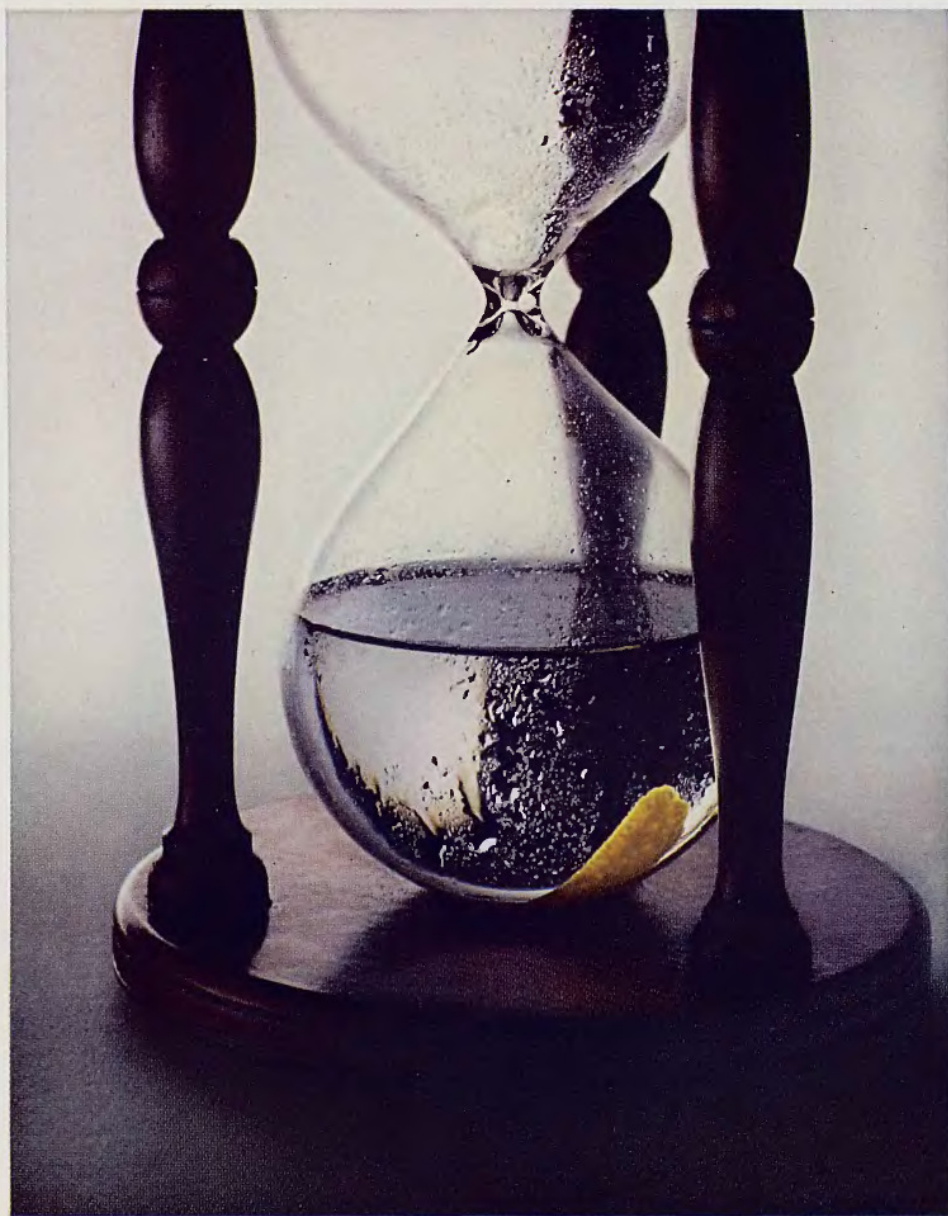
Like all the greatest film makers, writer-director François Truffaut holds up the prism of his genius to virtually any subject and creates dazzling images. The sureness of his style commands admiration for the coldly brilliant *Mississippi Mermaid*, which in less capable hands would be little more than imitation Hitchcock. Adapted from a mystery novel by Cornell Woolrich, *Mermaid* tells of a wealthy tobacco merchant (Jean-Paul Belmondo) who advertises for a mail-order bride to join him on the Indian Ocean island of Réunion. The girl (Catherine Deneuve) who arrives on schedule aboard a steamer is nothing at all like her photograph—blonde rather than brunette, exquisitely beautiful rather than plain—and the more her happy husband learns about her, the less he seems to know. She turns out to be a swindler, an accomplice to murder, a whore whose congenital amorality is evidently unlimited. How the wronged man, seeking vengeance, pursues his nemesis back to France, only to fall in love with her a second time, provides merely a clue to the picture's plot. But Truffaut doesn't give a damn about stretching out his story for purposes of pure suspense. He is concerned with values and he

delights in reminding his audience that no final judgments can be made about the badness or goodness of one's fellow humans. Both leads, cast against type—Belmondo as the relatively passive victim and Deneuve as the remorseless slut—refuse to conform to any of our preconceived notions about their characters. While the man's idealism is slowly corrupted by the siren who lures him toward certain destruction, his selfless love has an ennobling effect on her capacity for evil. Through this freaky sexual symbiosis, the mismatched lovers achieve a kind of moral equalization that is made mesmerizing by the gifted triumvirate of Belmondo, Deneuve and Truffaut.

A pair of inseparable Scottish siblings (Susannah York and Peter O'Toole), decadent aristocrats who drink and dissipate as though poison had seeped into their bloodstream, are all adith in *Brotherly Love*, adapted by James Kennaway from his own play and novel. Under director J. Lee Thompson, who seldom permits a dramatic scene to be underplayed, the movie retains a florid self-consciousness that reveals its theatrical origin; the exits, entrances and curtain speeches still show. Yet Thompson's capable co-stars manage a display of razzle-dazzle acting that would undoubtedly bring them plaques in a movie with real meat on its bones. They are well worth watching—O'Toole quivering with neurasthenic rage, his better instincts pickled in the very best Scotch, and Susannah a superb foil as the sister who fights to free herself from incestuous ties, first by marriage, then by desperately tumbling into the sack with a musician, the county constable, any man at hand. From time to time, when O'Toole and York relinquish stage center to recharge their heavy-duty batteries, Michael Craig holds his own as the steadfast husband who waits none too patiently in the wings.

If you don't see another movie all summer, see Elliott Gould in *Getting Straight*. Not because the movie is so good. In fact, great chunks of it are terrible. But Gould is an actor whose moment has arrived, a man of the Seventies, with the right kind of hair and a mind to match. As the disaffected hero of this adaptation (by scenarist Robert Kaufman, working from a novel by Ken Kolb), which is directed by Richard Rush in the voguish manner of a TV commercial, Gould has his head on an extradimensional plane that miraculously keeps the whole picture from coming apart. He plays a teaching assistant at a university in Oregon where the seeds of revolution have taken root amid the grass, but not for him. As an alumnus of sundry sit-ins and protest marches, he's had that scene and believes he can change the system only by

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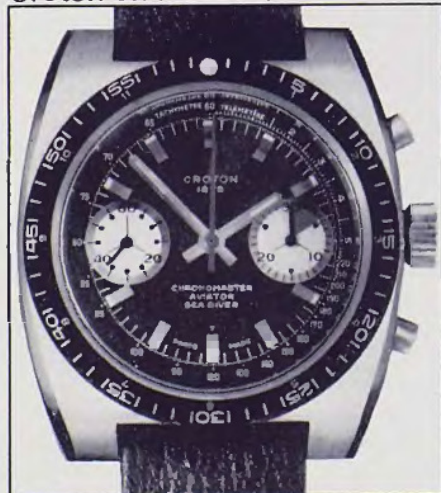
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teaching. He's out of it, in other words, except for working on his M.A., helping kids in his classes think for themselves and balling his girl now and then (Candice Bergen in her best role to date). The reradicalization of the young prof as riots begin—and administrative dullards turn the campus over to armed troops—gives a timely kick to *Getting Straight*. Much of the picture will seem square, though, to informed student activists, who are unlikely to accept either its caricature studies of friend and foe—the latter including every character over 30—or a limp running gag about a psychotic creep's efforts to evade the draft. To exploit his new-cinema theme, director Rush indulges a distracting habit of shooting everything at odd angles (in one instance, filming upward through a set of typewriter keys). He resorts to such facile gimmickry as a substitute for style, playing around with out-of-focus close-ups until one doesn't know where to look next. But never mind. If you appreciate hairy humor, intensity of feeling, involvement, anger and even sex appeal, all combined in something vaguely resembling a fugitive bloodhound, see Elliott Gould. Or did we say that already?

RECORDINGS

The "freaking fag revolution" decried by Chicago Conspiracy prosecutor Tom Foran gets a big shove from the MC5, the Detroit hard-rocksters who began as protégés of jailed White Panther leader John Sinclair. On *Back in the U.S.A.* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), they mince no words as they sing about such ugly but real stuff as *Teenage Lust* and *The American Ruse*. Meanwhile, members of Spiro T. Agnew's "effete corps of impudent snobs" can groove on *So Long*, Frank Lloyd Wright and the other subtly inflected, good-humored statements of love and faith offered by Simon and Garfunkel on their much-needed *Bridge Over Troubled Water* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape); it's a strictly nonpolitical construction project.

The resurgence of the American Indian is strongly reflected in the four-sided bow of *Redbone* (Epic), a rock aggregation that couples driving rhythm with a unique guitar sound and surprisingly polished vocal performances. There is some slack time in the three long instrumentals, but *(I Can't) Handle It*, *Tennessee Girl*, *Crazy Cajun Cakewalk* and the politically pertinent *Red and Blue*, among others, assure us that the quartet has a solid future.

Attila Zoller's *Gypsy Cry* (Embryo) is a lovely recording that finds the guitarist backed by pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist

Victor Gaskin (Reggie Workman takes over on four of the pieces) and drummer Sonny Brown, with Lew Tabakin joining in about half the time on a reed instrument called a tarogato. The session, made up of items out of Zoller's fertile imagination, blooms with the "sound of surprise." Particularly compelling: a beautiful ballad, *Alicia's Lullaby*, on which the honors are shared by Attila and Hancock on electric piano, and *At Twilight*, which features Tabakin's tarogato.

It's quite obvious that the best element of the Beatles has been isolated and defined at last by *McCartney* (Apple; also available on stereo tape), a well-paced program of 14 disarmingly simple tunes on which Paul plays all the instruments and on most of which he sings (with wife Linda harmonizing on occasion). The fare includes hard rock (*Oo You*), subtle ballads (*Junk*), soul (*Maybe I'm Amazed*) and instrumentals (*Momma Miss America*). There isn't an arbitrary note or a cheap sentiment anywhere and Paul—despite his lack of virtuosity—is fully in control of each instrument he essays.

Epic isn't a label with a big rep for soul music—but that's about to change. *Keep on Keepin' On* finds the down-home contralto of Brenda Patterson ably complemented by the big beat of Redbone; *Cuttin' Up* showcases the many talents of The Johnny Otis Show, possibly the most gifted blues group extant, as young Shuggie Otis provides superlative guitar work, and the vocal chores are divided among Otis, Sr., "Sugarcane" Harris, and Margie and Delmar "Mighty Mouth" Evans; and *Memphis High* is an engaging debut for Johnny Robinson, a church-hued vocalist who profits from the infectious beat of Willie Mitchell's band.

Bill Evans, whose piano musings have consistently concentrated on essentials, has finally stripped away all the excess baggage on *Alone* (Verve), which is just what the title implies. Evans has wisely stayed in the ballad bag—*Here's That Rainy Day*, *A Time for Love*, *Midnight Mood*, *On a Clear Day* and a marathon rendition of *Never Let Me Go* that occupies all of side two. The absence of a rhythm section is barely noticeable, especially since Evans' playing is better than ever.

Seemingly unaware that the obituary of tonal symphonic music has already been written, Dmitri Shostakovich continues to turn it out with impressive facility. His recent *Symphony No. 13 (Babi Yar)* is a broad, brooding fresco for orchestra, chorus and baritone set to the mordant poetry of Evgeny Evtushenko. Because of its outspoken texts on the prevalence of anti-Semitism and the

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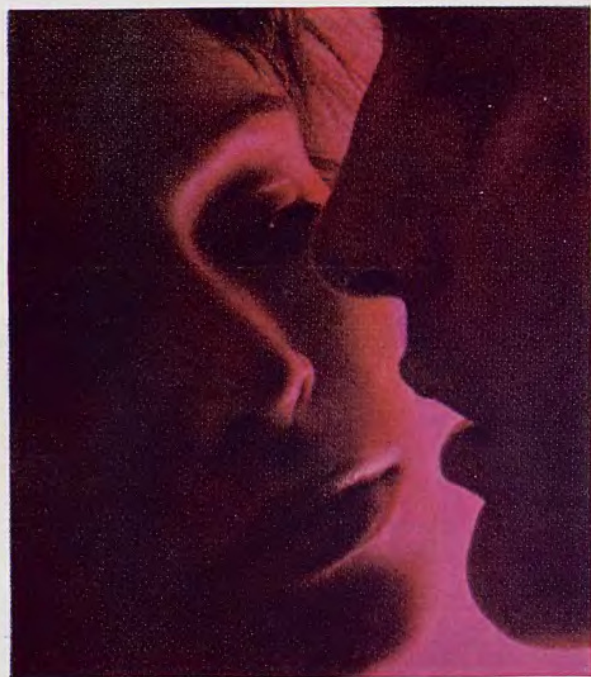
perils of dissent in Soviet Russia, the work is presently black-listed in its composer's native land; but the forbidden fruit has at least been cleared for export and is now available in an eloquent RCA recording (also on stereo tape) by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Mendelssohn Club Male Chorus and Finnish baritone Tom Krause under Eugene Ormandy's knowledgeable baton. These forces make a potent and persuasive case for Shostakovich's magnificently melancholy outpourings—and they serve notice that reports of the symphony's death may have been somewhat premature.

All right, already: so Bill Dana has laid his beloved José Jimenez to rest at the behest of sensitive Mexican Americans. But it shouldn't be a total loss to fans of ethnic comedy. Bill has come up with a new *shlick*—*Hoo Ha!* (Capitol), "direct from Nashville"—a funny Yiddish-humor take-off on TV's cornball king, *Hee Haw*. A number of ebullient performers participate in the *meshuganah* proceedings, including the resolutely WASPish Don Knotts. There are pop-song send-ups (*Gentile on My Mind*, *That Fellow Rose from Texas*, *Boiling the Jake*), Smith and Dale-type burlesque routines and enough cockamamie carryings-on to fill anyone's *kopf* to overflowing.

THEATER

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds is a rare play, a deeply felt, honest, unique piece of work. Treated with gamma rays, marigolds either explode into mutations or wither and die. Whatever the result, the flowers are forever altered. On a symbolic level, Beatrice Hunsdorfer plays gamma rays and her two daughters are her victims: the unstable, oversexed Ruth and the almost pathologically repressed Tillie (who provides this play's prevailing metaphor by winning a science contest with her atomized marigolds). To Beatrice, her daughters are "stones" that have sunk her from any possible fulfillment. But the truth, of course, is that Beatrice has sunk herself. Except for a sometimes sardonic attitude toward her "half-life," she is a pathetic creature. Yet she is also hugely theatrical, finely written by Paul Zindel and beautifully acted by Sada Thompson. How can one despise a character so much—as she devastates life around her—but be so strangely fascinated and even moved? Pamela Payton-Wright and Amy LeVitt are both excellent as the shy sister and the horny one. And Judith Lowry is perfect as a doddering zombie of a boarder, the "\$50-a-week corpse" that Beatrice has committed herself to keeping. But mostly, the evening belongs to Miss Thompson, giving a tough, funny, fiendish

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performance, and to Zindel, a playwright fully formed. At the Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer Street.

Applause to Lauren Bacall, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, director-choreographer Ron Field and almost everyone else who has contributed to this Broadway musical—not that it has any special originality of style or memorability of score; but it is masterfully put together. It has drive. Once it starts moving, it never loses the pace. No bumps on this ride. The inspiration, of course, is that wonderful old Joe Mankiewicz movie (*All About Eve*) in which Bette Davis played Margo Channing, the tough, tart-tongued star who is upstaged by a little mouse who is really a tiger. Miss Bacall is as bitchy as Miss Davis but much more glamorous. You can believe that she has not only audiences at her feet but also men—and Len Cariou is strong as her youthful director-lover. Pert Penny Fuller is Eve and, though she doesn't come close to stealing the show from Miss Bacall—no one could—she captures the right combination of eager to please and eager to kill. Comden and Green have updated the original but haven't corrupted it. Their book retains all of the icy malice, if not all the lines, of the movie. The music by Charles Strouse and the lyrics by Lee Adams, unfortunately, slow Margo's stride—but they can't stop her. This show has an overriding spirit and it has a real star—the sensuous, stylish, marvelous Miss Bacall. *Applause* is almost all about her. At the Palace, 1564 Broadway.

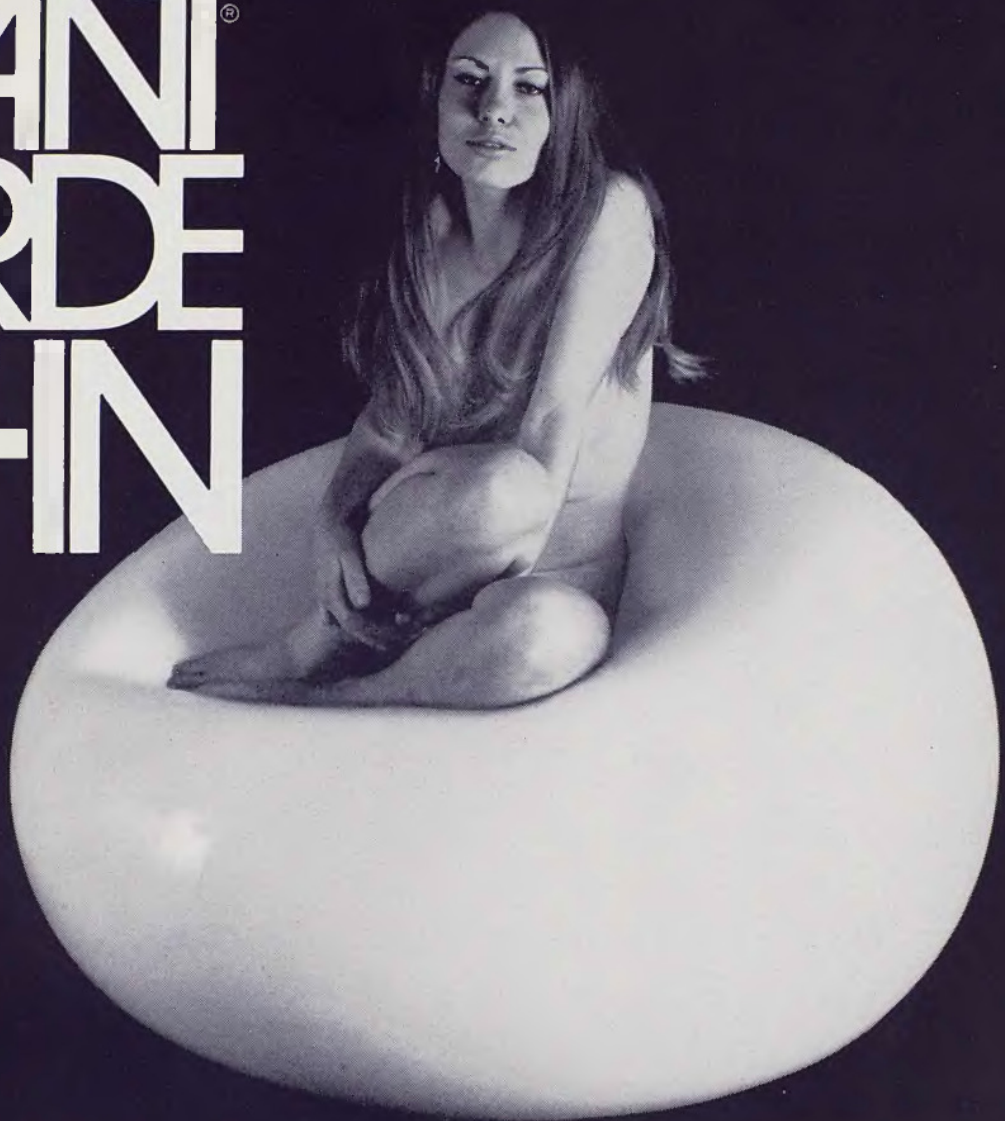
There are only two white characters in *Purlie*, the musical version of Ossie Davis' play *Purlie Victorious*, about a revolutionary rascal-preacher who tries to instill black pride into some darkies on a Georgia plantation where the abolition of slavery hasn't really taken hold, though the time of the story is just about now. The whites onstage are a lunatic old massa' and his hairy, guitar-strumming son, who refuses to respect Southern-racist traditions—both, of course, patsy roles in keeping with the yen of Broadway audiences to assuage their guilt through self-castigation. Otherwise, adding pseudo-spiritual songs and a few high-strutting dances hasn't changed the show much, or helped it a great deal, since Peter Udell's words and Gary Geld's music raise no roofs. Any roof-raising here is left to the actors, especially a sliver of black sunshine named Melba Moore. As Lutiebelle, the simple servant girl Purlie brings home from Alabama to help him “disembezzle” a \$500 inheritance and buy his people a church from Ol' Cap'n up on the hill, Melba creates a few minor comic miracles out of the book's dramaturgical mush. As Purlie, Cleavon Little manages to take

the stage now and then with his own brand of fiery theatrics—but then, *Purlie*'s entire company has evidently been drilled by producer-director Philip Rose to rev up that old revivalist spirit. At the Broadway, Broadway at 53rd Street.

The theater lost one of its shaggiest hearts and merriest minds when Brendan Behan died. *Borstal Boy*, which Frank McMahon has extracted from Behan's early memoirs, is no *Hostage*, but it has enough of that ragtag, boisterous Behanish left to make a pleasurable evening. The point of it is that Behan, at the age of 16, dewily innocent and deeply dedicated to revolution, was jailed for trying to up the Republic. Sent to a boys' Borstal, or reformatory, he not only survived but made mental notes about human fooleries. Without pushing the message, McMahon shows us a boy growing up and an artist in creation. The play was first staged in Dublin by the Abbey Theater, and this is almost the original production. The two leads, playing the two Behans—the boy and the man—splendidly complement each other. Frank Grimes is the outspoken young Behan and Niall Toibin, a Behan look-alike, is the older sedentary author, who narrates and watches the action, commenting on the past and occasionally conversing with his greener self. *Borstal Boy*, simply staged by Tomas MacAnna, is an endearing play, full of Irish spirit, song and spoofery. As Behan says at one point about his countrymen, “We're very popular among ourselves.” At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street.

Three show-stopping scenes in *Minnie's Boys* are finely calculated to delight admirers of Chico, Harpo, Zeppo, Gummo and Groucho, otherwise known as the Marx Brothers. Two of them constitute a triumph for actor Lewis J. Stadlen, whose uncanny carbon copy of the young Groucho may be the only justification this musical biography needs. Madly singing and dancing for two when one of his wayward siblings disappears from an early vaudeville act billed as the Four Nightingales, Stadlen is hilarious—but tops himself later in a passionate improvised tango with a rooming-house landlady. After this delicious preview of Groucho's confrontations with his memorable straight woman, the late Margaret Dumont, all the Marxes excel when they descend upon the office of theatrical tycoon E. F. Albee, behaving precisely like the madcaps who were destined to create chaos in *A Night at the Opera* and *Duck Soup*. The rest of *Minnie's Boys* (co-authored by Groucho's son Arthur) is Broadway standard, drenched with sentimental slosh about the climb from Lower East Side rags to comparative riches, playing the Palace and all that. As the pushy theatrical momma, Shelley Winters

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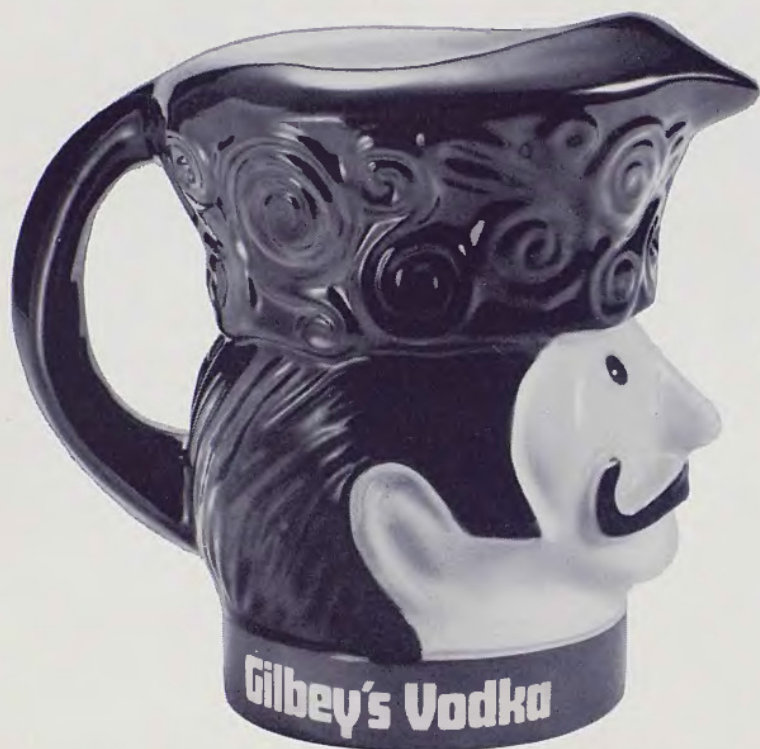
provides a degree of star insurance but looks haunted by the ghost of Ethel Merman's *Gypsy*—and seems to be begging the audience's affectionate indulgence while she gamely tries her hand at a musical. She's a brave girl, all right, considering the ricky-tick music supplied by Larry Grossman, who can't quite keep pace with lyricist Hal Hackady. Happily, the songs only pass the time between Stadlen/Groucho's appearances, nearly as big as life. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

We often go to the theater to be touched emotionally; but when it happens tactilely, the impulse is to call the usher. Not in Los Angeles, though, where an every-Sunday-night happening called *The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theater*—its only connection with Joyce is that its creators think he would have liked it—suggests that the fastest way to the heart of a contemporary audience may be through its senses. One by one, you enter the tiny Company Theater in Beverly Hills. In a dark anteroom, you get a paper cup of tea while you listen to a polite briefing. Then you're asked to close your eyes—it's not compulsory—and allow yourself to be led by the hand through what might be the initiation ceremony of an exceptionally humane fraternity. "Smell," a soft voice whispers in your ear. Roses. "Taste." A slice of tangerine. But the emphasis is on touch: the smoothness of an anonymous female brow under your fingers, the rasp of a male hand guiding yours (flashback: Daddy leading you, at the age of five, half asleep, to the bathroom), the soft solidity of several bodies (fully clothed) gently crowding you. Once your initial uptightness wears off (this is childish—how do I react?), the experience is relaxing. If you share the typical American's mistrust of physical contact, it is even mildly therapeutic. You have literally put yourself in the hands of strangers and nothing terrible has happened. The sense maze ends with a kiss (male? female?) so chaste as to be almost sacramental. Then you can sit down, open your eyes and watch others going through the ritual, which is a little boring; or you can follow director Steve Kent out into the night for group games in the grassy back yard. (Flashback: Halloween, at the age of nine.) Everybody very loose and friendly now, joining and squeezing hands, tracing each other's features, huddling together like bears in a tough winter. Then back inside to watch the Company Theater actors in a ritual-of-violence dance number that doesn't really come off. But *James Joyce* as a whole does, not as a group grope but as a lovely hymn to the body electric. At the Company, 1024 S. Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.



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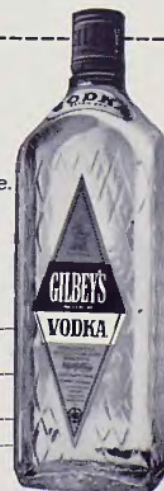
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girl and I have been dating steadily for the past six months and are quite serious about each other. She claims she's very much in love with me and has never lied or been unfaithful to me. She has also told me she's never "gone the distance" with another man. Now I find out that when she was going steady with another guy last year, they spent from 11 P.M. to three in the morning alone in her house on prom night. She said they didn't do anything but eat snacks and talk. Should I believe her? It's the principle of the thing that I care about.—L. N., Miami, Florida.

You're not so worried that she lied to you as you are jealous that she might have made love with someone else. What happened in the past should be no concern of yours now. With your attitude, you'd be well advised to close the account, write off the principle and forget your interest in the matter.

I haven't played golf in some years and plan to take it up again. What are the current rates for tipping golf personnel?—T. G., Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Tip your caddie about 25 percent of the bag charge per round. If no set caddie fee is posted, figure on giving the bag totter five to eight dollars, which will cover the tip. (You can also ask the starter or the pro what the going rate is.) Also, give a dollar to the clubhouse attendant for ordinary chores, such as providing the locker and shining your shoes. If you request extra attention, such as polishing your irons, the tip should be increased accordingly.

Please tell me if the length of time it takes for the penis to become soft after orgasm is any measure of the extent of satisfaction in the male. It seems to vary greatly.—Miss D. B., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

What goes up must also come down, but nobody's figured out a time schedule. Detumescence, a normal postejaculatory phenomenon, occurs at varying and arbitrary rates and is not a yardstick by which to reliably measure anything, except, perhaps, age; the older the male, the more rapid his detumescence.

I'm puzzled as to why television sets, as well as the programs themselves, aren't available in stereo. Since the audio portion of TV is on an FM band, anyway, why hasn't the industry incorporated multiplex units into their sets?—J. M., Newark, New Jersey.

Stereo TV, while not out of the question, hasn't been licensed by the FCC,

according to whom one of the major shortcomings is the narrow viewing angle of the television screen, as opposed to the wide stereo listening angle. In other words, stereo sound, which can project a full symphony orchestra between its wide-spread speakers, would be wasted on the relatively small TV picture. Other drawbacks include the shortage of musical productions for use in stereo, cost factors, lack of suitable program production techniques and the impact on a market in which consumers are currently being urged to purchase U.H.F. and color. The commission concluded that there was no urgent need nor demand for "adoption of standards for stereophonic sound for television broadcasting."

Spending time in dating bars, I'm told, is one of the best ways to meet girls. I've scouted several such spots where the crowds suit me, but I have difficulty breaking the ice with the unattached girls. Could you suggest a few patterns of conversation or comments to break the ice?—G. W., Chicago, Illinois.

It wouldn't help you if we did; most girls can tell the difference between a prepackaged line and spontaneous conversation as easily as you can distinguish between a store-window mannequin and the real article. If you want to be unique, be yourself. Try to be friendly, relaxed, sympathetic and conversational—all the things that you would want the girl to be. Don't be afraid to move right in and say whatever seems appropriate at the moment. And remember that the more approaches you make, the better your chance of meeting a girl who wants to be approached. You might also take along a male friend, since few girls go to dating bars without a girlfriend in tow; it's easy enough to split later.

Good friends have told me that taking marijuana that has been baked into brownies or cookies, rather than smoking it, will induce a longer and mellower high. True or false?—M. S., New York, New York.

Ingestion via digestion is reportedly favored by those who have had some experience with the drug. The stronger the marijuana (or hash), the greater the differences between tasting and toking are supposed to be. Baking it in brownies also has the advantage of no telltale smoke to tip off the too-curious.

Whenver I ask my favorite girl for a date, she accepts tentatively and asks that I call her the night before to confirm it. She has never disappointed me,



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This gentle-tasting tobacco has just the right combination of plugs and flakes for smooth and steady burning. Think of it this way: on a single pipeful of Bond Street you can travel a couple of relaxing miles in a canoe, without even lifting a paddle. (Provided your mate does.) We think you'll find the Bond Street taste to your liking (and don't be surprised if a passing sportsman has some glowing compliments for the aroma).



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but the procedure makes me uncomfortable. A number of things we do require planning, such as obtaining expensive and nonreturnable theater tickets, and I get jittery about the possibility of a last-minute rejection. How can I persuade her that having to ask twice for every date is double jeopardy?—K. R., Evanston, Illinois.

The next time she accepts tentatively, let her know that you consider the date definite, but assure her that you'll call a day or so beforehand to discuss such details as time and dress. Since she has never disappointed you, perhaps she's worried about your disappointing her. By resolving her insecurity, you can resolve your own.

What are truffles and why are they so expensive?—G. F., Geneva, Illinois.

Truffles are a type of fungus that grows at the base of certain trees (oaks in France, beeches in England and chestnuts, willows, oaks, etc., in Italy); the only practical way to locate them is to use a trained animal with a keen sense of smell. Pigs were once used for this work, but they were too fond of the delicacy and have generally been replaced by dogs, who are less insistent on playing finders, keepers. Truffles are harvested in three main areas—Perigord in southern France and Piedmont and Umbria in Italy. They can't be cultivated artificially and are quite correctly called the diamonds of cookery because of their scarcity and expense.

I've been going with a lovely divorcee for several months, during part of which time she remained in circulation. I didn't; I hung in there and won her and only now that we're going to marry do I wish I'd had more exposure. Because we've already delayed our marriage plans once, I'm reluctant to ask for another postponement, even though I'd like it. We have a lot of love for each other and a seasoned sexual relationship, which makes me think we'd end up together, anyway, but I don't think I'd be forgiven if I delayed the plans now. Does this make any sense to you or is it just the standard prenuptial cold feet?—A. C., Long Island City, New York.

Anything that can affect your future life as much as a marriage ceremony deserves all the advance consideration you can give it. She may not forgive you if you postpone the ceremony; you may not forgive yourself if you don't. If the marriage plans work out favorably later on, both of you will consider the delay as having been a wise decision.

What suggestions do you have for a short-haired, sideburnless Serviceman spending off-duty time in a hip/Mod

urban university environment? I would like to be accepted and I know I won't be unless I look the part.—D. M., Madison, Wisconsin.

False sideburns, mustaches and beards are available for those who want to pass as weekend hippies. Add a pair of bells, boots and a fringed suede jacket and you'll be welcomed by the "in" group. However, you might enjoy your weekend passes more with groups less hung-up on conformity.

I am 17, a virgin and in love with my English teacher, who is married and 15 years older than I am. I've told him of my feelings and we've discussed two solutions. The first is to let time pass and forget him. The second is to become his mistress after the school year is over. I want him very much, but I don't really know if he cares for me. I've asked him and he says that he doesn't know himself. What should I do?—Miss S. J., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

If possible, transfer to a different school and forget him. He's not about to jeopardize marriage and career for a teenage love affair—and his reluctance to tell you so indicates that, whatever he's thinking of, it's not your best interests.

My buddy and I recently visited some of the more isolated countries of Europe and North Africa. We often had difficulty communicating with the inhabitants, though on occasion we were lucky enough to encounter someone with whom we could exchange a few words of English, French or Spanish. On the way home, we discussed our experiences and got to wondering which of these three languages is the most widely spoken. Do you have any figures?—M. H., New York, New York.

According to a survey made by the University of Washington, English wins hands down with approximately 320,000,000 people conversing in our mother tongue. Spanish is next with 183,000,000, while French shows up third with 77,000,000 conversants.

For several months now, I've dated a very lovely, innocent girl. She comes from a traditional and very strict Mexican family and I'm the first guy she's ever dated. I would like to start an affair with her and feel certain I could seduce her. She claims that men in her country won't marry a nonvirgin and that's why she hasn't let me make love to her. For my part, I don't want to commit myself to any greater responsibility than those entailed by a love affair. Should I treat her hesitation as the normal reticence felt by a virgin or should I follow a hands-off policy?—S. D., El Paso, Texas.

It would be unfair to make the girl an outcast in her own community if you're

not willing to take her into yours. Since she is the one who would have to live with the decision, let her make it.

While browsing in my favorite wine-shop, I found some port wines labeled PORT and others PORTO. Is the difference only semantic or are the wines different also?—B. K., Los Angeles, California.

Porto is now the official name for wines that come from the Douro Valley in Portugal; the name derives from the city of Oporto whence they are shipped. Such wines, incidentally, are "fortified," meaning that brandy has been added, bringing the alcoholic content up to 20 percent. Most port wine made in the United States has little except the alcoholic percentage in common with the aged and more expensive Portuguese product. But what's in a name? Try a sip of each and see.

I consider myself to be fairly open-minded, but a domestic sexual problem troubles me. My husband insists that I perform fellatio on him or he will deny all physical contact between us; he says that my refusal to perform the act will destroy our marriage, as he can't live without it. I have no intellectual objection, but the few times I tried it, I found myself repelled and nauseous. My husband performs oral intercourse on me and I enjoy it; but it is his wish to do so, not my urging, that prompts the act. He says that I am narrow-minded and backs up his argument with PLAYBOY's liberal philosophy. I hate all the arguments and hurt feelings and hope you can help.—Mrs. J. D., Utica, New York.

We don't feel that there's anything morally objectionable in any sexual act performed by mutually consenting partners; neither do we feel that an obligation exists for the performance of any specific act on demand of either partner. Basically, all mature sexual relationships are built on people giving themselves to each other with mutual love and trust. That implies an understanding by each partner of the sexual prejudices of the other. A dislike for a certain act does not necessarily imply a hang-up; but stating that the marriage will flounder if the act is not performed does.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

FEMININE FEMINISTS

Thanks for your purr-fectly darling plug of The Pussycat League in the April Forum Newsfront. There are three cofounders: Lucianne Goldberg, a voluptuous blonde and mother of two infant sons; Joan Elbaum Gordon, a spectacular redhead and Harvard Law School graduate; and me, a merely molten caramel brunette and novelist. We formed our group in reaction to the nasties who would polarize the sexes even farther apart than they are now. Within weeks after our founding, we had thousands of letters from other juicy, affirmative, unutterably feminine creatures like ourselves who believe that the lamb chop is mightier than the karate chop and that there is no inconsistency in an intelligent girl wearing red-satin panties while working for abortion repeal and equal pay.

The Pussycat League is now incorporated. We have members in all 50 states and a group is being set up in Britain. Our monthly newsletter, *Adam's Rib*, is carrying the word. Our book, *Purr, Baby, Purr*, will be published by Hawthorn this fall. Our main message is that women need to recognize their own special values as women and appreciate the comforts and intellectual bliss of kindly relationships with men.

Jeannie Sakol
The Pussycat League, Inc.
New York, New York

PLAYBOY MANSION BESIEGED

I've read newspaper reports that a band of women's liberationists noisily picketed Hefner's Mansion on April 15. The occasion was a fund-raising party at the Mansion sponsored by the Vietnam Moratorium Committee, which was working toward the end of the war in Southeast Asia. Hefner, apparently, was kind enough to donate the use of his house for this worthy purpose.

I'm a little confused by this demonstration and would like to hear your side of the story. If women's liberation groups are against the war (as they claim), and Hefner, too, is against the war (as he has said and shown many times), then why did these women pick this particular occasion to demonstrate against him? What a way to work for peace!

Sally Monteith
Austin, Texas

We can't explain the logic behind the demonstration any more than you can.

The Chicago Women's Liberation Union, which apparently sponsored it, distributed this leaflet at the scene (spelling and grammar theirs):

HEFNER LEGITIMIZES THE RAPE OF VIETNAM. PLAYBOY IS A VEHICLE WHICH KORPORATE AMERIKA USES TO DEHUMANIZE PEOPLE. IT IS THE MEDIA OF OPPRESSION. PLAYBOY USES WOMEN AS SEXUAL OBJECTS TO SELL THE PRODUCTS OF THE KORPORATE SYSTEM.

The Peace Movement should consider that to have an anti-war benefit in the Playboy Mansion is to ignore, degrade and humiliate some of the strongest fighters against the WHITE MAN'S WAR—THE WOMEN.

—In Vietnam, women have organized their own army—the WOMEN'S UNION FOR THE LIBERATION OF VIETNAM.

—In this country, women have always been the backbone of the Peace Movement. They have been its secretaries and its shitworkers. And women have had their own active organizations such as Women Mobilized for Change and Women for Peace.

Despite our actions, we are constantly prostituted. In Southeast Asia, the United States Government is creating a generation of prostitutes. The poverty of the occupied countries, Thailand, Korea, Vietnam, forces women into prostitution. Here, we are forced to serve the whims of WHITE MALE AMERIKA.

—So the Rockefellers can have more markets around the world.

—So that the generals can play war games with real people.

—So that Playboys can seduce more bunnies with their Jaguars and Club Keys.

THOSE WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES CONCERNED WITH THE OPPRESSION OF PEOPLE SHOULD EXAMINE THEIR OWN ACTIONS OR THEY ALSO WILL FIND THEMSELVES DEFINED AS THE OPPRESSORS.

Chicago Women's Liberation Union

UNLADYLIKE LIBERATORS

The Chicago Women's Liberation Union has certainly achieved liberation.

After watching their activities for some months, I can make these observations:

*Offer valid only where legal—limited time only.



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(1) they have liberated themselves from the peace movement—they haven't been seen around those offices in some time; (2) they have liberated themselves from the household duties they call demeaning—they spend their time on the streets; (3) they have liberated themselves from conventional feminine conceptions of grooming and dress; (4) they have liberated themselves from being treated as sex objects—men are too busy defending themselves.

Now that they are liberated, why don't they let the rest of us tend to the problems at hand? The war must end and we must do all we can to help. Some women feel that to end the war in Southeast Asia, we should allow fundraising projects supporting the Vietnam Moratorium to go unhampered by screaming pickets. Many women feel that it is more important, right now, to clean up the air and the water than to litter the streets with illiterate leaflets. Some women are even concerned with day-care centers, with feeding the hungry and with raising the wages of the poor.

We women would like to make our voices heard, but we are unwilling to try outshouting our "liberators"; that would be unladylike. We face difficulties being activists now: Since we're anatomically the same as our militant sisters, it is hard to tell us apart; some people now get automatically uptight when confronted by a woman representing a cause. Now that these women have burst their chains, we ask that they leave the rest of us alone. Let us do it in our own way, in our own time, one by one.

Let the people be heard. It is our turn.

Mrs. J. Costello
Chicago, Illinois

TRANSSEXUALISM

Very few persons in this supposedly scientific age know anything at all about transsexualism; yet, there may be between 2000 and 10,000 of us in the United States alone. A transsexual is a man or a woman who is physically and biologically normal but feels like, thinks like, identifies with and is, psychologically, a member of the opposite sex. To cope with this problem, many transsexuals (such as the famous Christine Jorgensen) have actually undergone surgery to transform their sex.

I am a female transsexual. I'm not a Lesbian and I don't desire Lesbian-type sex; I want to become a normal man and have a relationship with a woman. My desire is not homosexual; on the contrary, for me to have sex with a man would be homosexual, since, mentally, I, too, am a man.

Today, male-to-female sex-reassignment surgery is well advanced: A postoperative previously male transsexual can do anything any other woman can do, except have children. She can even experience

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

ABORTION LEGALIZED IN NEW YORK

ALBANY, NEW YORK—After one of the longest and bitterest legislative battles in the history of the state, New York has repealed its 140-year-old abortion law. As of July first, licensed physicians are authorized to perform abortions at the request of the woman any time during the first 24 weeks of pregnancy. There is no residency requirement. The repeal bill was saved from narrow defeat by assemblyman George Michaels, who prefaced his last-minute change of vote by saying, "The act I take here may terminate my political career." A few days later, the Democratic committee in Michaels' home county refused to endorse him for re-election.

Alaska also passed a repeal bill (with a 30-day-residency requirement) over the governor's veto, while the governor of Maryland, at presstime, had not signed a similar bill passed by the legislature.

LEARY JAILED

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—Scientist-mystic Timothy Leary is finally in jail after more than five years of efforts by Federal, state and local officials to put him there. Sentenced in Santa Ana to ten years and in Houston, Texas, to ten more, Leary must serve his sentences consecutively—giving him a total of 20 years in prison for possessing (in the two cases combined) less than one ounce of marijuana. He has also been denied bail while his case is on appeal. Explaining the denial of bail, Judge Byron McMillan described Dr. Leary as "pleasure-seeking," "irresponsible" and "an insidious menace." Michael Kennedy, one of Leary's lawyers, said the denial of bail in both instances was based on the judge's fear that the sentences would be overturned by higher courts and Leary would not serve time.

SAVE THE PRIEST

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a trial widely considered a test case of Servicemen's right to freedom of speech, a Navy court-martial arrived at a verdict that satisfied virtually nobody. At issue was an anti-war newsletter published by a 26-year-old seaman named Roger Priest; the prosecution charged Priest on eight counts, which added up to a possible 39 years' imprisonment and a dishonorable discharge. Priest was supported by a defense committee whose slogan was "STP—Save The Priest." The verdict—which Priest will appeal—was a reprimand and a bad-conduct discharge, vindicating neither the rebel sailor nor traditional military discipline.

ZONKED IN THE LINE OF DUTY

With some reluctance and much disapproval, military officials are conceding that many American fighting men are hippies at heart when it comes to smoking pot. The Pentagon now admits that marijuana is a "very serious problem": A medical officer's survey in Vietnam estimated that grass is widely used not only in noncombat areas but among 35 percent of the front-line troops—including 19 percent who turn on every day. Stars and Stripes asserts that Air Force personnel in Europe are blowing so much dope that even ground crews are flying; the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut, has dismissed nine cadets on pot charges; and the Navy reports discharging 3800 for selling or using various drugs during the past year.

HONEYMOON HAZARD

The British Medical Association has warned that honeymoons may be hazardous to your marriage. In its handbook on the subject, the B. M. A. advises that the first quarrel is often the honeymoon quarrel, which occurs when two people, after the excitement and anticipation leading up to the wedding, suddenly find themselves alone together in some holiday hotel where they "botch things on their first night and end with tears and recriminations." The handbook subtly recommends that the marriage ceremony be followed by "a drink at the local, a night on the tiles [as in cats on the rooftop] and back to work next day to regain a little sanity."

MEN'S LIBERATION

MIAMI—Taking a cue from the feminist movement, Celio Diaz, Jr., decided to liberate himself by applying for the position of stewardess with Pan American Airlines. When turned down, he proceeded to sue Pan Am under the same section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act invoked by feminists in similar test cases. But a Federal judge, noting the "special psychological needs" of airline passengers, decided in Pan Am's favor; being a woman was a "bona fide occupational qualification" for the job of stewardess, he ruled, and Diaz did not measure up.

LIBERATION THROUGH CENSORSHIP

CHICAGO—Columnist Mike Royko of the Chicago Daily News, a gadfly whose stings have often irked extremists, has now been attacked by University of Illinois sociologists. Royko's heresy: two columns ridiculing the women's liberation movement. The sociological response: a letter, signed by 21 faculty members,

threatening a boycott of the newspaper unless the editor renounces Royko's views and restrains him from further attacks on the feminists. Intrigued by the notion of liberation through censorship, Royko sportingly proclaimed: "The right of the sociology department to dissent from my right to dissent must, above all, be respected. . . . As a patriot once said: 'Give me liberty and give him death.'"

UNHAPPY SMUT HUNTER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Reverend Morton A. Hill, member and constant critic of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, is now demanding a Congressional investigation of the commission's research and finances. The veteran smut hunter charges that his colleagues have frittered away more than \$1,000,000 on "barbaric" behavioral studies to learn if pornography is really harmful instead of simply trying to stamp it out. He further claims that the commission has fallen into the hands of pro-smut forces and predicts it will recommend legalization of pornography.

FCC VS. WUHY-FM

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a test case to determine whether or not it has the power to control objectionable language, the Federal Communications Commission has fined a prize-winning educational FM station \$100 for broadcasting an interview laced with profanity. The station, WUHY-FM, of Philadelphia, allowed Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead rock band to express himself freely on ecology, music and philosophy, and in doing so, he often used four-letter words. Inviting a court test of its action, the FCC contends it has the power to censor radio and TV broadcasts, because obscenities "convey no thought" and, therefore, are not protected by the First Amendment.

POSTAL-SNOOPING PROBE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Both houses of Congress scheduled hearings concerning the Post Office Department's new practice of opening overseas mail suspected of containing pornography, lottery tickets or other contraband. Denouncing this latest form of postal snooping—which includes correspondence generally considered first-class, but defined by the Post Office Department as Universal Postal Union mail—Congressman William D. Ford (Democrat, Michigan) told The New York Times that such prying into sealed envelopes threatens "the integrity of the mails," and added, "under the guise of checking for pornography, the Government can read my mail." Meanwhile, the postal authorities are broadening their tactics and, in some cases, are refusing to handle mail addressed to suspicious overseas addresses. According to The Washington Post, a

Baltimore bookdealer who wrote to Olympia Press in Paris got his letter back stamped UNLAWFUL.

In another effort to enforce morality, however, the Post Office Department has suffered a setback. In San Francisco, Federal Judge Robert H. Peckham ordered the reinstatement of postman Neil Mindel, fired in 1968 for living with a lady to whom he was not legally wed. The fact that Mindel was a "practicing heterosexual" (a phrase used by his attorney, Paul Halvonik) had originally been uncovered by intrepid G men, who, in 1966, fired one of their own clerks for having a lady spend a night in his apartment.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The "head-hunting" technique that has enabled the Justice Department to convict a number of elusive crime-syndicate figures is now being used against radicals, according to the Chicago Sun-Times. "Head-hunting"—a term coined within the Justice Department—involves turning the full power of Government investigative agencies on certain key individuals to convict them of Federal crimes. Reporting on the Administration's anti-radical efforts, The New York Times quoted Presidential aides as saying, "We are facing the most severe internal-security threat this country has seen since the Depression" and "It wouldn't make a bit of difference if the war and racism ended overnight. We're dealing with the criminal mind."

Other Administration proposals:

- A law requiring suspects in Federal crimes to submit to a full battery of identification tests (including fingerprinting; saliva, blood, hair and urine samples; voice identification; handwriting analysis; etc.) before being charged with any crime.

- A law making it a crime to resist even an unlawful arrest.

- A "no-knock" law, which would permit police, when conducting major narcotics raids, to break into premises without first identifying themselves as officers.

- A "preventive-detention" law that would permit the jailing of accused persons prior to trial if a judge believes they would commit additional crimes while free on bail.

- A law creating a new Federal agency with almost unlimited powers to investigate and deny employment to persons at any facility or company (including schools engaged in Government research) designated as defense-related by the Secretary of Defense.

Opposing such laws are several civil liberties groups, including the A. C. L. U., which contend that their enactment would go far toward repealing the Bill of Rights.

pleasure during intercourse and achieve orgasm. But, unfortunately for me, surgery for female-to-male transformation has not progressed as far. A phallus can be constructed through which a person can urinate, but it has little or no use in intercourse. One doctor in Europe claims to have found a near-perfect technique, however, and the person he operated on has married and reports a satisfactory sex life with his wife. I will shortly undergo mastectomy (reduction of the breasts to male size), hormone treatment to enhance the growth of body and facial hair and a hysterectomy, after which I will at least be able to dress and conduct myself as a man in all areas of life except sex. But I will not feel fulfilled until phallus construction is perfected and I become a complete man.

Readers may wonder what kind of person I am: I like fishing, boating, skiing, target shooting, cars and motorcycles. I detest ignorance, because it leads to prejudice and cruelty. I also dislike the women's liberation movement, since I shudder at the thought of what the world would be like if women took over. (Let's face it; the world is much better off in the hands of us men.) I like the idea of a man working to earn a living and coming home to an attractive wife, who has ironed his shirts and darned his socks. I have a profound belief in God and am grateful that He has revealed the surgical techniques by which I can eventually assume my true sex.

Daniel Brendan Presley

(Address withheld by request)

Dr. John Money, associate professor of medical psychology and pediatrics in the Office of Psychohormonal Research at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and author of "Sex Errors of the Body," has read this letter and assures us it is an accurate portrayal of one typical kind of transsexual. He adds, "I have heard the same sort of thing many times from female transsexuals who can't and don't give vent to erotic expression until they have been [surgically] re-assigned, whereupon they feel that a sexual partnership with a female becomes legitimate and normal." Some other transsexuals, Dr. Money pointed out, identify so strongly with their psychological sex role that, even without surgery, they are willing to participate in sexual activities that society would classify as homosexual.

TEXAS SODOMY LAW

I was pleased to see that a Federal court declared Texas' sodomy statute unconstitutional as an unwarranted invasion of privacy (*Forum Newsfront*, May). Wasn't the Playboy Foundation involved in a similar case attacking a sodomy statute a few years ago?

James Hanson
Cleveland, Ohio

Yes. In 1968, the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit

voided the conviction of Charles O. Cotner, who had been sentenced to 14 years for committing sodomy with his wife and whose appeal was supported by the Playboy Foundation. The court stated that there was "a substantial question as to the constitutionality of the Indiana sodomy statute"—but the judges avoided ruling on that question. They cited the Supreme Court's decision in "*Griswold vs. Connecticut*," which "recognized a constitutional right to marital privacy." This was essentially the reasoning of the U.S. District Court in Texas, which nullified the Texas law against sodomy. In granting the plea brought on behalf of four plaintiffs by Dallas attorney Henry J. McChuskey, Jr., the court referred to the Cotner decision, quoting its remarks that "private, consensual marital relations are protected from regulation by the state through the use of a criminal penalty" and that "the American Law Institute Model Penal Code adopts the view that consensual private sexual conduct between adults should not ordinarily be subject to criminal sanction."

THE WAYWARD BUS

As a GI on levy to go to Vietnam, I feel that those of us being asked to murder our brothers in other countries should at least retain the right to express our opinions on this issue in a rational and peaceful manner. Apparently, however, we are no longer allowed even this small freedom.

Recently, a group of us from Fort Hood planned to attend an anti-war rally in Houston, during off-duty hours and wearing civilian clothes, as required by the brass. We made arrangements to rent a bus and were set to go—when, suddenly, the FBI informed the bus company that the bus would be confiscated if any drugs were found in it or if violence occurred at the rally. Needless to say, we were all well aware that any use of drugs or acts of violence would give the brass a chance to crucify us; and we'd already made strict rules that nobody could come on the bus who wasn't cool enough to avoid all illegal activities. This didn't help: The company was intimidated and it wouldn't let us rent the bus.

This is how the Government maintains a "silent majority"—by coercing, intimidating and harassing anybody (from a buck private to a huge TV network) who dares to express dissent. What ever happened to the Constitution?

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Hood, Texas

THE WILL TO FIGHT

In his determined defense of Vietnam, everybody's favorite war, Corporal T. N. Dicks asserted, "The essence of manhood is willingness to fight" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I believe the word essence means that which sets a thing apart

from other things and makes it the thing it is. Hence, the essence of the male is not in his biceps but in his loins. And those who carry peace symbols also possess this essential item.

F. A. Costantini
APO New York, New York

After spending four years in the Marines, I don't think anyone can claim, as Corporal Dicks did, that the 41,500 Americans killed in Vietnam died believing in the war. More likely, the last word in their minds was "Why?"

Nicholas Patrick
Morristown, New Jersey

Corporal T. N. Dicks's self-righteous, illogical regurgitation of the official line defending the Vietnam war is one of the most persuasive anti-war documents I've read.

Paul N. Hays
Granada Hills, California

MILITARY JUSTICE

Robert Sherrill's article, *Justice, Military Style* (PLAYBOY, February), was outstanding. It's time the public learned about the asinine and inhuman acts of the U.S. Army. For instance, in my own basic-training company at Fort Benning, Georgia, a man was beaten by five squad leaders after he went A. W. O. L. to visit his sick mother. A sixth squad leader was threatened by the others for not taking part in the beating. This is not hearsay or rumor: I was the sixth squad leader.

James V. Mason
New Philadelphia, Ohio

Robert Sherrill's hard-hitting article, *Justice, Military Style*, is to be highly commended as a cogent description of the abuses suffered by our Servicemen at the hands of some military policy makers and many policy executors who confuse training and discipline with hate and sadism.

For the past several months, I have, on my own initiative and at my own expense, conducted a one-man investigation of alleged abuses and maltreatment suffered by Servicemen while confined in U.S. military stockades or during so-called disciplinary training. My findings have prompted me to speak out several times on this issue publicly and in the House of Representatives; and I have just drafted and introduced a bill to create a separate judicial procedure to deal with this problem.

The Military Justice Commission and Court of Military Grievances proposed in my bill are designed to provide the military with a system within which the grievances of Servicemen can be impartially reviewed and fairly dealt with. It is my belief that besides providing a realistic replacement for the totally inadequate present provision in the Uniform

Code of Military Justice titled "Complaints of Wrongs," the mere availability of the system would serve as a strong deterrent to abuses and inhumane practices now carried out in our Armed Forces.

I hope that my findings and those of other responsible investigators, together with a resounding public outcry, will overcome the resistance expected in the consideration of my bill by the House Armed Services Committee. In this regard, I will be happy to include Sherrill's article in my collection of supporting material.

Representative Mario Biaggi
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

As the defense lawyer for Sergeant Wesley A. Williams, mentioned in *Justice, Military Style*, by Robert Sherrill, I feel compelled to set the record straight.

Sergeant Williams did not use a rubber hose at the Dachau stockade but a lightweight plastic hose, which did nothing more than sting the ten (not five) prisoners; he did not "severely beat" them. Sherrill also asserts that Sergeant Williams admitted kicking the prisoners; actually, Sergeant Williams denied kicking any prisoner and no one claimed he did.

It is my opinion that a civilian court would have acquitted Sergeant Williams, just as the military court did. The defense of obedience to orders is universally recognized, as long as the orders are not, on their face, palpably unreasonable. Sergeant Williams was ordered to hit the incoming prisoners with a plastic hose but not to hurt them. He was aware that the ten prisoners were known troublemakers, who were charged with or already convicted of crimes of violence and had reportedly rioted at the Nuremberg stockade, damaging it and injuring guards. They were being sent to Dachau because they were uncontrollable at Nuremberg, which means they had won against the stockade personnel and, hence, would have no respect for the guards at Dachau. There was a reasonable chance that the ten would have boasted to other prisoners at Dachau of their victory at Nuremberg and adversely influenced other prisoners at Dachau. The guards in the stockade compound did not carry weapons and would have been vulnerable to any violence. Thus, Sergeant Williams' welcoming party was designed to win the respect of the incoming prisoners, since words had failed at Nuremberg. He thought his orders reasonable, considering all these circumstances, and the jury found reason to believe he was telling the truth and that an average guard in his position might have considered the order lawful. Therefore, they acquitted him.

In my opinion, the Dachau case is an

example of a fair result and not an injustice, as Sherrill claims. Furthermore, Sherrill's comparison of the torturing, killing and burning of Jews in the Dachau concentration camp with Sergeant Williams' conduct is not well taken. There is a vast difference between torturing, killing and burning on one hand and stinging prisoners with a plastic hose on the other. And the situation in the stockade was a potentially dangerous one, while the Jews had done nothing to justify the cruelty of their captors.

Edward J. Bellen

Attorney at Law

Frankfurt am Main, Germany

Mr. Sherrill replies:

As to the facts of the case, I relied on a note from an Associated Press bureau chief, which stated that Sergeant Williams was "acquitted by court-martial of mistreating five prisoners." I also relied on a dispatch from the Associated Press, which stated, "A lawyer said the defendant . . . argued that the guard had been ordered to beat the five men . . . with a rubber hose wrapped with green tape." The dispatch adds that the victims "testified Williams and two other guards beat them, threw them to the ground and kicked them."

I do not accept Bellen's statement, "The defense of obedience to orders is universally recognized." The Nuremberg trials of Nazis put an end to that nonsense. Of course, few of our Army juries pay much attention to the Nuremberg philosophy that "I was only following orders" is not an acceptable defense. This is the very point I was making.

I take it from Bellen's argument that if Jews had been accused of some crime, their punishment would have been justified. Well, as a matter of fact, they were accused of a most serious crime. An order from the Führer included the sentence, "Communist functionaries and activists, Jews, gypsies, saboteurs and agents must basically be regarded as persons who, by their very existence, endanger the security of the troops and are, therefore, to be executed without further ado." (See Heinz Höhne's "The Order of the Death's Head.")

At the time the GIs in question arrived at the Dachau prison, they had been convicted of no crime that called for their being specially punished by Sergeant Williams. They were "known troublemakers" and their very presence was looked on as a danger to the security of the stockade and, therefore, they were to be beaten without further ado.

POT IN VIETNAM

I am amused by the dire warnings repeatedly issued by military officials about the dangers of pot in the combat zone. I have just returned from a year in Vietnam, where I served as a medic in the central highlands. I have never had to suture a pot smoker's bleeding head, or

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put on my gas mask because a pot smoker threw a gas grenade, or duck bullets because he went crazy with his gun. Nor was I wounded when one shot his grenade launcher in the wrong direction during an attack. All these things *did* happen to me because of the activities of drunks.

These experiences do not justify using pot. But they do raise the question of why this drug is prohibited while alcohol is an Army institution.

Ed Sullivan
Bakersfield, California

DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

The Sacramento Union vigorously supports censorship. On the editorial page of this year's Lincoln's Birthday issue, the paper published a letter from a reader calling for support of the late Senator Everett Dirksen's proposal to get around Supreme Court obscenity rulings by giving lower-level juries the power to define obscenity. This would, of course, put freedom of the press at the mercy of local bigots.

Directly above this letter, with apparently unconscious irony, the editors published a political cartoon about Abraham Lincoln, with the following quotation: "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God, cannot long retain it."

C. L. Anderson
Sacramento, California

\$23,000 HARASSMENT

The movement to withhold adult books from adults is alive and well in South Chicago. I am the owner of an adult bookstore, which opened in August 1969. At that time, restrictions as to age were posted plainly at the entrance, stating that a customer had to be 21 years old to enter; and this policy has been strictly enforced. Furthermore, all material for sale had previously been ruled not obscene under standards set by the Supreme Court.

The opening was well attended by the presidents of local service clubs (carrying placards of protest), the ward alderman (clucking his tongue and saying he "just couldn't believe it"), the police commander (muttering "not in my district") and various other guardians of old-time morality. Since then, we've been harassed continually and, at this date, I have \$23,000 tied up in legal expenses.

The most interesting raid so far was personally attended by the county sheriff and covered by the press. The store was searched—without a warrant; materials were seized, boxed and loaded into vans, with television cameramen recording the event for the edification of all. The clerks were arrested and confined for ten hours (without the one phone call to which they are legally entitled) and the store was closed. It was a glorious day for the saviors of decency. The only trouble

was that there had been no prior adversary hearing, as required by Illinois law, so, quietly, two months later, without television cameras, all the confiscated material was returned to the store and the sheriff was given a gentle wrist slapping by the state's attorney, who told him not to do it again without an adversary hearing.

We will not close our doors and steal away; we will stay and fight. After all, the silent majority actually supports us, at least economically—as proved by our sales record in the community—so we will not be frightened by a vocal minority.

Leo Weintraub
South Chicago, Illinois

BLESSED INNOCENCE

I have noticed that people who say sex education belongs in the home are the ones least likely to provide it there. My own parents, for instance, are archconservatives, and so were my wife's; as a result, we were so ignorant when we married that neither of us understood the pain she experienced when her hymen was penetrated. Following that, we had nearly two years of sexual misery before she was able to achieve orgasm. Although we are happy now and have two fine children, our "blessed innocence" damned near destroyed our marriage in those early years. And the saddest part of it is that, even today, neither of us can talk openly or honestly about sex to our parents.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

SEX AND THE STATE

PLAYBOY generally espouses the philosophy that sexual behavior between consenting adults in private is no business of the state. However, you seem to support the state's right to intervene in another area, that of sex education. In approving sex education, you imply that the choice of whether or not the children receive such instruction should not be left to the parents but should be decided by educational authorities. In other words, the state has no business making rules governing sexual conduct but may impose its will on parents and their children. At what point should the state cease to exercise control over the individual and who is to decide what areas it should control? Where does the tyranny of the state stop and its benign wisdom begin?

Richard L. Haessler
APO New York, New York

Throughout the U.S., there are laws making it compulsory for children to attend school until a certain minimum age. The principle involved is that for parents to deprive a child of an education is an infringement on his liberty, since he would lack the fundamental knowledge he needs to function as a free citizen in a democratic society. It has

always been accepted that such subjects as reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography and so forth are necessary elements in this compulsory curriculum. It is now recognized that human sexuality is another subject about which children need to know, it being a part of life with which the healthy child must learn to deal intelligently. It is the right of every child to know the basic facts about sex; hence, parents who would deprive children of this knowledge commit a denial of liberty.

It is understandable that parents may not agree with the way some factual material is taught in schools. American Indian parents may not wish to see George Armstrong Custer presented as a hero. Black parents may feel that the teaching of American history neglects both the contributions of black people and the injustices done to them. Fundamentalists may object to the teaching of the theory of evolution. In our opinion, the intelligent way to deal with these conflicts between parental views and the positions taken in schools is for the parents to present their own viewpoints in the home and explain why these viewpoints may differ from those that they hear in school.

SEX IN SWEDEN

Your continuing discussions of Swedish sexual behavior have been most enlightening; and I'd like to call your attention to an interesting article by Dr. Birgitta Linnér, published in *Impact of Science on Society* two years ago.

Dr. Linnér, a psychologist and marriage counselor, indicates that the Swedish sexual revolution is part of a world-wide pattern of "revolutionary changes in the status of women—politically, legally, economically and educationally." Sweden, she points out, has merely carried the feminist movement into the sexual area as well—with results that have been equally beneficial to both men and women. She continues:

Does this mean that promiscuity is widespread in Sweden or that Swedes lead abandoned sex lives? Not at all. We definitely have standards of sexual morality. Our sexual behavior is, in fact, not much different from that in many other Western societies, but we feel that our attitudes toward this behavior are more sane.

Dr. Linnér quotes a colleague who put the matter in a nutshell: "The younger generation does openly what our generation did stealthily and with guilt feelings. Surely, their behavior is more healthy."

Thus, the Swedish attitude toward sex is not based on permissiveness *per se* but on what Dr. Linnér calls "a new, free concept of the woman." As she explains, the Victorian double standard has collapsed completely in Sweden; therefore,

"the old equation of feminine virtue with premarital virginity has vanished and so has the myth of blissful domesticity for the 'weaker sex.'" Although the ethologists, with their prescientific concept of "instinct," would say this is impossible, Dr. Linnér adds: "The practical acceptance by most men of this change in the social role of women facilitates communication between the sexes in Sweden and has facilitated the entry of women into the work force, which, in turn, has had a significant impact on the national economy."

In short, she says, "the pyramidal family . . . with the father at the top, the children at the bottom and the mother sacrificing herself for the home" is no longer taken for granted in Sweden. Instead, it is recognized that the married woman can no longer hide her individuality in order to play a lifelong role as a housewife; and "no one can seriously continue to believe that marriage and parenthood are one and the same thing." The Swedish woman "can look forward to 30 or 40 active years after she has fulfilled her maternal duties."

Thus, sexual equality harms no one and fears on this score are neurotic and baseless. Having discarded the sexual caste system, Swedish men and women are enjoying the most liberal and honest sex lives of any people in the world.

John Stevens
Paris, France

AWASH IN COMMUNISM

The inspired protectors of our country have exposed such godless pinko plots as sex education, fluoridation and the new math, all designed to destroy our ruggedness, get us interested in sex and weaken our moral fiber. Yet, they have overlooked the most diabolical plot of all: the promotion of that infernal machine, the bathtub!

The bathtub is a foreign innovation, brought to our shores by aliens. Many good Americans fall and hurt themselves, sometimes seriously, while taking baths. Sexual practices occur in bathtubs. Our pioneer forefathers believed that taking too many baths is physically weakening, but we have fallen away from this noble backwoods tradition. Worst of all, many people actually take baths while *naked*.

It is a well-known fact that such Commie groups as the hippies and New Leftists do not bathe frequently. They thus preserve their ruggedness, while we are losing ours. And in case you still don't believe it, there is a mimeographed paper circulating in my community that says that one of Lenin's first commands, after the Bolsheviks took over Russia, was, "Get the peasants to take baths." I don't know where this document came from, but it says what I believe, so I believe it.

L. A. Finuf
Marianna, Florida

ETHICS OF SWINGING

The number of couples who rediscover friendship and love in their marriages through mate swapping must be few, indeed, if they exist at all. Only a flimsy, humdrum and adolescent relationship between a husband and wife could foster such conduct. I would think that swinging makes both partners jealous and sexually uptight, as each wonders how he or she compares with the spouse's other bedfellows. And what effect does swinging have on the children in the family, both emotionally and morally?

On the morning after, do such couples have a breakfast-table conversation like this:

"Well, Jane, how was ol' Harry last night?"

"He's really a stud, that guy. You'd never think it to look at him! I hope I recuperate by next week's party, ha, ha! By the way, how's Gloria in the sack?"

"The wildest, baby, the wildest. Never had it so good."

Indigestion, anyone?

Mrs. Joyce Ennis
Crystal Lake, Illinois

Advocates of consensual adultery seem to envision an ideal situation in which all four persons involved have the same level of maturity, emotional needs, attractiveness, confidence and sexual ability. How often could this actually be the case? The swinger always assumes that the fling will strengthen his marriage. But what if he falls in love with his extramarital partner? If he can desire sexual relations with others despite a good marriage, then it's also possible for him to love others besides his spouse. Conversely, if he tries to keep affairs on the superficial level, how does this restriction make him any freer in expressing himself and his feelings?

Fidelity in marriage does not automatically produce depth of feeling and love, but the making of a good marital relationship requires far more skill than does a quick change of partners. Why are we so reluctant to look into ourselves, to work to make our relationship with our spouse interesting and satisfying? Mature people who truly care for each other should be able to share their innermost secrets and desires without having to act out each impulse or search for the wild and varied partners of their adolescent fantasies.

In all the literature espousing extramarital affairs, there's no mention of the number of spouses who go along with this activity not voluntarily but out of fear—fear of not being with it, of being thought inhibited, of being cheated on in secret, of a marital breakup. And little is said about the quality of the extramarital relationship itself. Is it merely a device for putting new spark into a worn-out marriage? Then, the

other man or woman is simply being used impersonally, as a sex object.

If swingers believe they can maintain a satisfying married life and an extramarital relationship, too, that's certainly their business. But spare us, please, from the assumption that swinging is the solution to a lack of real friendship and love in a marriage or that it smashes barriers without raising new ones.

Have we reached the point of feeling chronically unfulfilled, where our loss of identity on the job or our seeming helplessness in effecting social or political changes makes us want to satiate ourselves in perhaps the only personal area left—sex—no matter how shallow the fulfillment may be? Are we so uninventive that there is no other aspect of life that challenges us, that demands creativity and skill, except sexual relations with people and, then, only to the extent of using them? For those who delight in relationships with depth and meaning, the prospect of 50 years with the same person engenders not dismay but regret that the time isn't longer.

Phyllis Reynolds Naylor
Bethesda, Maryland

SICK SWINGERS

I am thoroughly revolted by the letters in *The Playboy Forum* from the so-called swingers, who make a regular practice of mate swapping and group sex. Such people are just plain sick—mentally and emotionally disturbed—and no amount of rationalization on their part can change that fact.

Alice Hindenburg
New York, New York

Researchers who have actually investigated couples who participate in group sex paint a different picture. Dr. Gilbert Bartell, an anthropologist on the faculty of Northern Illinois University, studied Midwestern swingers and concluded, according to Sexology magazine:

"The chief characteristic that the 204 swinging couples I talked with had in common was their inherent normality. They were average, commonplace and uncomplicated in almost all respects. My data are consistent with the view that, with few exceptions, men and women who are 'sick' in the Freudian meaning of the term keep away from the swinging scene."

Sexology adds that the only other empirical investigations of the swinging subculture—a sociological master's thesis and an ongoing study by two researchers at the University of California—do not contradict this conclusion.

REASON AND MORALITY

It is true, as Dion O'Glass writes in the March *Playboy Forum*, that it is impossible to prove philosophically or scientifically that any set of moral rules

or obligations is better than another or is superior to the individual's own desires. But then, O'Glass goes on to say that, since such proof is impossible, each person must be guided by his own individual feelings; hence, he rejects any rationale higher than personal emotions. By his own logic, though, a person could accept the authority of the church, of the state or of a majority of PLAYBOY's readers, if his feelings led him to do so.

The reason it is impossible to prove the superiority of one moral code over another is that all moral codes are ultimately based on unprovable assumptions, which one must accept a priori. Once people have identified these axiomatic assumptions, however, it becomes possible to test whether or not one moral code is more effective than another in the light of these first principles. Thus, if we begin by stating that a moral code should lead to individual happiness, we can look to scientists to tell us whether or not a certain course of action—adultery, for example—is likely to lead to individual happiness or to misery.

To sharply criticize some aspect or all of our present moral code is not to imply that all moral questions are meaningless. Our moral rules are still based mainly on an asceticism that we, as a society, no longer accept. This obsolete basis should be scrapped; but some moral rules have real individual or social utility and we may lose much by discarding them. I should hate to have to distinguish between valueless and useful moral rules by relying just on my own feelings and inclinations. Scientists, philosophers, even religious leaders, can make some contribution to re-evaluating our old assumptions and arriving at more rational and useful ones.

Incidentally, O'Glass was not really telling a previous letter writer to follow her own line of reasoning. He was telling her to follow his.

Isadore Rubin, Ph.D., Editor
Sexology Magazine
New York, New York

PRUDENCE AND THE PILL

My wife and I are very confused by the recent Senate hearings on the oral contraceptive. The only thing that is completely clear to us is that medical men disagree about the safety of the pill and a layman, obviously, cannot form an intelligent opinion about the pros and cons. Meanwhile, having had three children before my wife started taking the pill two years ago, we cannot afford a larger family. Worse yet, our last child was what is jocularly called a "diaphragm baby" and we are very leery about reverting to that method of birth control.

I am seriously considering having a vasectomy to sterilize me. Before I take that step, however, I would like PLAYBOY's opinion. Just how dangerous

is the pill? Do we dare hope that the newspaper stories were a lot of smoke with very little fire?

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

At this moment, no one can give an authoritative answer because of the disagreement among medical experts themselves. The confusion caused by this lack of agreement was compounded by the unbalanced press coverage of Senator Gaylord Nelson's Congressional hearings, the net effect of which was not a contribution to public knowledge but a stimulus to hysteria that makes it more difficult to evaluate the pill's risks and benefits.

The hearings of the Senate Select Small Business Monopoly Subcommittee, in January, gave national publicity to the educated guesses and fears of a relatively small percentage of medical researchers, who suspect the pill of causing a wide variety of illnesses; by the time rebuttal witnesses appeared in favor of the pill, in March, a panic had already swept the country. One can only conclude that this reaction has its roots in religious fears and superstitions—particularly in the old tradition that sex must always lead to some form of punishment or suffering.

There has never been any question that the oral contraceptives now on the market are not safe for all women. Dr. Louis M. Hellman, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at New York Downstate Medical Center, has pointed out in this connection that "No drug that is potent or effective can be absolutely safe." The pill undoubtedly carries risks for some users, as do aspirin, penicillin, many diet pills and tranquilizers and all the narcotics and anesthetics used in surgery; the only totally safe drugs are the sugar-and-water placebos given to hypochondriacs. But these do not prevent pregnancy.

So far, the only scientifically documented risk associated with the pill is thromboembolism, or clotting. The estimated death rate from this disease for women not taking the pill is five per million per year; for pill takers, it rises to 30 per million. However, the rate of fatal clotting among pregnant women is 450 per million—15 times the risk from taking the pill. Any woman with a history of clotting should obviously discontinue the oral contraceptive; and any doctor deserving of his diploma should point this out to his patient. One of the reasons that the pill is restricted to prescription is that doctors must examine their patients regularly to check if susceptibility to any of the known risks is being increased.

Other women who should not take the pill, according to the Food and Drug Administration, are "those who have serious liver disease, cancer of the breast or certain other cancers and vaginal bleeding of unknown cause." Dr. Elizabeth B. Connell, Columbia University obstetri-

cian, has pointed out that this is "a tiny proportion of the population" and that the Nelson hearings do not apply to the "majority of women who are taking oral contraceptives safely and effectively."

The benefits of the pill are less debatable than its risks; quite simply, it is the most effective contraceptive thus far invented. The Planned Parenthood Association rates its efficiency at 99.7 percent, as against 95 to 98 percent for various intra-uterine devices, 88 to 92 percent for diaphragms or condoms and 65 to 80 percent for the rhythm method. Switching from the pill to one of these less reliable techniques increases the likelihood of unwanted pregnancy (Mrs. Phyllis Piotrow, former executive director of the Population Crisis Committee, has predicted 100,000 unplanned "Nelson babies" this year)—and illegal abortion is quite a bit more risky than the direct side effects yet envisaged for the pill.

The wisest course, then, for any woman currently using the pill is to discuss the risks, in terms of her previous medical history, with her physician. If there are no contraindications, it is probably most prudent to remember that, in Dr. Connell's words, "No alternative method or combination of methods of contraception exist that can immediately and completely replace the oral contraceptive." However, since there is certainly some risk factor, those who have already completed their families (and are reasonably sure that they will not divorce, remarry and later want more children with a new spouse) should certainly consider sterilization, as you are doing.

MALE STERILIZATION

A letter in the March Playboy Forum from Mrs. Diane Clark suggests that the public and the medical profession need educating on sterilization, the only accident-proof method of birth control.

In her letter, she refers only to female sterilization. Much less understood but more important in the long run is male sterilization. Female sterilization usually requires abdominal surgery and hospitalization, with all the attendant pain, inconveniences and expense. Male sterilization is a relatively simple procedure, with a convalescence about as serious as that for a tooth extraction; and as a birth-control measure, it is far more practical for the husband to be sterilized than for the wife. Information about this procedure (male or female) is available from the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 14 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018.

I have personally found that the vasectomy is relatively painless and does not affect the male sexual response whatsoever (except, perhaps, to make it more enjoyable, since now, there is no fear of pregnancy).

With the trend toward earlier marriages,
(continued on page 168)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOAN BAEZ

a candid conversation with the dedicated anti-war activist and folk singer

It's been 11 years since a slim, long-haired 18-year-old girl appeared at the Newport Folk Festival and transfixed the audience with what one writer called her "achingly pure soprano." After dominating all accounts of that event, she returned to Newport the next year, 1960, and her first album (on Vanguard) was released that fall. Its sales were unprecedented for a folk singer self-accompanied on guitar, and her subsequent concert appearances were unfailingly triumphant.

This gifted young woman was Joan Baez. Born on Staten Island in 1941—her mother Scotch-English in background, her father of Mexican parentage—she grew up peripatetic, because her physicist father moved his family often in the course of his work as a researcher and UNESCO consultant. Much of that growing up took place in small towns in New York and California, where she sang in school choirs and eventually taught herself to play the guitar. When the Baezes moved to Boston, Joan studied drama briefly at Boston University, but her increasing involvement in the Cambridge-Boston nexus of folk clubs then flourishing pulled her out of school and into a singing vocation that led to her ascent into the national consciousness in the early Sixties.

Although the music scene has changed radically since then—having become rock-driven, electrified and ecumenical—Joan Baez still draws huge audiences and remains a singular presence. Her attraction now, however, is based on much

more than the undiminished power of her voice. She has become a leading activist for nonviolence as a way of life, as a way to create what she calls "the revolution"—a society in which the sanctity of life transcends all other values, including nationalism. Accordingly, she travels and organizes for the Resistance, whose members refuse to be drafted into the Armed Forces. (Her husband, David Harris, a leader in the Resistance, is now serving a three-year prison sentence for refusing induction.) Young men have turned in their draft cards to her at concerts and others have come to the decision to resist while enrolled at her Institute for the Study of Nonviolence at Palo Alto, California.

The emergence of Joan Baez as a battling and embattled force for her extramusical convictions began in 1963, when she refused to appear on ABC-TV's "Hootenanny" because that network was black-listing fellow folk singer Pete Seeger. The next year, she began to engage in tax resistance to the Vietnam war and to defense spending and, ever since, has refused to pay that part of her income taxes which she estimates will be used for death. The Government doggedly collects it, anyway—usually by attaching her income—along with a penalty for nonpayment.

During the Sixties, she also became a highly visible and vulnerable civil rights activist, marching and singing in the South as well as in the North. Among other causes, she has assisted Cesar Chavez

in his organizing efforts and boycotts on behalf of Mexican-American migrant farm workers. But her primary focus in recent years has been against the war and the draft. In October 1967, she was arrested with 118 others for blocking the Armed Forces Induction Center in Oakland; after serving a ten-day sentence at Santa Rita Prison Farm, she was arrested again in December for sitting in front of the Oakland Induction Center. The result was another prison term—this one for 31 days.

Following her marriage to Harris in March 1968, they toured the country, speaking for the Resistance. Now, with her husband in jail, she continues to organize and speak out for nonviolent action, increasingly using the forum of nationally televised talk shows. PLAYBOY's interview with her—the longest and most comprehensive she has ever given—was conducted by Nat Hentoff in New York, where she had come to appear at a concert in Madison Square Garden. As is now the rule—at her insistence—none of the seats at her concerts costs more than two dollars. Twenty thousand came and several thousand more were turned away. Her program ranged from the old labor-union organizing song, "Joe Hill," to the Rolling Stones' "As Tears Go By." Between songs, she spoke of her husband, of the reasons for his being in jail, and she revealed that their first child had been conceived. She also talked to the audience of her implacable opposition



"I despise any flag, not just the American flag. It's a symbol of a piece of land that's considered more important than the human lives on it. We've got to dispose of the very concept of nation."



"Whatever I do in music now has to be part of the larger context of attempting to prevent murder. I used to be called the folk-singer pacifist; now I'm considered a pacifist folk singer."



"If people are serious about revolution, they have to wage a revolution for all oppressed people—and that includes policemen, who must be some of the most oppressed people in this society."

to violence, nationalism, hate and exploitation.

As critic Marlene Nadle wrote of the event in *The Village Voice*, "Baez, by her presence, reaffirmed the positive, now dimming side of the movement, its humanity, its love, its moral choices. In her continuing faith in the power of non-violence, she was the symbol of [what] many in the audience would have liked to have been if disillusion or temperament or fashion or reason hadn't taken them on to different things." They listened to her and cheered her; for, as a member of the audience said, "Baez may not be fashionable or hip. But she's discovered the secret. She always knows who she's coming as."

Hentoff talked with Miss Baez throughout the day following the concert. "I've known Joan for ten years," he writes. "She's always had immovable integrity; but at the beginning, it occasionally manifested itself in a rather aloof manner, and those whom she resisted on matters of principle sometimes mistook her shyness for arrogance. Through the years, I've watched Joan become noticeably more relaxed as a performer—and evolve into a growing figure of controversy. Simultaneously, her dedication to nonviolence has become deeper and much more knowledgeable. What most impressed me in this interview with Joan was how thoughtfully and honestly she has faced the ambiguities and the practical difficulties inherent in a total commitment to active pacifism."

"We talked in her nondescript room at a large, equally nondescript motel on the West Side of Manhattan. In the elevators and the corridors, Muzak was inescapable and the place itself was equally artificial—everything, from walls to carpets, having been made of a material intended to imitate some other material. I asked her why she had chosen such plastic surroundings. She laughed. 'Traveling with the boys who accompany me, we all get to looking a little weird, and it's just not worth the sweat of going into a fancy hotel. And I'm more comfortable not being waited on with the silver trays and all that stuff. So I just wanted somewhere that was as totally mediocre as you could get, and this is it. They've put the Jefferson Airplane in this wing with us—you know, keeping all the freaks in one quarter. But that's fine. We can go get ice barefoot and do just what we want.'

"In the room, Joan sat down and stretched back in her chair. Her black hair, which used to fall past her shoulders, was now cut short. With some women, short hair evokes hardness and toughness, but Joan had never seemed more feminine. In a blue-flower-print dress, her feet bare, her figure still lithe, there was a glow in her that I'd never seen before. Perhaps it was the pregnancy,

which ended on December second, with the birth of a boy, Gabriel. Perhaps it was the assurance she has gained as a practicing pacifist who knows how much she can sacrifice—including three years away from her husband—and yet do much more than survive. I wondered how much room was left for music, now that she was so wholly involved as an activist; the interview began on that note."

PLAYBOY: You've said several times in the past year, "Music isn't my thing anymore." Why not?

BAEZ: What I meant was that music alone isn't enough for me. If I'm not on the side of life in action as well as in music, then all those sounds, however beautiful, are irrelevant to the only real question of this century: How do we stop men from murdering each other, and what am I doing with my life to help stop the murdering? Whatever I do in music now has to be part of that larger context. I used to be called the folk-singer pacifist; now I'm considered a pacifist folk singer. It's just a new set of priorities.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to change those priorities?

BAEZ: I can't answer that with a definite date. But there are certain assumptions, certain basic convictions I've had since I was a little girl—being against violence, knowing that I didn't have the right to do injury to anyone. The problem all along for me has been trying to define what I see happening and what I see coming and then knowing what to do about it. Gradually, the means and ends of action—and means and ends have to be the same—became clearer. In 1964, I began refusing to pay the amount of my income taxes that would go for defense spending. The next year, I got deeper into civil rights activities, and I also started the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence. Then there were the anti-war demonstrations I was part of; and by the summer of 1967, I was helping organize a national draft-card turn-in day. Then I served jail terms for refusing to move from in front of induction centers; and in 1968, I went on a college tour with my husband, David, to talk about resistance, about finding ways to really change things—ways that don't use violence as a means of change.

PLAYBOY: After one of your appearances on the *Dick Cavett Show*, ABC commentator Howard K. Smith delivered an angry editorial in which he called you self-righteous and negative and said that, in trying for utopian perfection, you were copping out on realistic, pragmatic approaches to change. Others have gone on to say that you provoke the very violence you're against by demonstrating and encouraging draft resistance.

BAEZ: I know the arguments. First of all,

people like to talk about being "pragmatic" because it's easier that way to avoid the extraordinarily hard work necessary to really change things. And the violence they say I provoke is already there; we haven't caused it. That argument is like people in the South a few years ago saying, "Things were all calm around here until those troublemaking civil rights people came barging in." But things weren't calm. All kinds of tensions and hostilities had been festering below the surface. Things are at the bursting point all over the world. Every once in a while, they explode—in the Middle East, in Vietnam, somewhere else. It's as if the entire world were infected with a disease and the people in power were running around with this great big hypodermic needle, jamming it into one place after another. The only catch is that they're injecting the wrong fluids. When there's an eruption, they jam in the same fluid that's part of the disease, which is violence.

I know how difficult it is to even think about giving up this pet solution to problems. If you hang onto violence, you have something that kind of carried people through all these centuries. And if you go along with it—even in a nuclear age—you figure it might carry you through this, too. But if all recourse to violence is taken away, you're forced to really use your mind to search for alternatives. And you're forced to acknowledge—and this is what I mean by revolution—that no man has the right to do injury to another person or to be an accomplice in the doing of injury. This means you have to recognize that everybody is equal and there's no such thing as an enemy.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you have considered Adolf Hitler an enemy?

BAEZ: He was a human being, too. But recognizing his humanity didn't mean you had to like him and it certainly didn't mean you had to carry out his orders. In a civilized society, people wouldn't have followed him. They would have seen that he was a wreck, a very sick man; and, seeing that, they would have gotten him some help. The term enemy just gets in the way of understanding that we are all human beings. Admittedly, it takes an awful lot of unbrainwashing to come to that point. To be this kind of revolutionary requires the right-winger to throw away his flag and the left-winger to forget all those posters about power coming out of the barrel of a gun.

PLAYBOY: Then you are against any violence for any cause, however just that cause might be?

BAEZ: Yes, I see only one way. I don't think anybody said it better than Tolstoy: The difference between establishment violence and revolutionary violence is the difference between dog shit and cat

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shit. But insisting on nonviolence doesn't mean remaining passive or giving up. It means always searching for that third alternative. Sure, it's a hard search. We've had thousands of years of training in violence, so it's very difficult to bring people around to even bother looking for that alternative.

PLAYBOY: You say you're absolutely against violence; but what would you do if you yourself were being attacked violently, if David were being attacked or if you saw a child being physically attacked? Would you just stand there and do nothing to counter the violence?

BAEZ: That remains to be seen. But after all, I'm limited in what violence I could do. I don't carry a gun. I don't know how to use a knife. So I'd be reduced to having to use my feeble mind to get us all out of a situation like that. Look, all I can say is that I know people who have trained themselves to think of the third alternative rather than faint from fright or club somebody on the head. And those people have done well in situations like the kind you describe, not only with regard to their own self-defense but also in the defense of people near them. I remember one night, a group of protesters was sitting in at the San Francisco Federal Building. A guy was out there with a knife, swinging it around, threatening them. And Ira Sandperl, who's been with me in the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence from the beginning, walked up to that man and said, "Give me the knife." Ira took it out of his hand. You have to overcome the fear in yourself when you walk into a situation like that. You don't know whether he's going to get you in the gut or not, but you know what you have to do.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in a situation where you were able to stop violence through nonviolence?

BAEZ: One of the times I was in prison, there was a girl who had done six months of dead time. She didn't know what her sentence was. She had no money and there was no lawyer working for her. She just sat there, waiting to appear in court. And when she finally did get sentenced, the time she'd been waiting wouldn't count; it wouldn't come off her sentence. Periodically, she used to get just furious and pick a fight with somebody. She was a black girl, and one time she picked a fight with a white girl from the kitchen. I knew the white girl was a nonfighter, so I went over to try to talk to the black girl. "Get out of my way!" she said. But I stayed where I was standing, so that she couldn't move unless she kicked me aside. She didn't want to kick me. She had hold of the white girl's hair and was trying to kick her in the stomach, and there I was—in the way. Finally, her kicks got milder and then she exploded in tears. And I hugged her.

PLAYBOY: Do you call that an example of nonviolence that isn't passive?

BAEZ: Yes. I *did* something. I got in the way. But I wish that word nonviolence could be junked. I mean, nonviolence doesn't really say it. We haven't thought of a word yet in English that does say it. But the Indians have. They use the term *Satyagraha*, which means "truth force." That word force begins to give you some idea of what the third alternative involves. To be part of this kind of fighting, you have to be forceful; you have to be aggressive. Passivity is, in a sense, a worse enemy than violence.

PLAYBOY: Gandhi once said that as deeply as he was committed to *Satyagraha*, he would rather a person took violent action than none at all.

BAEZ: Yes, he said that; and in a way, it's fortunate he did, because passivity is so huge an obstacle to change. But in another way, it was an unfortunate remark, because that's the one thing everybody seems to pick out of everything Gandhi ever wrote. And they try to use it to justify some violent act of their own, ignoring the fact that Gandhi spent practically his entire life trying to teach people the other way.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe this other way?

BAEZ: Putting the sanctity of life above everything else.

PLAYBOY: In all circumstances? Would you have placed the sanctity of Nazi lives above the fact that they were murdering millions of Jews and other people?

BAEZ: Killing is killing, whether it's killing a Nazi or anyone else. And killing leads to more killing. If the Jews in Germany under the Nazis had known anything about organized nonviolent resistance, I think fewer of them would have been killed. Most, however, were passive; God knows that's understandable, because they were so afraid. But if they had refused to cooperate, consider how much manpower it would have taken to simply move them. Why, at one point, it took only two storm troopers to round up more than 600 people. But if millions of Jews had refused to move, they could have slowed down the Nazi machinery enormously and, in the process, there would have been no way the other Germans could have avoided knowing what was going on. The resistance of the Jews would have been too visible. And there would have been no way to keep the information about what was going on from people in other countries. The whole world would have been watching; and with the Jews resisting inside and the pressure building outside, I think there would have been far less killing and perhaps it might have stopped entirely.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would say you're unrealistic to allege that violence can't cure violence, since—to cite a contempo-

rary example—you don't take into account what might happen to America if violence were done against it and it offered no armed resistance. Would you leave the country defenseless?

BAEZ: Yes, because as long as you go on defending the *country*, you go on killing—others and yourself. You see, the defense of country has absolutely nothing to do with the defense of people. Once we get rid of the obsession with defending one's country, we will begin defending *life*. We will begin to have a real sense of what it's like to take care of *people* instead of trying to watch over a piece of land. That's why I hate flags. I despise any flag, not just the American flag. It's a symbol of a piece of land that's considered more important than the human lives on it. Look at what happened over the attempt to create a People's Park in Berkeley.

PLAYBOY: Isn't defending a country very different from fighting over a piece of real estate in Berkeley?

BAEZ: Is it? I don't think so. We have to rearrange in our minds what defense actually means, and that includes defense of country. Does it mean you're going to try to protect the boundaries of a piece of land, or does it mean you're going to try to help the people on that piece of land—and all other pieces of land—live a better life? What I'm saying is that we have to begin to dispose of the very concept of nation. I don't think we can survive if nations stay.

PLAYBOY: How would you deal with an invasion by another nation that didn't share your zeal for the abolition of all nations?

BAEZ: To begin with, you have to examine the American people's paranoia about invasion. It simply isn't rational to seriously consider that possibility. But, all right, let's say all of a sudden, here they come—those little yellow bastards—just as you always expected. Well, if we're in the state we're in now, there will probably be a nuclear war. But if we've gotten our heads together to the point of recognizing that a nuclear reaction would be insane, we will already have made some assumptions about how to deal with invaders. We will have begun to understand the concept of a general strike by the people, and that means understanding the logic of invasion. When an invader comes into a country, he doesn't run the country. He gets *you* to run it. If enough people in a country are really involved in truth force, they can't be pushed by its invaders into running it.

PLAYBOY: Then you would advocate that Americans resist invasion nonviolently.

BAEZ: More than that. If the invader were rushing into your home town, about to take over all your hamburger stands and used-car lots, you would say, "If you're hungry, I'll feed you. If you're

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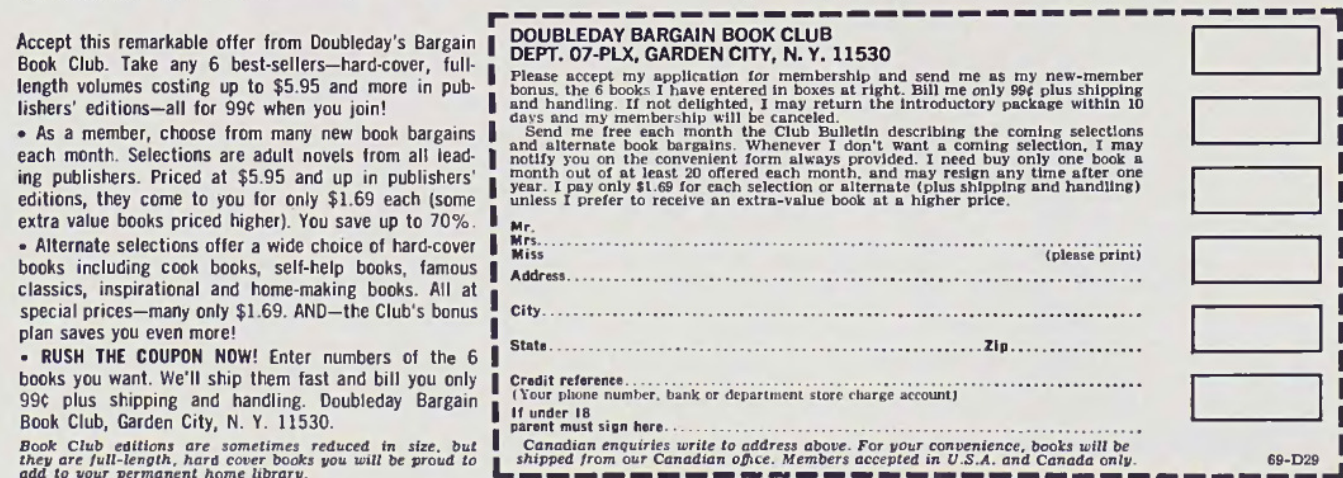
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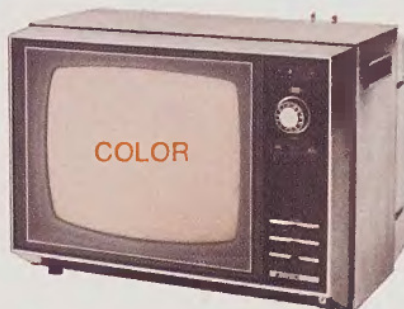
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thirsty, I'll give you something to drink. But if you intend to run my life, forget it."

PLAYBOY: Suppose, after listening to all that, the invader decides to shoot you down or ship you off to a concentration camp. Then what?

BAEZ: Obviously, you can never be certain of the response to any action you take. All you can do, therefore, is be consistent with your own beliefs; and if that leads to death or imprisonment, at least you won't have broken faith with yourself.

PLAYBOY: For your approach to work as a deterrent to violence, wouldn't the invader have to be reachable on a human level, and wouldn't the vast majority of the invaded people have to feel and act as you do? Otherwise, isn't it likely that large-scale sniping would take place and that the invader would take revenge on everyone in sight?

BAEZ: That's right. That's why, if there were an invasion now—at the stage most Americans are now in—I think we'd be doomed. One can only hope our circle will grow until, eventually, most Americans would act in a different manner. But if you feel strongly enough about working for this kind of revolution, you have to act anyway, hope or not. You see, people say about the Germans under Hitler: "Why didn't somebody do something back then? Why did they all follow him like that?" Well, that's exactly where we're at right now. That's exactly what draft resistance is about. This country is the biggest bunch of "good Germans" on the face of the earth right now. And the resistance is saying: "We're not going to take part in it. We're pulling out now and we're going to do what we can to convince others to join us to stop the killing." I grant it doesn't look too hopeful. We're fighting not just a wave; it's more like a tidal wave. But we do exist. People are saying: "I refuse to take part in violence—any violence. I refuse to take part in the nation-state, in the United States military, in the institutions supporting it." That means they're also saying: "I am one molecule in a tidal wave, but I'm going to go the other way." Of course, it's not an easy thing to do, but it gets easier as you find your brothers. That's why the draft-resistance movement is a very exciting thing. It started with only three people about four years ago, and now there are at least 10,000 and maybe as many as 50,000 of us.

PLAYBOY: About 1000 of that number—all of them draft resisters, including your husband—are serving prison terms. Why have so few opponents of the war been willing to put themselves on the line?

BAEZ: Don't underestimate the number of resisters. In addition to the thousands in Canada and abroad, many more than 1000 have stayed in America and are subject to prison terms. They just haven't

been arrested or imprisoned yet. No one knows exactly how many there are. A woman I know who worked for the San Jose draft board was told that 2000 people had sent their draft cards back to that particular board. "What do you do with them?" she asked. They said, "We stick them in a drawer and we shut it, because we don't know what to do with them." Now, if there are at least 2000 cards filed in a drawer in San Jose, think of what must be going on in other draft centers. There may well be at least 50,000 draft resisters in that situation.

PLAYBOY: On what basis does the Government move against some and not against others?

BAEZ: The loudest ones are prosecuted first. David was indicted within 13 days after he refused induction. Or someone may turn in his card and wait a year to engage in some political action, some kind of demonstration. If they hear about him—bingo—he's indicted. But there simply isn't enough court time to handle everybody who's resisting. Many haven't heard a thing yet. Their cards are blowin' in the wind.

PLAYBOY: Do young men still turn in cards to you at concerts?

BAEZ: Lots of times. I remember particularly at Ann Arbor a while ago, as I walked off after the last encore, a deliriously happy guy handed me his card. I took it and asked him into our little room backstage, where I kind of grilled him. "How long have you been thinking about it?" He smiled and said, "It's been months." "OK," I said, "what do you want me to do with it?" "I don't care," he said, "anything." "Let's burn half of it," I suggested, "and send the other half—with your name on it—to the Government. If you burn it all, it might take a long time before they'd know you'd done it. This way, you're telling them what you've done and they have to go looking for you. It adds a bit more nuisance for them." He said, "Fine." So we burned it in an ashtray and sprinkled the ashes all over the room. I also get mail from people who have turned in their cards or are about to. That kind of mail has been increasing. More and more guys are finally coming to the edge, and there are others who have begun thinking of resistance as a reality for the first time.

PLAYBOY: There are also increasing numbers of college students who pledge—as many did at graduation ceremonies last year—to resist the draft if called.

BAEZ: I don't hold those pledges to be worth much. Sure, their sympathies are in the right direction; but when the penalty is as heavy as it is for draft resistance, I'll believe they really mean it when I see it. Some do, others may not. Sometimes it's just a fad and, therefore, meaningless. Last year, a boy in a school we visited told us, "I'm going to run for

office on a resistance ticket. Everybody who votes for me has to turn his card in." "Have you turned your card in?" I asked. "Well, I will," he said, "after I've won."

PLAYBOY: Is Resistance, the group to which David belongs, any more important or effective than the other alternatives to the draft?

BAEZ: Well, let's look at the alternatives. Everybody has four alternatives if he doesn't want to accept the draft. First, you can try to be classified a conscientious objector. I understand the C.O. position, but I don't think it's politically effective. It acknowledges the right of the Government to make that decision, but it should be *your* decision.

A second alternative is to leave the country and go somewhere like Canada. Now, I've been in Canada a couple of times and from what I've seen of the people who have gone there to avoid the draft, I'd say that those who haven't made up their minds yet ought not to kid themselves about what going to Canada means. If you're going there because you don't want to go to jail, that's fine. But if you're going to Canada because you think you can become more effective in working for peace, you're pulling a phony on yourself. The people I've met in Canada who went there under that impression are disillusioned and sad. I don't condemn anybody for going there, but I do feel you have to be really clear in your head as to why you're going. To save yourself is one thing, but if you're concerned with more than that, the battle is here.

The third alternative is going underground. There's a lot of that and it seems damn unhealthy to me—people hiding and changing their names. That's the official underground—people who know they're being chased and have to keep running. But there's also another kind of underground: You don't register and you don't let yourself be known. You hope your name never turns up. But when you do that, you're not clear with yourself. You don't know what would happen if you ever had to really face up to the confrontation. You're never really sure where you stand. I don't think that's a healthy way to live, either.

The fourth alternative is to resist. You are open in public about what you're doing and why. You refuse to carry a card. You refuse to be given a number. You refuse to say to the Government, "OK, here are the next years of my life." And you do more than refuse; you organize resistance. And thousands are making that decision. They're making that eminently sane decision in the midst of all the insanity around us.

PLAYBOY: Why do you call that decision sane?

BAEZ: My definition of sanity in this context would be *seeing* again, seeing each man as your brother, getting back

your vision, so that you couldn't do harm to another.

PLAYBOY: What makes you so certain that you won't eventually be driven by desperation to take part in some form of violent revolution?

BAEZ: As long as I see one kid's face a day, that will be enough to remind me that I can't take part in killing. You remember that movie, *The Battle of Algiers*, about the Algerians' fight for independence? There were people in this country who saw it as a handbook for violent revolution. But what I saw in it was an insistence that, in their terms, the most revolutionary act anybody can perform is to be able to blow up a room full of people after having seen children in it. They made it clear in the movie that to be really brave and really with it, you could look at a little kid with ice cream all over his mouth—and then blow him up. All for the revolution! Well, I don't think that's revolutionary. I think it's insane.

PLAYBOY: What leads you to believe—speaking of the world now, not just about America—that there will ever be enough people who feel as you do?

BAEZ: I don't in the least underestimate how difficult it's going to be to end this insanity of dependence on violence. In fact, Tanzania is the only place I've ever heard of that had a rational discussion about nonviolence and the nation-state. Its leader, Julius Nyerere, called in Quaker types from all over to discuss the question of how he could defend Tanzania nonviolently. I don't know how many days it lasted, but the discussion ended with the conclusion that there *was* no way.

This goes back to what I was saying before. There is a fundamental difference between nonviolently defending the *people* of Tanzania and the *country* of Tanzania. You can't do the second; but it's possible to do the first. It took even Gandhi a long time to recognize that difference. In his early years, when somebody asked how his family was, he'd say, "All of India is my family." But by the end, he knew better. If he were alive today, his answer would be, "All the *world* is my family." He saw that when India gained her independence, not only India but two competitive nation-states had been born. There was also Pakistan. And then he started to fast again, because he realized that, in a sense, he had blown it. The nation-state, any nation-state, has nothing to do with brotherhood. But that took him a lifetime to learn.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., often referred to Gandhi as a major influence on him. Do you see any major differences in their philosophies?

BAEZ: The main difference was that King represented what historian Staughton Lynd calls "petitionary nonviolence."

That means you get a lot of people to agree to put pressure on Congress to change a few things, so that the society will be a little less corrupt. It amounts to your always being in a position of *asking*. That's what King was involved in—having his people patiently ask for some degree of power. Gandhi, on the other hand, assumed that the power was the people's and that they must act on that assumption. He'd say, "Today we're going to take salt from the ocean, no matter what the government says about its right to tax and control it." And by the time he got to the ocean, thousands of people were walking with him and they had done it! They weren't asking anybody for anything and they weren't waving guns around, either.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you agree with Dr. King's celebration of love as a force for change?

BAEZ: I loved Dr. King and wanted to work with that revolution, but he and I agreed on very few things. I kept asking him, "What is it you're trying to do? What are you really trying to change?" At that point, for instance, banks run by blacks were growing out of some of his organizations; and this development was considered revolution! He'd say, "Well, the black keys and the white keys on the piano are out of tune. We have to get them into tune, and this is one way." My answer was: "But the whole fucking orchestra is shot, so what good are black banks going to do?"

PLAYBOY: There are black people who would consider that statement exceedingly smug. From their point of view, banks run by blacks are essential in an economy so weighted against black people. If black banks will help black neighborhoods, how can you—white and nonpoor—justify that kind of criticism?

BAEZ: I'm not preaching to anybody. Obviously, until there are alternatives that make better sense to black people, they'll go on doing what seems to fit this society's definition of progress. And that includes building black banks. It boils down to what you're going to do with your energy, and I'm not going to put any of mine into advocating or supporting blue, yellow, pink or black banks. I think the whole economic system is bad, and having black banks isn't going to make it any better. But I understand those who think that since there are white banks, there ought to be black banks, too. To me, however, it's shortsighted. And I thought King was shortsighted. His context wasn't any broader than America as it is. I think King was an American first, a good citizen and a preacher second, a black man third and an exponent of nonviolence fourth. If you remember, King delayed in coming out against the Vietnam war. He had terrific pressures from some of his own black brothers, who kept saying, "That's not

our revolution. It will get in the way of what we have to do here." But we'd say, "For Christ's sake, spit it out. You can't sit on something like that when the world's blowing up." Then, little by little, he got to the point at which he finally felt strong enough to speak out.

PLAYBOY: Many radicals feel that the philosophy of nonviolence as an effective tactic in the black revolution died with Dr. King. And what President Nixon calls the silent majority of white Americans seems to regard your nonviolent opposition to the war in Vietnam as either subversive or eccentric, or both. Do you see any way in which you can reach those to whom nonviolent protest is irrelevant, disloyal or incomprehensible?

BAEZ: Well, if you think of people in a mass, it is very hard to imagine reaching them. But, on the other hand, with very few exceptions, whenever I've confronted anyone face to face, I've always felt contact had been made between us. I've always felt the beginning of brotherhood. That's from right-wingers to angry Panthers. When the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence opened, things looked hopeless at first. There was so much angry opposition from right-wingers. But as we got to know one another, we were eventually able to talk and make real contact. In New Mexico one day, David and I were at a campus, and in the question-and-answer period, there was this beautiful Panther-type girl. She was standing in the back of the room, saying, "Bullshit!" We hung around afterward and started to talk. All of a sudden, she smiled—Jesus Christ, what a beautiful face!—and I shook her hand. She showed up that night to hear us speak again, and this time, she wasn't there as an agitator type. She had come to listen. She listened all the way through, then came up afterward and said, "You know, I know you're right, but . . ." I said, "You don't have to go into it. I understand. The beautiful thing is that you came and listened." Eventually, though, she did go into that thing about 300 years of oppression. I asked her how old she was. She said she was 20. And then I asked her how long she'd been working to change things. For something like two years, she told me. "That's not 300 years," I told her. "When people *wait* for 275 years and then work for just a few years, you can't say they've been fighting for 300 years."

PLAYBOY: Your answer to her doesn't hold on two counts. First, it's a bit unfair to put her down because she's been working to overcome 300 years of oppression for only two of her 20 years. Second, how can you say all black people have waited 275 years, in view of the resistance by Nat Turner, Frederick Douglass and countless others since the days of slavery?

BAEZ: I was talking to her about her

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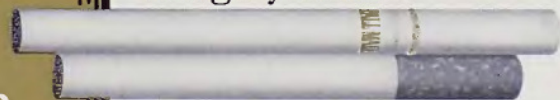


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attitude—"I'm carrying 300 years of oppression on my back and fuck you." That's not real. And I grant that other people have fought in the past, but what counts is what you do now.

PLAYBOY: More and more black people are doing things now—organizing for power in their own communities, trying to gain control over their schools, trying to improve their housing. Many blacks would tell you that you have an enormous amount of gall to preach the doctrine of nonviolence while they're still living in poverty and their kids are still locked into ghettos.

BAEZ: First of all, I don't go around preaching to them. That's a sin—going to somebody you've been oppressing all your life and telling him how to act. But, on the other hand, if someone were seriously looking for an alternative, if someone were to ask me about ways to become really unoppressed, I couldn't in good conscience say, "The Black Panthers have some hints for you," because I don't think what they propose is a real solution. I think violence leads to more violence and finally to disaster. But if I were asked, I'd say that some other people might have some hints. Like Gandhi. He was an oppressed person. He began his career in *Satyagraha* when he was thrown off a train in South Africa for being the wrong color. And I would say that probably the best example now is Danilo Dolci. He was a student of architecture who went to Sicily to look at ruins and ended up seeing ruined people. He then forgot all about being an architect and started organizing in villages against the Mafia, against the Church and against the Sicilian government.

Dolci has done some very revolutionary things there, but because they're not spectacular in size, hardly anyone here has heard about them. The reverse strike, for instance, I don't think anybody has tried that in this country, but he has in Sicily. The roads from village to village were dilapidated and worthless; they needed rebuilding, and the people needed jobs. He asked the government to pay the people to rebuild the roads. Petitionary nonviolence again. But then, after working with Dolci, they said: "The hell with it! We'll rebuild our own roads." So they had a reverse strike and went out and rebuilt roads for themselves.

PLAYBOY: How would you apply that technique in America?

BAEZ: Well, let's look at what alternative there might have been to all that violence at San Francisco State last year. Suppose the people who were fighting over that piece of land and screaming "Get the pigs off our campus" had, instead, gone to one apartment building in San Francisco and organized a strike—a strike involving renters in a deteriorating building refusing to pay the

rent and using that money to fix up the place. That would have been a more intelligent thing to do than scream about who controls the campus. Sure, a rent strike wouldn't have gotten the press coverage the fighting did. But it would have directly benefited the lives of some of the people who were being claimed as brothers by those screaming on the campus.

PLAYBOY: That is precisely what the Panthers claim they're already doing—organizing people in neighborhoods around such basic issues as housing and schools.

BAEZ: Well, I can't claim to be up on what everybody in the Panthers is doing. But I did read a recent issue of their newspaper and it looked pretty scary to me. All the cartoons, all the articles in it were so loaded with hate rhetoric that I can't identify with it. More than that, I want to fight it. I want to say, "Don't you see what all that hate is going to lead to?" One time in San Francisco, David and I attended a conference of people who had decided not to register for the draft, and there were, like, 50 high school kids there—boys and girls. And somebody invited a Panther, because he felt that group should have its say, even if it had nothing to do with nonregistration. The Panther came in with three guards, stationed them at the doors and then started waving around a book on the Mafia. "This is a good guide," he was saying. "They know how to get power." David and I restrained ourselves as long as we could and then we finally said, "Do you see the logical conclusion of what you're doing? If your equation is A plus A plus A plus A, you're not going to get B. You're going to get A. If you use shit plus shit plus shit, you end up with a pile of shit."

PLAYBOY: There is another thesis, expounded most notably in Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, that regards violence as a key stage of self-liberation in which those who have been oppressed purge themselves of feelings of impotence through acts of violence.

BAEZ: I don't agree, and I would point out that Fanon himself shows in his book a number of people who experienced that kind of purge and weren't in such good shape afterward. When you do violence to another, you're also doing violence to yourself; you're diminishing your own humanity. That's true even when, in the Panthers' case, it's just the rhetoric of violence they're indulging in. I do recognize that they've been doing some good things—the less flashy stuff, like giving children breakfast. I'm not about to knock that. But in their publications and their speeches, the emphasis is on sticking pigs. I can't see how you're going to nurture or increase anyone's humanity by thinking and talking like that.

PLAYBOY: The Weatherman faction of

SDS insists that a fully humanistic society can't be achieved unless actual violence is committed against the symbols of what they call the present imperialist-capitalist society. Only that kind of violence, they say, can awaken people to the repressiveness and brutality of their national institutions. We would think you disagree.

BAEZ: Yes, that's a completely stupid approach. You don't enlighten people by frightening them; you create more barriers that way, more divisions between people. And all you accomplish for yourselves is to get your heads busted. It's utterly self-defeating. There's no violent way to get people together in brotherhood. It's like killing for peace. It makes no sense.

PLAYBOY: You've said that although you feel you're behind musically, you're "politically ahead." How do you mean?

BAEZ: When I say political, I mean the common life. I mean people. In the same way that I make a distinction between the nation-state and the people in it, I don't even consider electoral politics: I define political as meaning much more than that. You see, it's not a change of government we want but a new kind of society—a society in which people can have a common life based on brotherhood and freedom from violence.

PLAYBOY: But can't electoral politics be a way of changing society? Aren't there often clear differences among candidates?

BAEZ: I've tried on and off to act on that assumption, but it's the wrong base for action. If you remember, the peace candidate against Barry Goldwater in 1964 was Lyndon Johnson. David puts it another way when people start talking about who they're voting for. "You see a gigantic wave," he says, "and there's a surfer on top. You don't shout, 'Wow, look at that surfer pushing that wave around!' Obviously, if you look at what's happening, there's only a limited amount of distance the surfer on top of that wave can travel from right to left." Well, that's what right and left in our electoral politics is all about. Until you can change what's underneath—the wave itself—and not just ride the top, you can only go a certain distance either way. We're not going to be able to build institutions that really work for everyone until there is first a fundamental change in the way people live and in the way they relate to one another. When people have their vision back, new institutions will then grow out of that new kind of society. And they'll be flexible, responsive, open to change. I know that it's hard for a lot of people to see this. The first thing I hear is: "In this new society of yours, what are you going to do about traffic and about collecting the garbage?"

PLAYBOY: How do you answer that?

BAEZ: If the revolution were for real,

people would care for one another, and out of that caring would come real agreement on how to deal with traffic and garbage collection. What it comes down to is that if people can get to really *see* themselves and others, they'll find ways to take care of all the problems of living together. That's essentially what I mean when I say I'm politically ahead. It's not that I have a blueprint detailing exactly how the new society is going to work. But I do see far enough ahead to know that unless people have the vision to care about one another, no blueprint is going to lead to fundamental changes in the way we live.

PLAYBOY: Your detractors would call those ideas ingenuous and naïve. Critic Ellen Willis, for example, reviewing your book *Daybreak*, wrote: "I find . . . her moral approach to politics offensively escapist."

BAEZ: It really annoys me when people talk about me as being an escapist and impractical. Is it escapist, when we're on the very edge of World War Three, to act against violence? Is it practical to be so tied up with the nation-state mentality that we couldn't get food through to Biafra? I'll tell you who's impractical and escapist: anybody who thinks we're going to survive this century if we continue as we are—putting our taxes where we put them now, letting our brothers be sent off to war. *That* person is impractical and naïve and foolish. You see, what we're doing now isn't just imperfect. It's insane.

PLAYBOY: You're calling millions of people insane or accomplices in acts of insanity. Doesn't that indictment come through as a kind of moral elitism that might well alienate the masses of people you want to reach?

BAEZ: Yes, I'm familiar with that criticism, and part of it is very good and very real. There are times when you get to thinking that you have the one true light and you want to spread it around. Then, when someone reminds you that you don't know all the answers, you come crashing down. It's a good thing to be told your ego's running away with you; and I know I talk too much. But I'm sincere in trying to communicate and I also try to listen, because I'm aware of how far I have to go in terms of learning about people.

PLAYBOY: You didn't seem to be listening when you said publicly a year or so ago, "No woman should go to bed with a man who carries a draft card." Isn't that self-righteous preaching?

BAEZ: I'll tell you how that started. Some women were asking one another, "What can we do to help?" And the first thing that came to my mind—as a joke, in a sense—was to refuse to go to bed with anyone carrying a draft card. It's not a new idea. You remember Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*? The women in that play said,

"No more screwing until you put down your arms." Well, the more I thought about it, the more serious the idea seemed to me, and not in a self-righteous sense. Women *can* help if they change their own conception of what "hero" means. As long as a hero is John Wayne coming home from the battlefield with blood dripping from his forehead, having killed X number of people, we'll keep perpetuating violence. So the base of that idea is more than refusing to sleep with people who don't break away from the institutions of violence; it's a matter of women deciding what qualities in a man they can really respect.

PLAYBOY: William Sloane Coffin, Jr., the Yale chaplain, has said that he hopes a new definition of courage may come out of the resistance to the war in Vietnam. Are you hopeful that might happen?

BAEZ: I think there *has* been a change in the past three years. Very few people say "chicken" anymore when somebody refuses to be drafted. That kind of thing used to be an almost automatic response: "Draft dodger!" "Yellow!" "Scared to go into the Army!" That's changed. Even people who totally disagree with the resistance have come to see, I think, that it does take courage to face jail for your convictions.

PLAYBOY: Your husband, David, has remained active even in jail. What's the basis of the protest he's involved in?

BAEZ: Well, part of it was the food. But it's important for us to look at this and the other complaints as being not about this particular jail but about *all* prisons. America should look at the whole system that prison represents. She should look at the idea of punishment and the idea of rehabilitation, which is just a farce. They say rehabilitation, but what they mean is just more of the same old punishment. What prison actually does is murder people's spirits. But to take the prison David was sent to—one of the people in his cell had been in for 137 days and had lost about 40 pounds. It wasn't because the food tasted bad: it was because there was no real nourishment in it. I mean, it's intended to make you so quiet and dead that you can just about move. David also said in a letter he wrote me from there that the lights are turned out at nine o'clock, but if you stay up late, you can hear the guards beating the prisoners in the hole. The hole is a room about five feet by seven, with rubber walls, and in the middle of the floor is an opening through which sewage backs up into the cell. When the grand jury went through the prison, the officials had to put down a new floor because they couldn't wash out the bloodstains. At the time David was in that prison, there was someone in the hole screaming every night.

He also wrote me about medical attention. A man in his cell was coughing up

blood and they asked for the guards, who took the man, put him on a concrete floor and gave him sleeping pills. That's all they'd do for him. The last lines in David's letter were: "In here, you see the logical conclusion of American society. What happens here isn't really different in kind compared with what happens outside; it's just different in quantity." We're all so used to oppression and exploitation and the many more subtle kinds of murder we do in our daily lives that a revelation of what happens in prison shouldn't come as a shock to us. It does, however, because this particular area of brutality has been so hidden away from us. But David's right. It's not a difference in kind.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that an extraordinary exaggeration? Surely there's a great difference between being behind bars, subject to that kind of brutality, and being on the outside.

BAEZ: Of course it's worse to be locked up; but what I'm talking about is the insensitivity of most of us to the brutality that *isn't* hidden from us—the brutality that allows people to go hungry, the brutality that allows racism. Sure, people who are hungry and who are discriminated against would suffer even more if they were put into a literal jail, but my point is that what goes on in jails is a result of people deadening themselves to what is done to other human beings. And what goes on outside is a result of the same kind of complicity by silence. Still, it is worse in prison, and what we allow to happen there is something from the Middle Ages. It shouldn't exist, any more than nuclear weapons should exist.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think we're likely to get prison reform before the majority of Americans agree that we ought to destroy our nuclear weapons?

BAEZ: That's part of what I've been talking about. It would take a lot of people with depth of vision to get to that point. But you're taught that you're only one person and that war has always existed and so you can't do anything about it. Leave it to your Congressmen. All that stuff is so ingrained that it's very hard to move people to action.

PLAYBOY: You expect nothing from Congress, even though the vote on the ABM last summer was so close?

BAEZ: How can you? The difficulty with expecting sanity from Congress or from the President is that these are people who have pledged themselves to the nation-state. And the nation-state cannot exist without arms and armies. You can't really expect them to be interested in a concept of brotherhood that has nothing to do with boundaries. They generally seem to be sincere people, but they're committed to protecting the nation-state. So it seems silly to ask them to do the things *we're* going to have to do. But

most of us just wait. We wait from kindergarten on for something to change. Yet nothing's going to change until we change it ourselves.

PLAYBOY: How? The power, after all, is with those who make and enforce the laws. And they're the ones who decide to appropriate the money for arms.

BAEZ: They have the power only because we allow them the power. What has to be done—and it's a very complex undertaking—is to get enough people to withdraw support from the military-industrial complex so that the impact of those of us in opposition can be felt.

PLAYBOY: How do you withdraw support?

BAEZ: Through the income tax, for instance. I think people who want to participate in an act of withdrawal from the military-industrial complex should refuse to pay 83 percent of their income tax. That's how much of every tax dollar is going pretty directly into the military. Furthermore, most people don't like the income tax anyhow. So it would be a grand thing for people not to pay most of it.

PLAYBOY: But the tax collector will get it all eventually, anyway—plus a penalty of six percent interest. So by withholding part of your taxes, you actually give the Government more money.

BAEZ: I think by the time the tax collector beats down enough tracks to find the rest of your money, the expense to the Government is just about equal to the interest. But that isn't the point. The point is the difference between passivity and action. The passive attitude is: "I hate to give them this money for war and for arms." And then you write out the check. By acting to withdraw, however, you at least declare yourself, and I keep hoping more and more people will do just that.

PLAYBOY: What's your own relationship with the Internal Revenue Service?

BAEZ: They come and get the money. Since I started not paying, the money has existed in one bank or another and they eventually find it. But this year, it doesn't exist and I don't know whether it will by the time they come around looking for it. Maybe there'll be royalties arriving from somewhere I hadn't known about, or maybe there won't be. But I must say I don't care. I do know that at some point in my life, the money definitely won't be there, and then I suppose they'll start attaching land. And after that, well, there won't be anything more they can get, will there?

PLAYBOY: Except you, for a prison sentence—which may help explain why very few people are likely to withdraw their support from the military-industrial complex by refusing to pay taxes. Is that your only suggestion for ways in which people can help bring about the kind of nonviolent revolution you want?

BAEZ: To answer that, you have to define

what you mean by revolution—beyond the term nonviolent. Now, when you talk to people about what they want—I mean people who haven't lost their vision or are in the process of getting it back—they make it clear that they want peace and they talk about brotherhood, about humanity, about people not being hungry anymore. But what does all that mean in terms of what each individual should do? It seems to me that if anybody sat down and thought about it long enough, he would decide to live in such a way that he's not exploiting or damaging somebody else. That's a pretty basic and sane beginning, isn't it? And it's a long way from something like a campus revolt.

PLAYBOY: Do you think all campus revolts are pointless and counterproductive?

BAEZ: No. Some campus demonstrations seem to be good simply in the sense that until they happened, people never thought they could do anything but follow orders and walk in and out of classrooms and do homework. So, in a way, action on campus is a step toward recognizing that you're not totally impotent. On the other hand, they usually end up leading nowhere, so you wonder which is worse—sitting around doing nothing or screaming dumb things at policemen. Somehow, nobody ever asks, "Does anybody on this campus want to go off and start a real school where we could actually learn things?"

PLAYBOY: Some people are asking that very question—and answering it by starting their own free universities.

BAEZ: The free universities are a beginning and some good stuff is coming out of them. But there ought to be much more of that kind of innovation. Take black studies, for instance. Why not create a place where you can study what it is you really want to know about black history and culture, instead of arguing over this or that piece of property? I mean, that would be a step toward full-scale change that would involve taking on a whole new thing, beginning a whole new experience.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that campus demonstrations have resulted in no constructive reforms?

BAEZ: Well, again, look at what took place at San Francisco State. One of the things that seem to happen every time there's a big campus revolt—and San Francisco State was certainly no exception—is that your definition of the enemy gets so ridiculous. If people are serious about revolution, they have to wage a revolution for *all* oppressed people—and that includes policemen, who must be some of the most oppressed people in this society. If a revolution isn't for all the oppressed, it's a fake. But what happens is that out of frustration and anger—and not having a deeper vision—you pick the nearest thing as an enemy:

the cops. And at San Francisco State, Hayakawa. He certainly made himself available; he acted like a perfect ass. It's the easiest thing in the world to take out all that frustration on somebody like him—to threaten his life, to throw bricks in his windows. But as that sort of thing goes on, whatever vision you had when you started the revolt seems to taper off into practically nothing.

A couple of months after the fighting was over at San Francisco State, David and I went onto the campus to find out what had really happened there and to answer any questions they might want to ask. Some of the kids were mad at me because I'd been quoted as putting the rebellion down. But the quote hadn't been in context. My disagreement had been in the sense in which I've been talking about here. Anyway, our appearance had been organized by Resistance. Some SDS guys had planned to throw stuff and break up our discussion, but the Resistance people convinced them it would be smarter to say what they want in leaflets and to ask the questions they really wanted answered. So they did. But most of the people were just asking the same questions as everywhere else, like, "What do we do now?" It was as if their whole strike had been bought off. That's the only way this nonnegotiable bullshit can end up. Either you peter off into nothing or you accept a halfway settlement because you're just not going to get all the things you demanded at the beginning. Nobody on that campus had a third alternative—like starting their own school or, as I suggested before, organizing a tenant strike. Either you didn't do anything or you threw bricks. And when it was all over, what revolutionary change had actually taken place?

PLAYBOY: There have been other campuses—Columbia, for one—at which real change does appear to have followed campus rebellions. After the violence in the spring of 1968, the Columbia administration took as its goals the very student demands that had led to the rebellion.

BAEZ: I have no firsthand knowledge of that situation, so I can't say if it's right or wrong. But I agree with what Aldous Huxley said about violent revolution: Any good that comes out of a violent revolution comes *in spite of* the violence. Sure, people will say, "It's only because we did what we did that we got what we got." But somebody like Huxley or I would answer, "Think how much more you might have gotten if you *hadn't* gone through all that violence." And then I'd add that they really ought to look hard at exactly what they did get. David calls America and its institutions the great marshmallow. In the end, the great marshmallow seems able to absorb almost everything. So the question always is: Has there been any real,



playboy after dark



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meaningful change? Or has somebody been bought off again?

PLAYBOY: Blacks in Watts and Newark and Detroit would claim that the great marshmallow wouldn't even have acknowledged their existence if there hadn't been violent rebellions there.

BAEZ: What has *really* changed in these cities since then? Nothing. That kind of reaction eliminates the possibility of showing people you exist in another way, in a way that would be much more powerful than playing the power games of the majority. Sure, you can say, "I exist in exactly the same way you do; I can be just as nasty as you can." And since you're acting just like they do, they'll try to put you down or buy you off one way or another. But it's very difficult for the power structure to absorb, to mute your real needs, when you make your *humanity* known. The example that always comes to my mind is a moment in Birmingham a few years ago. Children, little black kids, were walking toward a spot they had been told was out of bounds. They were singing and praying. There was a white fireman who had been told to hose them when they reached a certain point. I was watching the fireman. When the moment finally came, he shook his head and said, "I can't do it." But if those kids had been trying to make themselves known in the usual ways, the fireman *could* have and would have done it. I mean, if one of them had pulled a switchblade, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to hose them all to kingdom come.

PLAYBOY: Do you think every fireman or policeman would have had that reaction to praying kids? Another man might have hosed them down without the slightest compunction.

BAEZ: What I'm saying is that everybody has the *capacity* to react in that way. This doesn't necessarily mean that he's always going to act on it; we've all had a lot of our humanity trained out of us. But some remains, and it's that quality you have to keep on trying to bring out in other people as well as in yourself. In a way, we're all schizophrenics. We have in us, on the one hand, stupidity, fear, greed and a lot of other destructive qualities. But, on the other hand, there are elements of decency and kindness and love. The question is: Which elements in us are we going to try to nurture?

PLAYBOY: That second group of elements doesn't seem to be among those that some of the radical left are trying to nurture. How do you deal with those who insist they have the right to break up meetings and shout down anyone with whom they disagree?

BAEZ: First of all, you have to make distinctions. There are times when meetings *have* to be pretty stormy. If, for instance, there's an internal hassle, you ought not to try to impose your "wis-

dom" from the outside until that hassle is cleared up. You've got to get all that pent-up stuff out. But on the other hand, when people rigidly insist that only their side has the right to be heard, that's something else. I suppose the person who's shouting you down feels that if you finally leave the room, he's won. But he hasn't won anything except a decibel contest.

PLAYBOY: What do *you* do in that kind of situation?

BAEZ: Well, once when David and I were talking, some black radicals were trying to shout us down. First I joked with them, but finally I said, "Hey, hold it! I've got just one thing to say. Do you have any interest in hearing it?" And there was a shout, "No!" I said, "That's what I thought." And everybody laughed, including a couple of the hecklers. Well, that made the man leading the shouting feel a little funny. So he said, "Yeah, sure, go ahead." Sometimes you can get through that way—showing how silly it is to not even try to listen to what the other person has to say.

PLAYBOY: What did you say when you finally had the chance?

BAEZ: The man who'd been doing the shouting had been talking about Irish this and Jewish that and what an Italian son of a bitch someone else was. What I said was, "Listen, if you're going to end racism, you're going to have to stop *being* a racist. You're going to have to stop putting down people in groups." I mean, how can you be part of real change unless you see, or try to see, each person in terms of who he is? When I say you can't end racism if you're a racist yourself, I'm also trying to show that you can't make a new kind of society by forgetting that every one of us is valuable and unique, that the most important thing—before all others—is the sanctity of each human life.

PLAYBOY: Do you also apply that attitude to the subject of abortion?

BAEZ: I don't like the idea of abortion at all, but at the same time, I know I'd help out some 16-year-old girl who felt that abortion was the only route for her. I'd probably try to find her a doctor. It's her decision to make.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as ambivalent about birth control?

BAEZ: No, because, unlike abortion, birth control has nothing to do with a life that's already begun. But I do think birth control is getting to be a very serious problem. I had a dream about that recently. In it, there was a law that people couldn't have more than two children. And in the dream, I had two children, one after the other. Then I thought, "Oh, phooey, I don't get to be pregnant anymore." I felt bad, because being pregnant was so nice; it was such a lovely feeling.

PLAYBOY: Do you and your husband in-

tend to limit the number of children you have?

BAEZ: David and I would love to have a little yard full of kids, but I think we should have two of our own and then adopt somebody else's.

PLAYBOY: Would you advocate that other couples do the same?

BAEZ: I think this sort of thing should—and will—become a general practice. It makes sense not only as a way to deal with overpopulation but also because it would be a way of breaking out of the usual family insularity. Having their own children is connected with people's egos and the carrying on of their name and all that stuff. But meanwhile, there are always hungry little kids running around with no name and no family. I think more widespread adoption would be good not only for those kids but for the people doing the adopting. It would increase their capacity to think beyond themselves, to actually feel the sanctity of an individual life that didn't come biologically from them.

PLAYBOY: There's one area in your concern about the sanctity of life that seems somewhat unclear. During the parade in Berkeley for the People's Park in the spring of 1969, John Lennon called KPFA, a local radio station, to encourage the march. He also said that the marchers should keep their cool and realize that there are no principles worth dying for. You objected publicly to that last line. Why?

BAEZ: I don't think I was being inconsistent. I called KPFA and said that I didn't think any principle is worth *killing* for, but obviously there are things worth *dying* for. Not necessarily the People's Park, but there are times when you may have to be willing to face death if you're acting for life.

PLAYBOY: What would you find worth dying for?

BAEZ: People. Of course, it's much too easy when you say it like that. But I can imagine putting myself in the way of violence to prevent violence being done to another.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that you've already done that—in jail, when you stopped a black girl from beating up a white girl.

BAEZ: I suppose so, but that's not real danger. When I speak and act for draft resistance, though, I'm making myself really vulnerable. Just about everywhere I go, I know there's a possibility that somebody's going to want to pop me off. But if I started worrying about getting killed for saying the things I say, I'd quit doing most of everything I do. There are a million places and times when it could happen, but I just have to forget about them. Let me make it clear, though, that I'm by no means looking for martyrdom.

(continued on page 136)



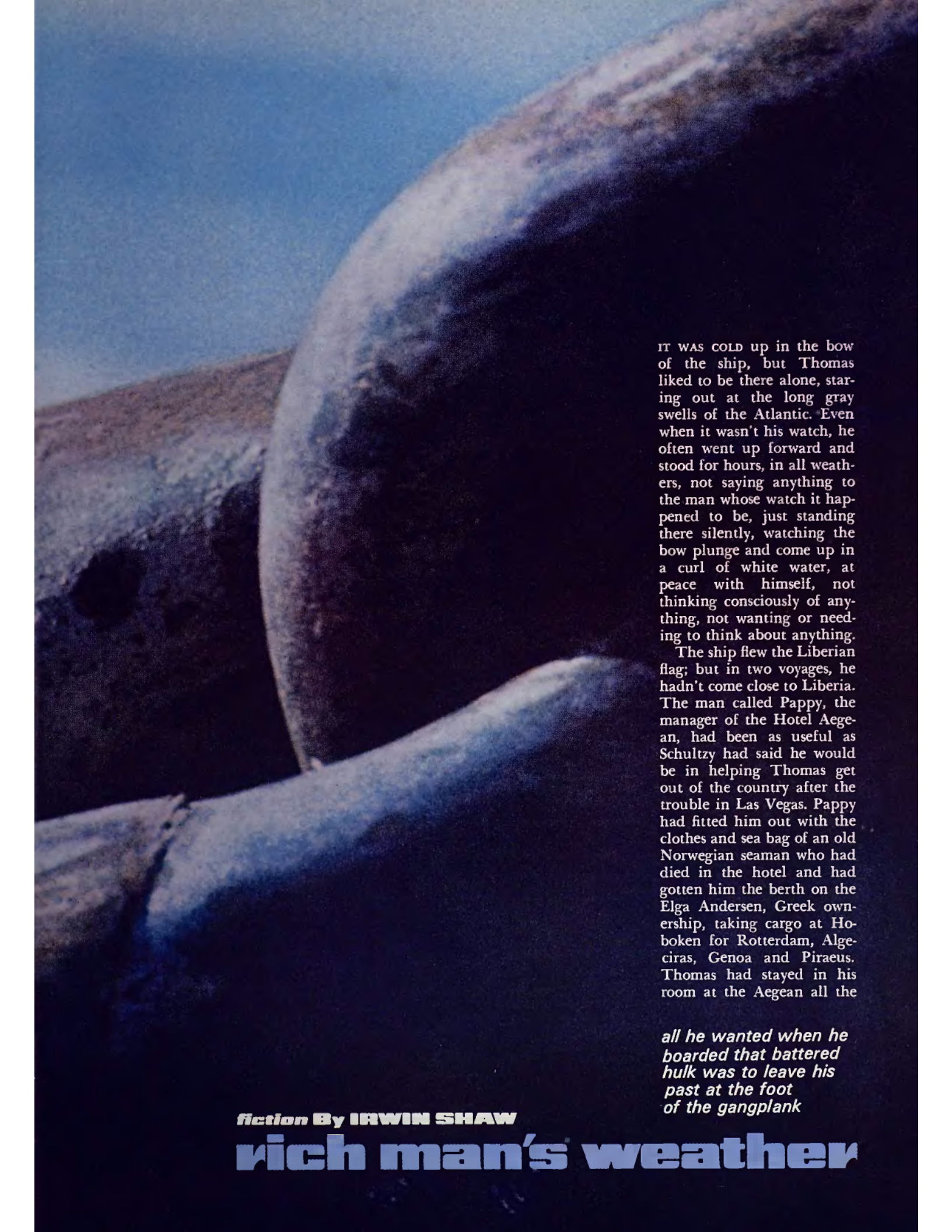
WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

An on-the-go guy whose desire for adventure knows no boundaries. He's a jet setter who *makes* the action, then moves on before the crowd arrives. Facts: 4 of every 5 PLAYBOY readers surveyed said they would like to travel around the world, while only half of all nonreaders expressed this interest. Twice as many PLAYBOY readers as nonreaders said they would like to spend a year in London or Paris. Sound like our man is worth following? Then reach him in the one medium that speaks his language: PLAYBOY. (Source: *A Psychographic Profile of Magazine Audiences*, 1969.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



IT WAS COLD up in the bow of the ship, but Thomas liked to be there alone, staring out at the long gray swells of the Atlantic. Even when it wasn't his watch, he often went up forward and stood for hours, in all weathers, not saying anything to the man whose watch it happened to be, just standing there silently, watching the bow plunge and come up in a curl of white water, at peace with himself, not thinking consciously of anything, not wanting or needing to think about anything.

The ship flew the Liberian flag; but in two voyages, he hadn't come close to Liberia. The man called Pappy, the manager of the Hotel Aegean, had been as useful as Schultzzy had said he would be in helping Thomas get out of the country after the trouble in Las Vegas. Pappy had fitted him out with the clothes and sea bag of an old Norwegian seaman who had died in the hotel and had gotten him the berth on the Elga Andersen, Greek ownership, taking cargo at Hoboken for Rotterdam, Algiers, Genoa and Piraeus. Thomas had stayed in his room at the Aegean all the

all he wanted when he boarded that battered hulk was to leave his past at the foot of the gangplank

fiction By IRWIN SHAW

rich man's weather

time he was in New York—eight days—and Pappy had brought him his meals personally, because Thomas had said he didn't want any of the help to see him and start asking questions. The night before the Elga Andersen was due to sail, Pappy had driven him over to the pier in Hoboken himself and watched while he signed on. The favor that Pappy owed Schultz from Schultz's days in the merchant marine during the War must have been a big one.

The Elga Andersen had sailed at dawn and anybody who was looking for Tommy Jordache was going to have a hard time finding him.

The Elga Andersen was a Liberty ship, 10,000 tons. It had been built in 1942 and had seen better days. The vessel had gone from owner to owner, for quick profits, and nobody had done more maintenance than was absolutely necessary to keep it afloat and moving. Its hull was barnacled, its engines wheezed, it hadn't been painted in years, there was rust everywhere, the food was miserable, the captain an old religious maniac who knelt on the bridge during storms and who had been beached during the War for Nazi sympathies. The officers had papers from ten different countries and had been dismissed from other berths for drunkenness or incompetence or theft. The crew was from almost every country with a coast—Greeks, Yugoslavs, Norwegians, Italians, Moroccans, Mexicans, Americans, most of them with papers that could not stand inspection. There were fights almost every day in the messroom, where a poker game was always in progress, but the officers carefully refrained from interfering.

Thomas kept out of the poker game and the fights and spoke only when necessary and answered no questions and was at peace. He felt that he had found his place on the planet, plowing the wide waters of the world. No more climbing into rings with fast, eager kids on the way up, just because he needed a payday; no women, no worrying about weight, no pissing blood in the morning, no scrambling for money every end of the month.

He heard steps behind him but didn't turn around.

"We're in for a rough night," said the man who had joined him in the bow. "We're going right into a storm."

Thomas grunted. He recognized the voice. A young guy named Dwyer, a kid from the Middle West who somehow managed to sound like a fag.

"It's the skipper," Dwyer went on. "Praying on the bridge. You know the saying—you have a minister on board, watch out for lousy weather."

Thomas didn't say anything.

"I just hope it's not a big one," Dwyer said. "Plenty of these Liberty ships have

just broke in half in heavy seas. And the way we're loaded. Did you notice the list to port we got?"

"No."

"Well, we got it. This your first voyage?"

"Second."

Dwyer had signed on in Savannah, where the Elga Andersen had put in after Thomas' first return voyage on her.

"It's a hellhole," Dwyer said. "I'm only on it for the opportunity."

Thomas wanted to ask Dwyer what opportunity, but just stood there, staring out at the darkening horizon.

"You see," Dwyer went on, when he realized Thomas wasn't going to talk, "I've got my third mate's papers. On American ships, I might have to wait years before I moved up top. But on a tub like this, with the kind of scum we got as officers, one of them's likely to fall overboard drunk or get picked up by the police in port, and then it'd be my opportunity, see?"

Thomas grunted. He had nothing against Dwyer, but he had nothing for him, either.

"You planning to try for mate's papers, too?" Dwyer asked.

"Hadn't thought about it." Spray was coming over the bow now as the weather worsened and Thomas huddled into his pea jacket. Under the jacket, he had a heavy blue turtleneck sweater. The old Norwegian who had died in the Hotel Aegean must have been a big man, because his clothes fit Thomas comfortably.

"The only thing to do," Dwyer said. "I saw that the first day I set foot on the deck of my first ship. The ordinary seaman or even the a.b. winds up with nothing. Lives like a dog and winds up a broken old man at fifty. Even on American ships, with the union and everything and fresh fruit. Big deal. Fresh fruit. The thing is to plan ahead. Get some braid on you. The next time I'm back, I'm going up to the Coast Guard in Boston and I'm going to take a shot at second mate's papers."

Thomas looked at him curiously. Dwyer was wearing a gob's white hat, pulled down all around, a yellow sou'wester and solid new rubber-soled high working shoes. He was a small man and he looked like a boy dressed up for a costume party, with the new, natty, seagoing clothes. The wind had reddened his face, but not like an outdoorsman's face, rather like a girl's who is not used to the cold and has suddenly been exposed to it. He had long dark eyelashes over soft black eyes and he seemed to be begging for something. His mouth was too large and full and too busy. He kept moving his hands in and out of his pockets restlessly.

Christ, Thomas thought, is that why he's come up here to talk to me and always smiles at me when he passes me? I better put the bastard straight right

now. "If you're such an educated hot-shot," he said roughly, "with mate's papers and all, what're you doing down here with all us poor folks? Why aren't you dancing with some heiness on a cruise ship in your nice white officer's suit?"

"I'm not trying to be superior. Jordache," Dwyer said. "Honest, I'm not. I like to talk to somebody once in a while and you're about my age and you're American and you got dignity. I saw that right away—dignity. Everybody else on this ship—they're animals. They're always making fun of me; I'm not one of them. I've got ambition. I won't play in their crooked poker games. You must've noticed."

"I haven't noticed anything," Thomas said.

"They think I'm a fag or something," Dwyer said. "You didn't notice that?"

"No, I didn't." Except for meals, Thomas stayed out of the messroom.

"It's my curse," Dwyer said. "That's what happens when I apply for third mate anywhere. They look at my papers, my recommendations, then they talk to me for a while and look me over in that suspicious way and they tell me there's no openings. Boy, I can see that look coming from a mile off. I'm no fag, I swear to God, Jordache."

"You don't have to swear anything for me," Thomas said. The conversation made him uncomfortable. He didn't want to be let in on anybody's secrets or troubles. He wanted to do his job and go from one port to another and sail the seas in solitude.

"I'm engaged to be married, for Christ's sake," Dwyer cried. He dug into the back pocket of his pants and brought forth a wallet and took out a photograph. "Here, look at this." He thrust the snapshot in front of Thomas' nose. "That's my girl and me. Last summer on Narragansett Bay." A very pretty, full-bodied young girl, with curly blonde hair, in a bathing suit, and beside her, Dwyer, small but trim and well muscled, like a bantamweight, in a tightly fitting pair of swimming trunks. He looked in good enough shape to go into the ring, but, of course, that meant nothing. "Does that look like a fag?" Dwyer demanded. "Does that girl look as though she was the type to marry a fag?"

"No," Thomas admitted. The spray coming over the bow sprinkled the photograph. "You better put the picture away," he said. "The water'll ruin it."

Dwyer took out a handkerchief and dried the snapshot and put it back in his wallet. "I just wanted you to know," he said, "that if I like to talk to you from time to time, it's nothing like that."

"OK," Thomas said. "Now I know."

"As long as we have matters on a firm basis," Dwyer said, almost belligerently. "That's all." Abruptly, he turned away



*"Er. . . it's the man from Edison—there was a malfunction
in the electric blanket."*

and made his way along the temporary wooden catwalk built over the oil drums stowed forward as deck cargo.

Thomas shook his head, feeling the sting of spray on his face. Everybody has his troubles. A boatload of troubles. If everybody on the whole goddamn ship came up and told you what was bothering him, you'd want to jump overboard there and then.

He crouched in the bow, to escape the direct blows of spray, only occasionally lifting his head to do his job, which was to see what was ahead of the Elga Andersen.

Mate's papers, he thought. If you were going to make your living out of the sea, why not? He'd ask Dwyer, offhandedly, later, how you went about getting them. Fag or no fag.

. . .

They were in the Mediterranean, passing Gibraltar, but the weather, if anything, was worse. The captain, no doubt, was still praying to God and Adolf Hitler on the bridge. None of the officers had gotten drunk and fallen overboard and Dwyer still hadn't moved up top. He and Thomas were in the old naval gun crew's quarters at the stern, seated at the steel table riveted to the deck in the common room. The anti-aircraft guns had long since been dismantled, but nobody had bothered to dismantle the crew's quarters. There were at least ten urinals in the head. The kids of the gun crew must have pissed like mad, Thomas thought, every time they heard a plane overhead.

The sea was so rough that on every plunge, the screw came out of the water and the entire stern shuddered and roared and Dwyer and Thomas had to grab for the papers and books and charts spread on the table, to keep them from sliding off. But the gun crew's quarters was the only place they could get off alone and work together. They got in at least a couple of hours a day and Thomas, who had never paid any attention at school, was surprised to see how quickly he learned from Dwyer about navigation, sextant reading, star charts, loading, all the subjects he would have to have at his finger tips when he took the examination for third mate's papers. He was also surprised how much he enjoyed the sessions. Thinking about it in his bunk, when he was off watch, listening to the two other men in the cabin with him snore away, he felt he knew why the change had come about. It wasn't only age. He still didn't read anything else, hardly even the newspapers. The charts, the pamphlets, the drawings of engines, the formulas were a way out. Finally, a way out.

Dwyer had worked in the engine

rooms of ships, as well as on deck, and he had a rough but adequate grasp of engineering problems; and Thomas' experience around garages made it easier to understand what Dwyer was talking about.

Dwyer had grown up on the shores of Lake Superior and had sailed small boats ever since he was a kid; and as soon as he had finished high school, he had hitchhiked to New York, gone down to the Battery, to see the ships passing into and out of port, and had got himself signed onto a coastal oil tanker as a deck hand. Nothing that had happened to him since that day had diminished his enthusiasm for the sea. Strangely enough, the many ports he had visited seemed to have very little interest for him. Land, cities, meant complications for him that the monotonous routine of a ship under way did not have. He was annoyed when new men on board made fun of him for the slight and almost unnoticeable effeminacy of his manner; but he had learned that if he kept his temper under control and watched his language, the joke soon wore off and he was treated like everybody else.

He didn't ask any questions about Thomas' past and Thomas didn't volunteer any information. Out of gratitude for what Dwyer was teaching him, Thomas was almost beginning to like the little man.

"Someday," Dwyer said, grabbing for a chart that was sliding forward, "you and I will both have our own ships. Captain Jordache, Captain Dwyer presents his compliments and asks if you will honor him and come aboard."

"Yeah," Thomas said. "I can just see it."

"Especially if there's a war," Dwyer said. "I don't mean a great big one, like World War Two, where, if you could sail a rowboat across Central Park Lake, you could get to be skipper of some kind of ship. I mean even a little one like Korea. You have no idea how much money guys came home with, with combat-zone pay, stuff like that. And how many guys who didn't know their ass from starboard came out masters of their own ships. Hell, the United States has got to be fighting somewhere soon and if we're ready, there's no telling how high we can go."

"Save your dreams for the sack," Thomas said. "Let's get back to work."

As they bent over the chart, the door to the gun crew's quarters opened with a gust of wind that sent papers scattering all around the cabin. A seaman called Falconetti came in and slammed the door against the wind. He was carrying a pot of paint and a brush. He grinned as he saw Thomas and Dwyer grabbing at the papers sliding around on the deck.

"Sorry, boys," he said. "I didn't know you were playing house."

"Why the hell didn't you at least knock?" Dwyer asked angrily.

"I'm just doing my job," Falconetti said. He was a big, ham-handed man with a small, turnip-shaped head, who had been in jail for armed robbery. "I thought maybe the paint might need some touching up in here." He strolled around the room, whistling loudly and slopping paint from his brush onto the deck as he stabbed at cracked spots on the walls.

"This place hasn't seen a drop of fresh paint for five years," Dwyer said. "We're busy. Why don't you get out of here?"

Thomas knew that Dwyer wouldn't have been so pugnacious if he had been alone with Falconetti. Falconetti was the bully of the ship and demanded respect. He cheated at cards, but the one time he had been called on it by an oiler from the engine room, he nearly strangled the man before the others in the messroom could break his grip. He was free and dangerous with his fists. At the beginning of each voyage, he made a point of picking fights with four or five men and beating them up brutally, so that there would be no doubt about his position below decks. When he was in the messroom, no one else dared touch the radio there and everybody listened to the programs of Falconetti's choice, whether or not they liked them. There was one Negro on board by the name of Renway; and when Falconetti came into the messroom, he slipped away. "I don't sit in any room with a nigger," Falconetti had announced the first time he saw the man in the room. Renway hadn't said anything, but he hadn't moved, either.

"Nigger," Falconetti said, "I guess you didn't hear me." He strode over to where the man was sitting at the table, grabbed him under the armpits, carried him to the door and hurled him against the bulkhead. Nobody said or did anything. You took care of yourself on the Elga Andersen and the next man took care of himself.

Falconetti owed money to half the crew. Theoretically, they were loans, but nobody expected to see his money again. If you didn't lend Falconetti a five- or ten-dollar bill when he asked for it, he wouldn't do anything about it at the time, but two or three days later, he would pick a fight with you and there would be black eyes and a broken nose and teeth to spit out.

Falconetti hadn't tried anything, although he was much larger than Thomas. Thomas was not looking for trouble and stayed out of the other's way; but even though Thomas was taciturn and pacific and kept to himself, there was something about his manner that made Falconetti pick on easier targets.

(continued on page 172)

reportage By GEOFFREY NORMAN *how 6000 students met and talked
and learned that you have to do more than meet and talk to save the environment*

PROJECT SURVIVAL

THOMAS MALTHUS missed the first environmental teach-out at Northwestern University on January 23. The disaster he had predicted—mass starvation as a result of world population expanding more rapidly than the ability of agriculture to sustain it—had been deferred for 160 years by the Industrial Revolution. But that Friday night in Evanston, Illinois, the same intense sort of people who gathered in London *salons* to discuss Parson Malthus' gloomy prophecies lis-

tened raptly as new doomsdayers—Paul Ehrlich, Lamont Cole, Barry Commoner and others—told them that technology is no longer the salvation of the world and may, in fact, be its doom. They preached a common theme of urgency, and everyone was fashionably distressed.

"We call it a teach-out instead of a teach-in because we want to dramatize our attempt to reach beyond the campus, to involve the off-campus community," said one of the sponsors. A Chicago

radio station estimated that "15,000 concerned citizens packed Northwestern's technology building," but the organizers settled for 6000—while insisting that even this more modest turnout caused many to be turned away. In any case, an event that would have attracted a few dozen dissidents a year ago drew a crowd large enough to provoke widespread press coverage and, more important, gave those concerned enough to attend a sense of their number (continued on page 140)



pictorial essay By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

HAVING BEEN BARRED unceremoniously from all the under-wraps auditions and something tantalizingly referred to as "nude improvisations," I was ultimately informed that it was a propitious time to visit *Oh! Calcutta!* in rehearsal. "They're shooting some film tomorrow," said director Michael Thoma, his worry beads almost audible over the phone. "That might be the best time for you to start.

Since two other guys will be here, it won't be such a shock to the performers to have another outsider. You might dress as informally as possible."

It seemed like a weighty warning for what was meant to be a casual look-in on a little peep show in Los Angeles that had already been clobbered by critics in New York and San Francisco. [See the pictorial essay in the October 1969 issue of *PLAYBOY*.] But, as I already knew,

Oh! Calcutta! is an imperishable American Happening, a gaudy, unstoppable gallimaufry in the Theater of Zap, an impious, inelegant flicker in the erotic renaissance. And, as I was about to learn, no one involved in the show takes it lightly at all, at all.

Harking to the director's edict, I dressed so casually that, on my first visit to rehearsals, I almost faded into nothingness in the parti-colored presence of

SHAPING UP FOR "OH! CALCUTTA!"

HOW THE TECHNIQUES OF
ENCOUNTER THERAPY ARE USED
TO PRECONDITION PERFORMERS
FOR THE THEATER'S NUDEST
EXPERIMENT IN EROTICA



producer Hillard Elkins, a symphony of robin's-egg blues, and his beautiful bride, Claire Bloom, in canary-yellow slacks and shiny black-leather jacket with silver studs. Moreover, Hollywood's campy Fairfax Theater, expensively converted from a movie mosque to a theater with terrible sight lines, retained its original decor: Cuban cat house.

Michael Thoma, a tense, bald, mirthless man, asked me to wait in the lobby,

behind intimidating PRIVATE REHEARSAL—NO ADMITTANCE signs, while he explained to the cast who I was and why I, alone, would be watching their naked frivol from time to febrile time.

"You're not supposed to be there," said the house manager.

"Just reading the signs," I said.

"Sure, sure. That's what they all say."

The lady accompanist arrived in granny glasses and a long, flowing, flowered

something. She said she had been borrowed from *Hair*. The stage manager smiled at her and said: "I love your aba."

"My *what*?"

"Your aba. It's an African aba."

"It *is*?"

"Yes, my wife makes them."

"Oh."

Mike Thoma guided me down a dark aisle toward the stage, where four young men and five girls were making funny



Lisa auditioned by portraying a lonely girl who, while strolling through a forest, sees a secluded stream and decides to go bathing in the nude.



As she enters the stream, Lisa's character begins to remember post sexual pleasures; opposite page, her memories finally become explicit.



Shock and then joy are Lisa's reactions when Thoma and Miss Sappington tell her she's won a role as understudy to the show's lead dancer.

noises and doing what he called "relaxation exercises." The men were dressed uniformly in soot-black shirts and flared blue jeans, the girls in black tunics, just like Maureen O'Sullivan in the *Tarzan* movies. "We want them to dress alike to get the feeling of closeness, of a family," said Thoma. "Later, they'll go into identical robes. I wanted them to leave their own things—clothes, jewelry, watches—

their identity and personality behind in the dressing room and come free and open to the work. None of them was allowed to read the script beforehand. I didn't want to commit people to parts but to concentrate on the sensitivity training, in which I can get the sense of who is right for what part."

Dancer-choreographer Margo Sappington, the Baytown, Texas, wonder who

walked away with the notices in New York for her *pas de deux* with George Welbes, was putting the players through their exotic paces. "Push. Touch your feet. On your back. Lift your legs overhead and *push*. Just keep stretching up. Stay in one piece, don't turn into spaghetti. Now down and right leg out and around and extend the joint."

"Which joint?" asked one of the men.



Improvised *Oh! Calcutta!* warm-ups relax the troupe; above, after one cast member tries a handstand, Margo Sappington displays a new step.



During sound-and-movement exercises, the entire ensemble becomes a single nude grouping, then begins dancing together en masse.

"Your *hip* joint, baby," said Margo. "It's more of a swastika effect."

One male said that he didn't feel well, and George said, "I think you better go back to show business," but Margo said, "He just needs a good lay." And she drilled them endlessly with snapping fingers and an odd, Morse code-like clucking. "In a performance, you can fake," she told them, "but here you can't

fake. Here is where we break things down." The cast groaned. "A little higher on your feet now—so I don't hear the slaps."

"It's like the Latin Quarter," remarked one of the girls. Margo said it was like terrible.

During a break, the cast drank from huge health-juice jars, discussed the organic desserts at The Nucleus Nuance

and massaged one another's necks, backs, legs and toes. The accompanist played a harpsichord in the pit while Margo worked privately with one of the players, her lithe body pressed to his scrawny one, working his hips with her hands.

"Poor Tony," said Mike Thoma. "He can't sing, can't dance. Margo said absolutely no, but he read so funny we decided to go along and break our asses



At the end of a long day's work, the worn-out but affectionate cast members collapse in groups—also a part of director Thoma's rehearsal plan.

with him and see if we can get him to move."

The accompanist came up to say that the new man had arrived to audition for understudy: "Shall I give him a voice test?"

"Yeah, check his voice," said Thoma, inexplicably pulling his pants out at the waist and looking down at himself. "See how he's hung."

"See if he's *castrati*, anyway," said the stage manager.

"That's how I see if he can sing?" the accompanist asked with innocent wonder.

Later, over borscht, chicken-liver *pâté* and pastrami at Canter's Delicatessen, Thoma remarked that more than 600 people—ten boys to every girl—had turned up the first couple of days of tryouts, an Actors' Equity record. "But it's hard to find people who act, dance, sing and look good with their clothes off, too," he said with a dour solemnity that even the Living Theater's Julian Beck would envy. "A lot of the girls were too hippy and a lot of the men too hippie—they saw our ad in the *Free Press*. First we conducted interviews to get a sense of communication with the person and his background."

"Do you dance?" Thoma said he had asked one glassy-eyed, hirsute young man.

"Man, I'm dancing now," he said, sitting stolidly in front of a desk. End of interview.

Another gratuitously told the director: "I don't have any underwear on, if you want to see my cock." Thoma didn't.

Yet another insisted on stripping to his Jockey shorts in order to read for *Rock Garden*, a fully clothed sketch by Sam Shepard. Then he pointedly pushed his pelvis toward the director (or, in Margo's lingo, "He threw a basket"), who cut him off peremptorily with: "That's enough."

Most of the girls promised they would lose ten pounds if they got the job. One said she had no nipples. Another volunteered that she would stop shaving her pubic hair. Added Thoma: "A couple of guys said, 'If size has anything to do with it, forget about me.' Almost no one came in bragging. Nobody was asked his sexual preference. As things turned out, all our people have been heterosexual, but it hasn't interfered with the work. In order to maintain—and convey—sexual tension built up in the work, we have to keep to our one rule: no fraternization outside. Sensual tension would be diminished if they were having relationships on the side. The audience has this fantasy of everybody fucking and sucking backstage, but nothing could be further from the truth. They are completely asexual with one another."

"The main thing," added Margo Sappington, looking as prim as Ruby Keeler in her prime, "is being able to explore each other's body without having roman-

tic attachments. It's not clinical, either, but affectionate. Society is so funny—when we bump into people on the street, we say, 'I'm sorry,' instead of, 'It's good.' Everybody in the show is *glad* to touch each other, and it's not being naughty. Of course, it's harder for the men, because there's the outward sign of being aroused. And men haven't been accepted naked onstage as women have, from belly dancers on up. Everyone wants to know how they keep from getting erections. Well, they *do* get them; yesterday there was a honey of a hard-on. But we don't feel like lovers. It becomes a warm, open, almost brother-sister thing, a *family* feeling. This isn't the kind of show you can go into halfheartedly. I went in with both feet. I'm Leo."

Sensing a conversational dead end, I took a quick detour: "Do the players use body make-up?"

"No," said Margo, "but sometimes you do have to make up parts of your body—like the time I went sun-bathing in Connecticut, my ass was the color of your bloody mary."

After the initial interviews and readings, said Thoma, "Margo put them through a dance session, to see whether they're open to moving, who's willing to let go and what their bodies look like. She can tell pretty much everything about their bodies in the dance auditions. People who are too careful aren't going to be good for the show. On the other hand, you can tell in an instant if they're there just to take their clothes off. We're pretty certain we want a person before bringing them to the improvisation that takes them into the nude for the first time. Out of the 600-plus, we were down to about 18 by the time we got to that. That's where you really get to see if an actor has the freedom to go with an emotion. Also, you *do* have to take a look at the body, though I very *rarely* disqualify them for aesthetic reasons. The actor here, in a sense, has nothing to hide behind—it's a mental and physical stripping. People think we put them through this just to have our jollies." (They couldn't very well have them, anyway: A recent Actors' Equity ruling calls for the presence of an Equity official at all nude auditions. Moreover, Equity prohibits disrobing altogether if that is "the sole prerequisite for a job.")

What did he do for *his* nude improvisation? I asked Tony later in the theater lobby. "Nude improvisation? What's that?" I explained what little I knew about it and, still looking at me blankly, he said: "Oh, yeeaaahhh. Well, Mike sat on a stool and said, 'Imagine you're a writer and you're a success and one of your novels has just been published and you've decided to move to the country and you come across a stream and you decide to go in. I want you to undress and go into the stream. What you do

there is up to you; but at one point, I want you to recite a letter to the person who is closest to you, whom you miss and love the most.' So I took off my clothes and went down on this sheet on my back, sorta, and waved my hands through the 'water' and wrote this letter aloud. It's too personal to recall."

At any rate, that was the initial skin show for each of the performers. Then came the groupie stuff. Margo was a few days late arriving from the East, a delay that created tension in the cast. "My very first day," she recalled, "I could feel that things had been building up and I knew they were anxious to get down to getting naked; and when the moment came, they were pretty rambunctious, looking at each other and laughing hysterically. They were doing a sound-and-movement exercise in their robes and one girl threw hers off and everybody followed suit."

"Then," said Thoma, "I made them close their eyes and come together in a circle. Then, with eyes closed, arms around each other and breathing together, I had them sit down at the same time and speak aloud what they were feeling at the moment. Then I had them all stand in a large circle and, still holding hands, open their eyes, and each person did a little turnaround, so that everyone could get a good look at everyone else. There were no cracks. It was a very quiet moment. After that, they felt totally free with one another."

Sound-and-movement is the concrete slab of a moniker for a kinetic, abstract, fluidly sensual exercise designed by psychologist Jacques Levy to relieve tension and prepare the players for working together in the altogether. "You can scream and yell and allow yourself to look foolish," explained Margo, "so by the time you finish, you'd think nothing of even going to the bathroom with your partner." To an outsider, it looks like some primitive tribal rite. To some of the players, it seemed a bit ridiculous at first blush, but *enfin*, most felt it was efficacious—"a way to get out your crazies," as one put it.

Throughout the rehearsal period, sound-and-movement was the one exercise doled out in Cyclopean proportions, almost ritualistically. It began with four people lined up on either side of the stage, all dressed like fighters in white terrycloth robes with OH! CALCUTTA! across the back in hot cerise. At Margo's command, one person would move across to the other side of the stage, releasing free-floating noises while making any kind of move, then transfer both to someone else, who would change the patterns en route the other way.

Though the exercise imparted no subtle messages, perhaps the best way to explain it is through my sketchy notes:

(continued overleaf)

*a refreshing alternative
to the omnipresent
four-in-hand*

Bow Drummed

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

Chances are, the only bow tie you have on hand is the black silk one you wear on formal occasions. Ever since the Depression-era clip-on was adopted by coast-to-coast gas jockeys, daytime bows have virtually bowed out of sight. But not anymore—bows are back, with a boldly fashionable look reminiscent of the flamboyant flapper age. In bowcoup fabrics, colors and patterns, the new look of the relaxed big bow will spruce up any wilting summer wardrobe. From the top, here are four silk butterflies to start off your collection: bright paisley, by Liberty of London, \$7; geometric print, by Hut, \$6.50; muted paisley, by Liberty of London, \$7; random stripe, by Handcraft, \$6.



OH! CALCUTTA!

(continued from page 76)

"Margo says, 'To anybody.' Adrienne begins with 'Oooohhhh, ooooooh,' stretching and groaning like some unidentifiable wild beast. Anna Lee picks up same, but it becomes 'Annhh-whoop, annhh-whoop,' which Simon in turn changes to 'Whooha, whooha-ha.' Sounds range from the animal to the human in rage, pain or ecstasy. Movements from nondescript leaps and lunges to slumping on all fours. Mostly awkward, ugly. No Nureyev *entrechats*, no De Mille vaultings. Margo says, 'No animal sounds.' George beats his butt, Simon's whistles mutate to Adrienne's 'Bbrrrruuup-baaaa' to Tony, who goes, 'Vvvvv-rump, vvvvv-rump,' like a frog, and Sheldon sidles from side to side like a punch-drunk fighter. Simon goes, 'Pow, pow, pow,' punching the air with her fists, then spars with Lisa as Margo moves them back and forth in pairs now. George and Adrienne do a sort of cannibal dance of 'Oommmphs'—The Nairobi Duo—while Tony blithers like an idiot child, 'Bli-bli-bli-bli,' and Martin passes with Sheldon, first in a bandy-legged walk ("Dustin Hoffman!" says Martin), then as if swinging a baseball bat, then wielding a battle-ax. Lisa and Tony are doubled up, as if in labor, then go onto all fours, crawling and cracking knuckles on the stage, then pummeling it. *The Zoo Story*. George is sadomasochistic again—"Uummm-ph pah!," punching himself and the sky and stomping the stage like a wild man. Margo shouts, 'You're relating to the person beside you but not to the one that's going to pick up what you're doing.' Whispers onstage, and Thoma yells from front-row perch: 'Don't talk, don't talk!'"

There was hysteria now, laughter that would frighten all the animals of hell; Lisa seemed to be crying and Martin was yelling, "Heeeelp!"; sensing dangerous exhaustion, perhaps, Margo said: "Everybody, now, take off the robes. No robes." As they stripped to the buff, the weird shouts became soft grunts and groans, then sighs and hums and moans, as Mike and Margo gently, almost imperceptibly guided the others together into a circle, then into what can best be described as one tumbling heap at center stage. Massed together now, as they are in the show's finale, they swayed as one, gasped as one, a single colossus of breath, rhythm, soul and simulated sex. Gustav Vigeland's famous nude pile-on statue in Oslo. A Bosch painting. A physiospiritual encounter.

"Four and four, now," said Thoma in a soft, theatrically modulated voice. "Eyes closed. Make contact. Move together. Once you find a partner, stay together, touch the texture of the skin, hold him, re-establish contact with him, re-discover each other. Now move off to

someone else, find another partner. Keep your eyes closed." They touched, fondled, groped, kissed, rubbed and interlocked in lovers' embraces. Anything went—with the notable exception of screwing.

Adrienne and Sheldon were wandering alone in opposite directions when Thoma guided them together. He caught George, groping like the blinded Oedipus, just before he fell into the pit. He paired boy with boy, girl with girl, and they explored each other's body as freely as when they were paired boy-girl. George and Sheldon caressed each other's face, chest, hips, thighs, legs, buttocks, then massaged backs. Anna Lee surveyed the handsome landscape of Adrienne's face with the *élan* of Helen Keller. Mike Thoma, messianic now and scowling, kept them moving by steering one to another, whispering, then spinning them off, grouping and regrouping, in pairs, then in fours, finally melding them into one polymorphous lump. Oslo again.

Then Thoma signaled to the stage manager for music and the place was flooded with The Open Window's rendering of their own tender ballad, *Much Too Soon*. Then, for the first time, the director joined the group, now basking in touch and silent swaying and one bare light overhead. Finally, Thoma very quietly directed them to get into their robes. But the group was slow to atomize. George, Sheldon and Simon were locked in a groin-boggling embrace; Margo and Anna Lee were doing their thing mid-stage; Adrienne brushed Martin's *gluteus maximus* with the tips of her fingers, as Martin's arms encircled George's legs. Then Mike embraced George and, before parting, they exchanged a fleeting kiss.

At length, Thoma signaled to Peter, the music director, who banged out something on the piano called *Chase Me, Charlie* ("I've lost the leg of my drawers!"), a rousing number from a skit that was pulled from the show "long after it became the thing to play when things were getting a little heavy," explained Peter. Things had got very heavy, indeed.

Did the actors find such heady non-copulative exploration helpful to their in-show performance? "Sometimes it does get unnatural," said Anna Lee, a tall, blonde English girl, dressed now in an American flag. "Then you go overboard. You let go too much sexually. That's when it's working against you."

Simon, another British lass, whose Manhattan weather show, *Simon Says*, earned her a Lillian Ross profile in *The New Yorker*, still seemed bemused by the fact that "The very first day, Margo kissed me right on the mouth—you don't see girls doing that much. You don't see girls exposing themselves like this,

either; Margo thinks nothing of nudity. She exposes herself all the time, because she really does believe the body is beautiful. She's Leo."

"At one point," said Tony, "I felt I could have done it without this [sensitivity] stuff, but you really have no way of knowing; we'd never done it before. Letting go—that's a great thing for freedom. All the crazy noises and movements. There was the initial nervousness about being nude. Then I came to love all the exercises—loosening you up and bringing everyone closer together. People tend to avoid the physical things in life. We're very uptight, especially men with men. But there's no homosexuality here. It's a warm feeling, a very beautiful thing. Like, today we were all crying. I think sound-and-movement and submission exercises helped me more than anything. They brought us closer together, helped make us more of a family."

Submission was the most complex and least performed of the psychological exercises. The first time she tried it out on the L.A. players, Margo was no more than half done in two and a half hours. She had explained it to the cast beforehand: "All right, robes off and line up. One of you comes out and faces the group. Then one by one, left to right, each one of you comes out to greet this person and do whatever you feel like doing. The person out here alone can go along with the movement but must not initiate a *new* movement. The only warning is do *not* challenge the other person; never do anything that would turn him off to you. If you do, we call it throwing down the gauntlet, meaning you are insensitive to the other person, not looking into the other person's eyes. You can read eyes; you can feel it instinctively when someone's throwing down the gauntlet. It's a way for each person to meet everyone on a deep level. It starts tense and gets more and more intimate. This exercise is not stopped for anything, even if somebody cries. The only rule—there's no fucking. I know it's tough—we let you get *into* each other, then tell you you can't. It's a frustrating experience, because we're always pressing you to your limits."

After the first such exercise, everyone dressed and sat around in a circle and held hands in a sort of languid, Pre-Raphaelite ring-around-a-rosy. "Everybody felt they wanted to share it with everybody else outside the group," said Margo later. "This looking at somebody and not being afraid to touch. Adrienne was crying and saying, 'I feel so wanted and loved.' [She was fired from the show just before opening night.] One girl said she felt left out, like a little kid in the neighborhood, that nobody wanted to play with her. We all reached out for her. One guy couldn't

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Buck Brown

"You were saying at the office today, Miss Dunmore, that in this troubled world, we must learn to live together."



MAN AND BEAST

a reasoned criticism of the fashionable contention that ethologists can unerringly understand and predict human behavior by observing that of lower animals

article By MORTON HUNT IT WOULD HARDLY SEEM LIKELY that a man who spends every day watching ringdoves building their nests or bees gathering honey or mother rats nursing their newborn pups would be particularly well qualified to analyze the human psyche, prescribe ways to better mental health or advise mankind how to minimize the likelihood of nuclear war. Such, however, is apparently the case. In the past few years, the scientific study of animal behavior has emerged from relative obscurity into the glare of world-wide attention, and its practitioners, once viewed as harmless bird watchers,



are now regarded as scientist prophets at whose feet modern man sits all atremble, waiting for the word. The reason is that in studying doves, bees and rats, along with hundreds of other species, zoologists and animal psychologists have recently made a number of discoveries that seem filled with profound implications for mankind. And since today we are in all sorts of trouble—personal, social and international—we are pathetically eager for any new understandings about ourselves that may hold the key to salvation. If those who study man—psychologists and sociologists—have not been able to tell us what we need to know, perhaps we can find it out from those who study animals.

But what they have been telling us is scarcely comforting. The school of animal-behavior studies that has suddenly had great impact on our thinking is known as ethology. The immensely popular books of Konrad Lorenz, Robert Ardrey and Desmond Morris are based mainly on ethological research, which holds that man is the most brutal and uninhibitedly aggressive of all animals and that these traits are genetically built into him. Ethologists believe that animal behavior is, to a great degree, chemically encoded in those long twisted chains of thousands of molecules that we call genes and that are the determiners of the biochemical processes in every cell of the body and, therefore, of the physical traits of the whole creature. Everyone agrees that it is the genes that make the fertilized ovum of, say, the mosquito grow up to be another mosquito, rather than a butterfly, swallow or rhinoceros. The ethologists, however,

go much further, maintaining that the genes prescribe not just physical traits and behavioral tendencies but behavior itself, down to its finest details. The exact way a dog scratches its ear, the particular melody sung by the nightingale, the distinctive sequences of head bobbing, tail wiggling and other movements used by each species of duck during courting and the fierce but usually bloodless fights of rival male elk are all programed in advance within the genes.

So far, so good. But the ethologists argue that man, too, though he is born more helpless than any other animal and has to spend nearly the first quarter of his life acquiring the skills he needs to live the rest of it, behaves largely in accordance with genetic commands. In other words, he is largely governed by inborn instincts and, even if they don't prescribe the precise songs he sings or the exact ways he goes about courting, they do make him innately and inescapably selfish, suspicious, acquisitive—and murderous. Where other predators kill their prey but rarely their own kind, man is said to be an instinctive killer who is particularly savage toward his own species. He is not just a beast but the beastliest of all; he is, in the words of one ethological writer, "the cruelest and most ruthless species that has ever walked the earth."

Oddly enough, we seem to be fascinated by and receptive to this depressing news about ourselves. A century ago, one good Victorian lady, upon hearing the new theory that man was descended from the apes, cried out, "Let us hope it is not true—but if it is, let us pray it will not become generally known!" In contrast, not only have we accepted the theory that we are the worst of beasts, we enjoy seeing it presumably verified.

When Konrad Lorenz tells us, in *On Aggression*, that a hereditary "hyper-trophy of aggression," coupled with an evolutionary lack of inhibition against killing our fellow man, makes us far more savage to our own kind than the wolf is to other wolves, we devour his every word and his book becomes a runaway best seller. When Robert Ardrey says, in *The Territorial Imperative*, that we are innate enemies of our own species and that, far from hating war, we really find it "outrageously satisfying," we all but cry amen and make his book a household word. When Desmond Morris writes of man as *The Naked Ape*, whose intelligence will never be able to rule his "raw animal nature" nor control his biological urge to aggression, we make his charges the stuff of cocktail conversation, smiling bitterly and dolefully, as if to say, "How true."

But a large number of those engaged in animal-behavior research disagree with the hard-line ethological view. Many

zoologists, biochemists and animal psychologists reject the theory that most behavior is preprogramed and stored in the genes. They agree that, for biochemical reasons, animals have built-in "tendencies" to behave in certain ways but that these are specific and automatic only in lower animals; the higher the animal on the evolutionary scale, the more its tendencies are shaped, developed and organized into behavior by its interactions with its environment. A cricket will chirp, given the right conditions, without ever having heard it done; a human being, despite his tendency to use language, has to learn every word of the language he speaks. The most vigorous opponents of the ethological view of man—including anthropologists Ashley Montagu and Margaret Mead, philosopher Susanne Langer and a number of distinguished zoologists and animal psychologists—insist that even if insects and lower animals are largely guided by instincts, man himself is almost instinctless and, in any case, has no instinct to kill his own kind.

Each side in this quarrel accuses the other of spouting scientific humbug; each asserts that the other's views are dangerous to the human race; and each accuses the other of political bias in its science. Some ethologists charge their opponents with rigid adherence to a liberal and egalitarian ideology that makes them refuse to admit man's nastiness and the inherent differences among races. And some anti-ethologists see their opponents as Neo-Calvinists and social reactionaries whose views on man lend support to racist and fascist ideologies.

Great issues are thus at stake. If man is largely controlled by his instincts and if his behavior is encoded in his genes, man and his future can only be regarded with pessimism; man must then be viewed as innately dangerous and brutal and dealt with accordingly. If the poor, the indolent, the criminal, the greedy and the sadistic are acting according to their hereditary inclinations, there is little point in trying to change them: We might as well forget about compensatory education, welfare, equal job opportunities, rehabilitation of convicts and preventive mental-health programs. And if mankind is innately aggressive and warlike, it is absurd to suppose that he can ever become peaceful and loving toward his fellow man—or even that he would like to be.

But if man is not instinct-controlled, or if his instincts are amorphous and do not result in specific behavior patterns—if, in other words, he has a highly educable and modifiable nature—then it is possible to be hopeful about him and his future, despite his wretched history. One can believe that poverty is rarely the fault of the poor and that with better

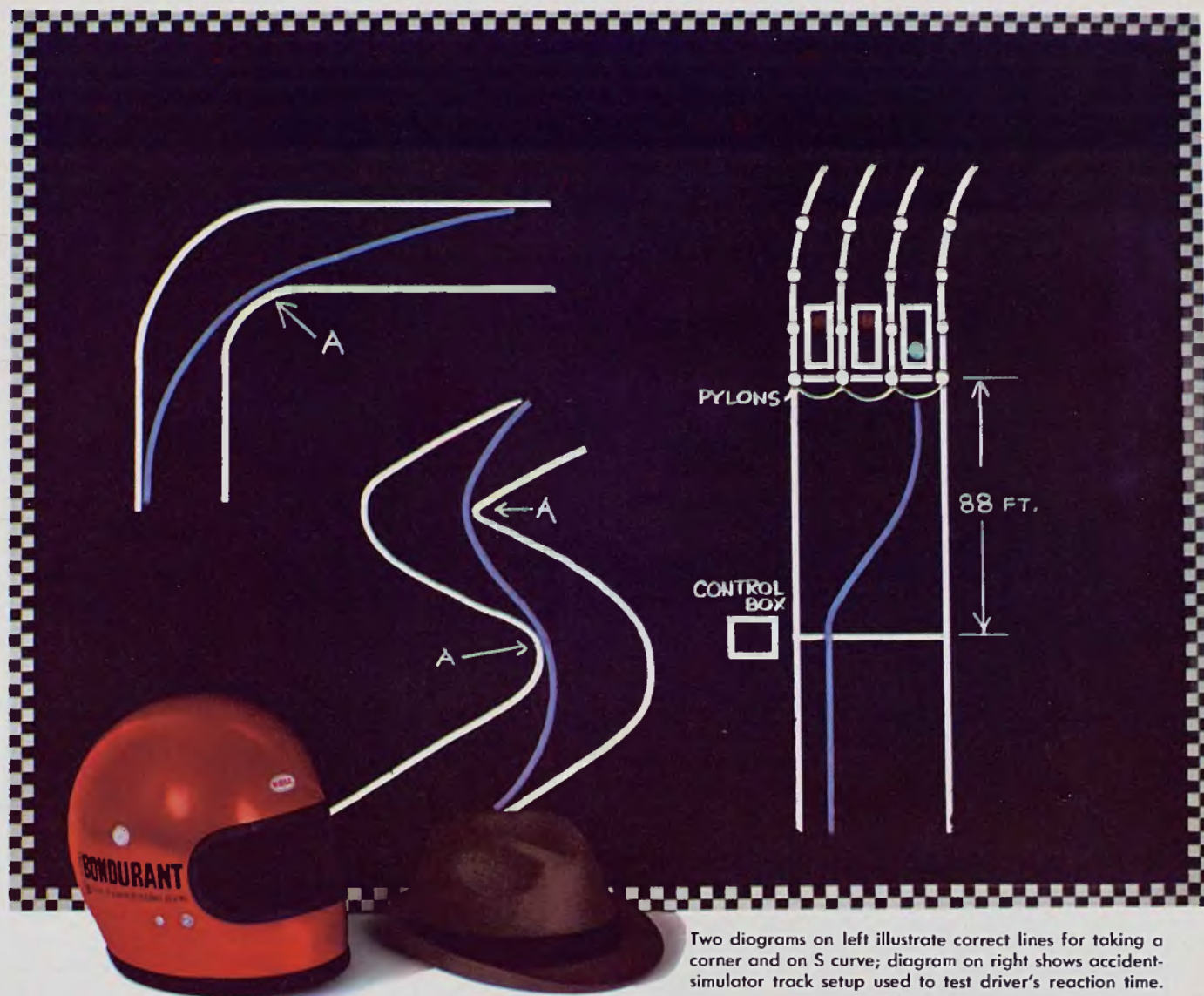
opportunities, they might become productive and useful; that crime is largely a product of social and psychological conditions that can be modified and perhaps eliminated; that sadism, greed, ignorance and psychosis are not inevitable expressions of our nature but forces into which that nature has been forced by circumstances. And, finally, one can even believe that it is still possible, if unlikely, that man may find ways to live in peace and to realize his ancient dream of loving and being loved by his fellow man.

Great issues, indeed. But neither the ethologists nor the other students of animal behavior seem, in their daily work, to be dealing with such matters. Their research generally looks scientifically pure, aloof and sometimes even pastoral. Some researchers, for instance, are basically naturalists, albeit with a modern touch. They observe animals under field conditions, recording and analyzing their sounds, tabulating their actions, their behavior in groups and as individuals, and making computer analyses of the data to discover meaningful patterns. One dedicated young zoologist lives alone for months at a time in the savannas of south-central Kenya, watching various members of a troop of vervet monkeys and noting their every act of eating, defecating, grooming, fighting and copulating, until he begins to perceive the social structure of the troop. Other scientists observe and virtually live with particular species of insect, fish, bird or mammal, until they recognize every gesture, every nuance of sound and behavior—until, indeed, they could advise the young stickleback, pigeon, gorilla or gerbil how best to fight off its rival and woo its mate.

While observing animals in their native habitat, some researchers tinker with one or more of the natural conditions, hoping to find a cause-and-effect relationship to behavior. A team in Antarctica captured penguins at Cape Crozier, took them 180 miles away to the middle of the perfectly flat, featureless Ross Shelf Ice and released them, to see if the birds could find their way home and, if so, how. They could and did, apparently by using the sun; under cloudy skies, they blundered around, but under clear skies, they would look up, seem to think a bit and then waddle off toward Cape Crozier. One mystery was thus solved, but another and larger one appeared: How do the penguins know about the use of solar guidance? Two contrasting theories exist: (1) Something in their genes makes them automatically use the sun as a directional guide; and (2) Some conditioning that occurs during their growing up has made them associate the sunward direction with water and food. Thus, penguin navigation, itself a trivial matter, touches upon the central issue

(continued on page 114)

high-performance driving schools may not turn you into a moss or an andretti, but they'll teach you how to get the most out of your machine and yourself



Two diagrams on left illustrate correct lines for taking a corner and on S curve; diagram on right shows accident-simulator track setup used to test driver's reaction time.

A SEMESTER AT SUPERDRIVER U

STIRLING MOSS once said to me that in years of traveling all over the world, he had met only one man who would admit that he was not a superb driver and a great lover.

"In those two areas," Moss said, "every male seems to be under a real compulsion to believe he's great. As for bed, who knows; but as for driving, most people haven't got the corner of a beginning of a clue."

It's an attitude well known to Bob Bondurant, former Grand Prix driver who is head of the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving at California's Ontario Motor Speedway.

"Sometimes we have to spend most of the first day of the course changing people's minds," Bondurant said. "The typical attitude is, 'Well, I'm sure you can give me a few fine points—but I'm a pretty hot driver right now.' So we have to show him that he really isn't all that good and maybe he doesn't even know how to hold a steering wheel. After that, he may be ready to start to learn."

The high-speed, high-performance driving school is an old idea in Europe and some of the European schools, such as the Slotemaker Skid School in Holland, are well-known. Probably because millions of Americans begin to drive at 16

and believe they're polished performers at 18, the expert-school concept has been slow to root in this country. Most Europeans learn later in life, so feel more need for instruction. Too, they drive on varied terrain: autobahnen, Alpine passes, Swedish gravel roads and, much of the time, under no speed limit. It's a sobering experience to be doing 100 miles an hour on a French *route nationale*, be passed by someone doing 140 and realize that even if your car can do 140, you cannot.

But there are other reasons for learning to drive really well and they are overriding in importance. Anything done

well is enjoyable. If driving bores you, you'd think it a pleasure if you had learned to do it well; if you like driving, you'd enjoy it twice as much if you did it well. Driving an automobile is one of the 20th Century's required basic skills, as fencing was in the 16th Century and riding in the 17th. The 20th Century sophisticate ought to be a superior driver; indeed, it is almost obligatory that he be.

And skill is not only useful in a hazardous pursuit, it is almost an imperative need. Driving today is a hazardous pursuit, with the fatality rate running around 55,000 annually. For males in the 18-25 age group, it is particularly hazardous. It is the primary cause of death, with more men between the ages of 18 and 25 dying in automobiles than in Vietnam.

Three days after I had finished the Bondurant course, I was driving pretty briskly on 57th Street, a main cross-town artery in New York City, when one of the 20,000 potholes New York has as a souvenir of the past winter appeared just in front of me as the car ahead straddled it. The hole was three feet square, looked at least a foot deep and my right front wheel was headed straight for it. In the ordinary way of things, I would probably have braked hard, hoping to slow enough to get in and out of the hole without blowing a tire, breaking up the front suspension or being thrown into the double line of oncoming traffic. It wouldn't have worked, because there wasn't time. I didn't even think about braking. I didn't think about anything. I turned hard left, straightened the car—a Pontiac Grand Prix—to run parallel with the traffic, passed three cars with nothing to spare, accelerating as I did, and didn't touch the hole.

The important aspect of this little exercise was that I did it instantly, in a blink, and that I couldn't have done it two weeks earlier. Bondurant had taught me to do it, using a fascinating device he calls the Accident Simulator, something that ought to be standard equipment in every driver-education school in the country.

The Accident Simulator is Bondurant's modification of a teaching aid developed by Paul O'Shea, a champion sports-car driver of the 1950s. It's simple: At the end of a straightaway, three standard red-yellow-green traffic lights are hung over the entrances to three curving paths marked out by rubber pylons. The paths are little more than a car wide. Exactly 88 feet before the entrances, an electronic eye runs across the straightaway, connected to a control box in the instructor's hands. As the student's car starts down the straight, all lights are green; but when his front wheels hit the electronic beam, the lights snap to a pattern preset by the instructor, say, from left to right, red-red-green. It's now

up to the student to get into the green lane, without touching the brake, without hitting a pylon, and accelerate through and out of it. The situation being simulated is a crash just ahead, a stationary or violently slowing car or other emergency. The runs are made at 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 miles an hour. For most people, 50 is the outer limit. Fifty-five is just barely possible for an extremely skillful driver who happens to be sharp that day. Over 55, it can't be done: The driver will not see the lights in time to do anything at all.

At 30, it's easy, if you're reasonably quick. At 35, it begins to be interesting. At 40, after perhaps six runs at the lower speeds, most people will brake, take out a pylon or two or miss the lane altogether. If the setup shows three red lights, meaning stop dead before the lanes, you'll almost certainly lock the wheels and go in sideways. At 45, you see the lights almost subliminally, out of a top corner of the eyes. At 50, everything is hectic. One quick look to be sure the speedometer is dead on 50 mph (the instructor will spot cheating at 47-48), aim for the center lane and wait for your hands to do the rest, because your brain will give you the impression that it is out to lunch. If you try to *think* about what you're going to do, you'll probably spend the next five minutes setting up pylons, one or two of which will have managed to become wedged underneath the car.

It's most illuminating: After 30 or 35 runs through the lights, a driver will be so quick he can't believe it, he will be diving into a slot between pylons—narrower and narrower as the speed goes up—with what seems absurd ease. He won't be tempted to touch the brake, nearly always a formula for disaster if the car is not on a straight line; he will find it easy to do what at first seemed altogether wrong—*accelerate* past the emergency—and he will feel a sense of control of destiny that he never knew before. All in all, this transformation will have taken perhaps a long morning's work. And it is a transformation. When I was running the lights, a new Lotus Europa came onto the circuit and the driver, who was perhaps 22 or 23, remarked that I seemed slow in reacting. I was coming into the lanes at 50 and making it clean about three times out of five. Bondurant suggested that the exercise might be harder than it looked and invited the Lotus driver to try it. He missed at 40, missed badly several times at 45 and declined even to try at 50.

The Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving is the only one of its kind presently in this country. The Sports Car Club of America, working through its 105 regions, runs weekend sessions of group instruction open to any member who is over 21 and can pass the physical. There are about 80 of the sessions a year, attendance running

between 21 and 100 students. Those who satisfactorily complete two sessions or "schools" are given S.C.C.A. novice competition licenses. The Jim Russell School in Rosamond, California, is strictly a racing school, using single-seat cars from the beginning of instruction. The essential difference between the Bondurant curriculum and the others is that it carries more classroom-and-blackboard work (about 30 percent) and is designed to produce drivers very skilled at regular highway driving, who can then, if they like, go on to racing instruction. Bondurant's basic thrust is toward competence in high-speed driving. For example, the instructors of the Los Angeles Police Department who teach pursuit driving and car handling to the Los Angeles police force are graduates of the Bondurant school.

His own racing career began in 1959, when he was the top U. S. Corvette driver. In 1963, he joined Carroll Shelby's Cobra team and drove for the Ford Shelby team in Europe. He was responsible for eight of the ten wins that gave Shelby the 1965 World Manufacturing Championship, the first time ever for an American builder. The same year, he began driving Formula I single-seat cars, BRMs, American Eagles and Ferraris. He drove at Le Mans, too; but in June 1967, a steering arm failed at 150 mph at Watkins Glen ("I slipped from six to ten times, according to who was counting") and he came out of it with multiple compound fractures of both feet. He was hospitalized for months and, for a long time afterward, couldn't stand for more than an hour or so. Now he runs in an occasional long-distance race and is thinking about more of the same in the future.

Bondurant is a gifted teacher, patient and able to convey complicated ideas quickly and simply. He taught James Garner and Yves Montand to drive single-seat cars for the film *Grand Prix*, and Paul Newman and Robert Wagner for *Winning*. And they were really driving. Garner could have gone racing in Europe after *Grand Prix*; and Newman, after Bondurant passed him, was running the Indianapolis track fast enough to have won not many years before.

Competition drivers without extended experience have been his best instructors, probably because they're willing to adapt to his methods. His chief instructors now are Wilbur Shaw, Jr., 24, son of the legendary Indianapolis winner, and Max Mizejewski, a 25-year-old ex-helicopter pilot out of Vietnam. Like Bondurant, they are patient, understanding, courteous and with a certain amount of iron in them.

Unknowingly, students bare themselves to the instructors. Halfway through his third day in the Bondurant competition course, a student has made a chart on

(continued on page 162)



*"Prepare for the worst, Harold, I only took along
enough pills for the two-week cruise."*

ENCOURAGE TREASON

Whenever anyone says he's been offered a job by another company, don't get possessive. Encourage him to review seriously what he isn't getting out of his present job (and what he is) and see if he can better himself enough to warrant a change.

If he decides to stay, he'll buckle down and work more effectively than ever. The result is worth the week or so of inattention. And your objectivity and friendliness will help him come to a better decision sooner.

You can wince, but if you're genuinely interested in your people, how can you do anything but rejoice if they get an offer you can't match?

DISTRUST YOUR INSTINCTS

With whom would you *least* like to have a nice long shoptalk?

Right. The fellow who's working on about your level over in that other division; the one who keeps getting in your hair.

So go see him. Right now. It'll be the best thing you do today.

Instincts were designed to help us survive the climb from the primordial slime, not to guide us through the day in a modern bureaucracy.

Ask yourself two questions every morning:

1. Who do I *least* want to see?
2. What do I *least* want to do?

Chances are they'll be your top priorities for that day.

RUBBER CHICKEN

You're sitting in the middle of the Waldorf-Astoria grand ballroom. It's ten P.M. and the Great Man is drawing to a close with an appeal that we all pull together.

Not bloody likely.

For four and a half hours, you've had more elbows stuck into you than a professional hockey player in a full season. You've been fed two weak drinks, four helpings of inane conversation (two on either side) and a year's supply of carbohydrates (you ate two rolls and the baked Alaska out of desperation). It'll

take you an hour to get home. You feel like you're coming down with a cold. And now you're looking around at a room full of idiots like yourself who are looking around, wondering how in hell they got roped into this thing again.

Can we abandon these barbaric bores?

A tempting thought; but, instead, let's make them more enjoyable and productive.

If you were a visitor from another planet, had never been to one of these affairs and were asked to make it reasonably useful, what would you do?

Abolish the dais.

Label prominent people (normally on the dais) with puce (for prominent) tags and place one at each table.

Schedule the speech at seven P.M. sharp, *before dinner*.

At intervals, during dinner, introduce puce tags and conduct all the necessary ritual, if any. Mostly, however, there should be a discussion of the speech at each table, hopefully enlivened by the presence of a seminal mind.

After dinner, a five-minute break for the departure of those who know by now that this speaker isn't going to challenge or inform them.

Question-and-answer period. Blunt. Real questions. At some point, the chairman should tell everybody that they can go home unless they want to participate in the further grilling of the speaker until he calls it quits.

The times of the speech and the Q-and-A session should be indicated on the invitation—and abided by. Otherwise, a lot of late arrivals will wind up with just ritual and rubber chicken.

THE BUSINESS LUNCH

People seem to be afraid to meet one another except over a meal. The result is that two busy executives who need to see each other tomorrow can't get together for the next three weeks.

Solution: 1. Don't make lunch dates. 2. When you want to see someone, call and ask if you can go over now or later today or tomorrow morning. Invite people who want to see you to do likewise.

And think of all you can accomplish

between twelve and two, while your friends buck traffic and stretch their weight belts.

FIRST PRIZE: TWO WEEKS IN PHILADELPHIA

If you become an outstanding performer, your corporate reward may be a ticket to oblivion. Not intentionally. It's just because top managements, in between golf games, outside board meetings and charity drives, spend their time assigning their best people to problems instead of to opportunities.

If you do a spectacular job with *Time*, therefore, you may be asked to save *Life*. But before you accept, satisfy yourself that the job you're being offered is (A) doable and (B) worth doing.

Lots of stars have accepted mission-impossibles and wound up whistling, "Who knows where the time goes?" in the company cemetery.

Top managements, be warned: After Hercules cleaned out the stables, he slew Augeas for asking him to do it.

ORGANIZATION CHARTS AND RECTANGULAR PEOPLE

Don't print and circulate organization charts. They mislead you and everybody else into wasting time conning one another. Anyway, you probably spend a major fraction of your time dealing directly with people who aren't really above or below you on the chart. Don't let yourself be conned into thinking you relate only up or down and sideways to peers.

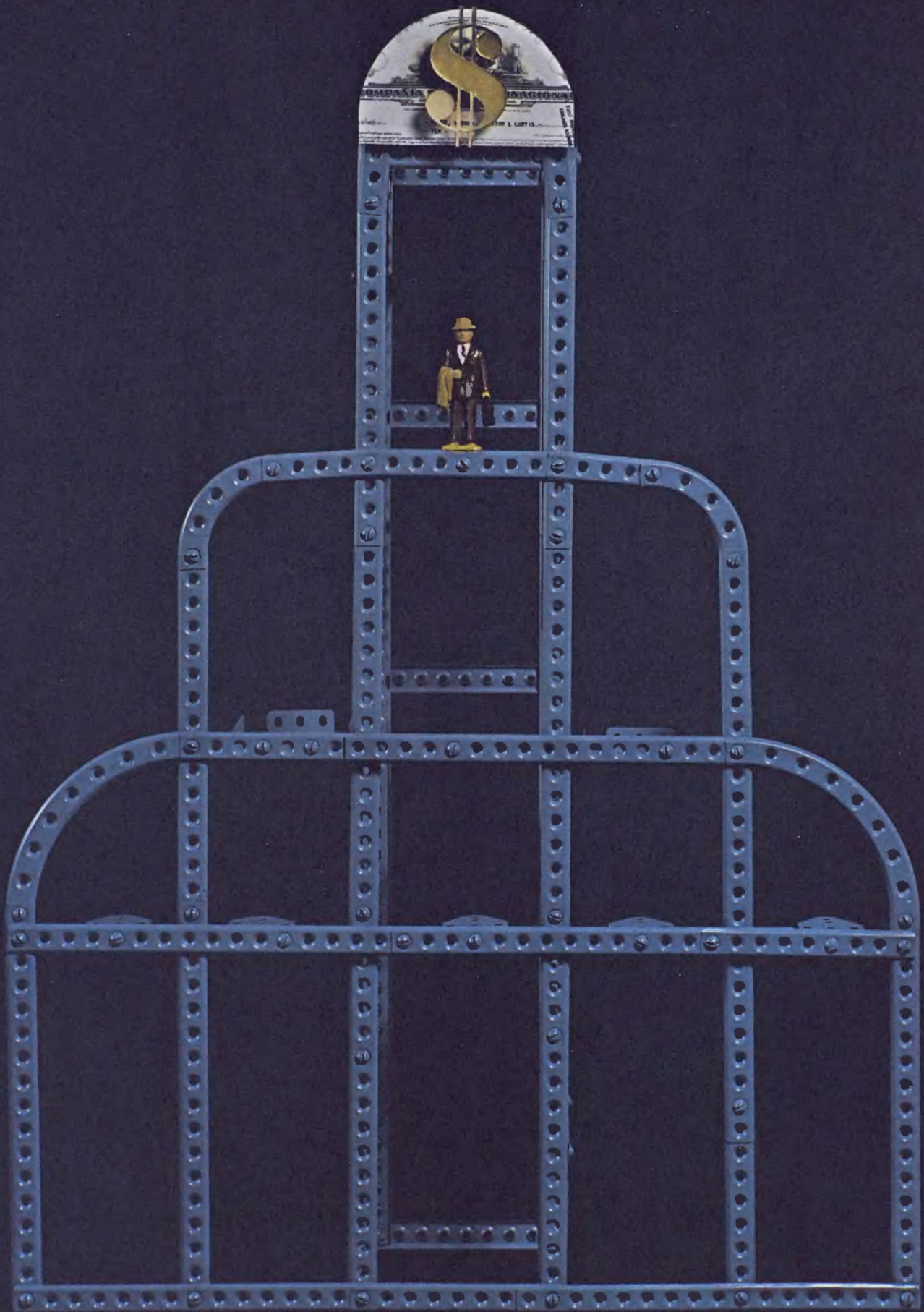
If people are off to one side but *below* you on the chart, you may be tempted to ignore them, summon them to your office or at least assume they'll do whatever you want. In your own self-interest, to avoid their attack, or to enlist their required support in advance, you should go to *them* at *their* convenience to explain and persuade.

The head of the mail room or the chief telephone operator may hold your destiny someday. Figure out who's important to your effectiveness and then *treat him (or her) that way*.

It wouldn't hurt to assume, in short,

FURTHER "UP THE ORGANIZATION" ARTICLE BY ROBERT TOWNSEND THE AUTHOR OF THE NUMBER-ONE BEST SELLER AND FORMER HEAD OF AVIS CONTINUES HIS ASSAULT ON THE DEHUMANIZING AND UNPROFITABLE PRACTICES OF BIG BUSINESS . . .





that every man—and woman—is a human being, not a rectangle.

THE SURE-FIRE TOWNSEND INNOVATION TEST

If you come up with a new idea for your department or division, you can get an almost infallible early reading on it.

1. If everybody gives it something between active indifference and hot opposition, the idea is valid. Also, the importance of the idea will be directly proportional to the amount of passionate opposition it stirs up.

2. If everybody drops dead from enthusiasm for your idea, it's certainly minor and probably wrong. You may be telling them what they want to hear upstairs. And hot new ideas never come from up there.

CAMPUS RECRUITING

Send the people who can't go.

To convert a corporate liability into an asset overnight, fire the recruiters and put together a group of the most active, enthusiastic and successful people at work in your company, at all levels. Make them the campus recruiters. Their job: to be honest, not to sell or persuade.

The young prospects will spot the difference. Your man, who is on top of a job that he believes in, will be worth 40 personnel-department zombies who improvise answers and deal in images.

Your part-time recruiters will plead that they're too busy to take on this chore, but it's worth it to persuade them. They'll come back freshened up by their trip behind the Beard Curtain. Who knows, they may pick up an idea.

When their recruiting starts to pay off, make them into an *ad hoc* committee on how to turn the graduates loose on real jobs—to find out which ones weren't turned into sullen slaves by 20 years of classroom dictatorship.

By the way, fire the training department. These baby sitters in the corporate kindergartens can turn any job into busy seatwork.

MONEY AT THE TOP

The best boss to work for—if you can find him—is one who's made enough

keeping money (over \$1,000,000 after taxes) by his own efforts so that he can walk out the door if he gets pushed too hard from upstairs in a direction he knows is wrong. He runs his outfit like he owns it.

Too much *inherited* keeping money (over \$5,000,000) is a birth defect. It produces high and visible insecurity. When concentrated in outrageous amounts, it tempts Daddy to buy control of U.S. Environment Corporation for Sonny to play with. That's not all bad, because it makes a bleeding genius out of whoever follows Sonny. But, in a way, it's unfair. Edgar Bronfman, for example, may be a great chief executive at Seagrams. Nobody'll ever find out.

A family megafortune guarantees a chief executive two deadly plagues for life:

1. A cloud of charm boys will always distort his view of reality and give him a chronic case of corporate pinkeye.

2. The real and total resentment of the poor slob doing the work will make them withhold the early warnings he needs to get from the front.

Moral: If your company gets bought for Sonny—hang in there. If Sonny is lucky, he'll be out on his ass and some genius—why not you?—will be sitting in his office in no time at all.

HOT AIR FROM COLD SALESMEN

Pity the poor salesman. He's out there with nothing but his talent and your product and he has to come back to write a sales report. If he hasn't made it, he has to say why. That's when the worst salesmen become the best experts on product redesign.

They've got plenty of ideas to draw on, too. No salesman ever makes the circuit without hearing: "We would buy your product if it were:

(A) built sideways, or

(B) turned over, or

(C) painted blue, or

(D) if it included this one simple added feature." (All this is rarely true but it's easier for a buyer to say than no.)

So when the bullshit salesman makes his no-sales report, he must do one of two things: (A) admit, in effect, that

he's lousy, or (B) offer excuses: "The whole trouble is product design. . . ."

As product redesigners, marketing vice-presidents are twice as dangerous as salesmen, which is the second reason you shouldn't have any (for the first, see *Up the Organization*, page 105). They talk the marketing language of the Harvard Business School, a peculiar jargon full of practical-sounding "unit margins" and "bottom-line pay-offs." It makes hot air sound like hard sense. Worse yet, marketeers love to have lunch with the kind of media supermarketeers whose by-lines appear over fatuous forecasts in industrial trade journals and newsletters. Any one of these natural gassers can fill your marketing v.p. with enough random farts to blow the whole Common Market apart, let alone your pitiful little company.

THE SABOTAGE OF FREE ENTERPRISE

If you're going to function effectively in our organizational society, it's important that you have a healthy contempt for our major institutions, public and private—and especially for their leaders. These clowns are not entitled to the respect they get as the vestal virgins of our society.

It's not clear to me exactly when "free enterprise" became a joke. Was it after the Civil War, when big business, big government and the Supreme Court formed an unholy alliance to exploit the American farmer and laborer? Or was it later, when big labor got a partnership? Or when big military elbowed up to the trough? Or when big education cut itself in on the deal?

Whenever it was, the heart of the conspiracy today against the American consumer is the New York-Washington axis, and our real adversaries are big lawyers, top Government officials and high officers of big corporations.

When the American system falls, it won't be Communists who bring it down. We aren't in any danger of being destroyed from the outside; we've perfected do-it-yourself methods.

Our blowup will come when the American housewife discovers that Clark Clifford arranged for her to pay half of the punitive-damage fines General

... AND OFFERS THE EXECUTIVE ECHELON A HANDSOME DIVIDEND OF REFRESHINGLY ICONOCLASTIC COMMANDMENTS FOR GETTING DOWN TO THE NO-NONSENSE NITTY-GRITTY OF CORPORATE HEALTH

Electric got socked with for conspiring to defraud the American housewife. He persuaded the IRS to accept the fines as tax deductions. This is the moral equivalent of letting the meat packers deduct as an ordinary business expense the cost of the ingredient they use to make putrescent meat look healthy, so they can still sell it to you.

It's no wonder you can't get senior partners of major law firms to work weekends. I sympathize with them. If I were doing to America what they're doing to it from ten to six Monday through Friday, I'd have to get stoned on Saturday and Sunday, too.

PROTECTING THE GUILTY

A typical company agrees to indemnify its officers and directors. That is, if I'm sued and convicted as an officer of a drug company for knowingly letting a harmful drug murder or deform a few thousand people, my company will pay the \$2500 fine and my legal expenses and deduct them from income (for tax purposes) as ordinary business expenses. (Judging by the Allison case, where a known defective airplane engine caused the death of 38 people, corporate manslaughter costs about \$200 a head.)

So the Government subsidizes murder.

All officers and directors should pay their own fines and legal expenses, and the amounts paid should be reported in proxy statements along with salaries (now reported) and expense accounts (not now reported).

You may have noted that this modest proposal does not come to grips with the main problem—the double standard by which the law protects a corporate agent from the responsibilities normally weighed against a private citizen. If I shoot my neighbor, chances are I'll be severely punished for my crime. But if, in my job, I'm convicted of withholding information about a dangerous product that leads to the death of thousands of my neighbors, the most I'll get is a civil suit that amounts to a slap on the wrist.

This is because our brightest lawyers have been working for years to preserve the myth (which their antecedents created) that criminal law doesn't apply to what I do as a *corporate executive*; that's covered by the civil code. (In Britain, corporate signatures end in "Ltd." That means "limited liability." The Latins are more poetic and descriptive: They use "S. A."—*Sociedad Anónima*, or Society of the Nameless. It all adds up to the same thing: When the cops come, there's nobody home.)

This legal anomaly has led to all sorts of aberrant corporate behavior.

Insurance companies, for example, don't disclose auto-accident statistics by make of vehicle, which would tend to warn their customers against the more

dangerous cars and thus reduce bloodshed.

All that's required is one honest insurance-company chief executive:

1. His computer tells him that a particular automobile is involved in an exceptionally large percentage of accidents.

2. He discloses this to a few important customers.

3. He gets sued for giving information to some customers and not to others.

4. He loses the case in such a way that, henceforth, all insurance companies must supply data to the public on exceptionally dangerous vehicles.

This is only one example.

Hey, you out there! Think of the most important area where your industry would be serving the public interest if it had one honest chief-executive officer.

Does it alarm you to know that your industry doesn't have a single honest chief executive?

Me, too.

CUTBACK

When the squeeze is on, call in all the people who report to you—in one room, if possible, so they'll all get the same message.

Tell them, "Don't answer this now. Come in tomorrow with the answer in pencil on a piece of paper, so the secretaries don't start a panic":

If you had to eliminate some activities under your control (not just cut them back), in which order would you eliminate them?

I want a ten percent reduction in expenses from everybody. No hanky-panky. Don't eliminate an activity by transferring it to a different department.

This is painful, but it *can* be turned to an advantage. You probably have some vital activities that are understaffed. If you can chop fifteen percent instead of ten percent, you can have the extra five percent to feed your starving tigers.

Use this emergency to pull up *all* your weeds. If it's done now, the organization won't go into shock. Give me a legitimate ten percent expense reduction and plow the rest back wherever you think it should go, or save it until you *know* where it should go.

I know this sounds like the old Hoo-sier saw, "When they hand you a lemon—make lemonade," but the capacity of people to find answers, if they know it's worth the trouble, has never been tested to its practical limits.

Before you call your people in, make sure you've got the answer for your own office—and tell them what it is—even if

it's just a ten percent cut in your own salary. You can't expect to be taken seriously if you're sitting there with three secretaries and two assistants playing grab-ass outside your office. Don't pull an L. B. J. at the light switch, either—unless you, too, want to be a joke.

GROWTH FEVER

Almost everybody subscribes to the myth that a company has to keep growing. "If you stand still, you die," they say.

I don't know which idiot first carved this imperative on the tablet.

If your company comes to a plateau in earnings, take the time to look around and get your bearings. You may discover a whole new direction.

You don't necessarily have to spend your life trying to extend last year's graphs.

The typical corporate reaction to a leveling off in earnings comes perilously close to the knee jerk that philosopher George Santayana warned about: "Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim."

ACQUISITIONS I: HOW TO PICK 'EM

The best acquisitions will look overpriced and you'll be tempted to veto them on that score. Don't—not if everything else looks right.

The bag of snakes will come disguised as an ever-loving blue-eyed bargain.

ACQUISITIONS II: LOCK UP THE LAWYERS

Memorandums of intent are devilish devices that boost legal fees and cut the chances of a deal's going through.

When two companies have reached an agreement, the two principals and their lawyers, accountants and other necessary associates should meet and start drawing up the final contract—not a memorandum of intent to agree.

I don't know how much time and effort I wasted before discovering that deals aren't usually blown by principals; they're blown by lawyers and accountants trying to prove how valuable they are.

If nobody gets to go home for dinner or if the possibility arises of having to cancel that Saturday-morning golf game, you'll be surprised how quickly problems are solved.

If the two groups split up for the weekend, their lawyers will have dreamed up enough bright ideas by Monday morning to take them miles apart—even though the deal was actually in the bag on Friday night.

If everyone stays in the same room, each smart-ass idea will be rejected or negotiated while the contract is being written.

(continued on page 161)

humor

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

NUKE THY NEIGHBOR

what with hertz rent-a-roentgens and terminal toys, the government is up against the ultimate free-enterprise missile crisis

The White House Basement
7:30 A.M., May 17, 1971

"Let me make my position perfectly clear," the President told me, shortly before dawn. "My Administration was completely prepared for a nuclear confrontation with any of the big three—Russia, China or Texas—but this unwarranted belligerence from the private sector has, unfortunately, caught us with our ABMs down."

The President and I are the last ones remaining here. He refuses to leave, insisting that the captain must go down with his ship—or, in this case, up with his ship. Only my unwavering devotion as the President's biographer—and thoughts of a Pulitzer Prize—have kept me with him through this siege, now reaching its 40th hour. We are surrounded not by Able, Baker and Charley companies but by the companies of Standard & Poor's—and none of the threatening groups shows any desire to pick up its missiles and go home to its bowling league.

"Pat and I hesitate to commit the Army," explained the Commander in Chief, to no one in particular, "because we hate to stand in the way of private enterprise. And, as my colleague Senator Murphy is fond of implying, lobbying is an inalienable right, like campaign funds. In order that you'll know precisely where I stand on this, let me state unequivocally that I don't know what to do next."

The Chief has much to decide. Boy scouts armed with Redeye portable missiles still occupy the Washington Monument, the ultimate shaft and therefore the symbol of the way they've been shafted. The B. S. demand remains the same: that the Federal Government permit the sale of heavy water to minors. The Shriners—who hold Pennsylvania Avenue—stand grimly beside their mini-Pershing missiles, taking only occasional breaks to squirt Barbasol and Seltzer at the aged and infirm. (continued on page 94)



ILLUSTRATION BY GENE HOLTEN

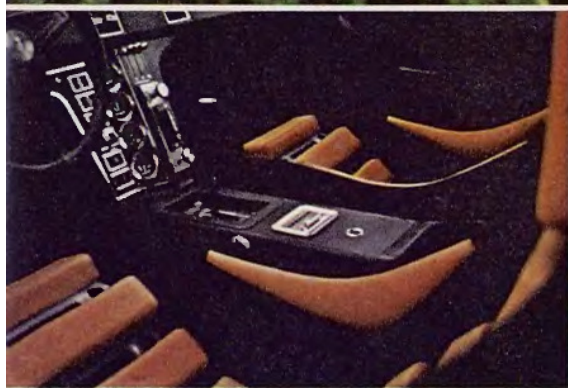
TORRID ITALIAN BEAUTY

ford and de tomaso have joined forces to create the pantera—a cat-swift road machine of sleek sensuality

THE FANFARES accompanying new-car debuts usually resound with claims of revolutionary developments; but such claims are more often the product of a copywriter's imagination than of an automotive designer's efforts. There seems little doubt, however, that the Ford Motor Company and De Tomaso Automobili of Modena, Italy—an esteemed constructor of high-performance automobiles in the racing and race-bred molds—have combined resources to create a motor vehicle worthy of an adman's enthusiastic accolades; the Pantera is the first volume-production mid-engined sports car geared specifically to the American market. The low-slung (text concluded on page 168)



Pop-up headlamps, low-slung slatted bucket seats, dramatic grillework and recessed rear deck are eye-catching details of the Pantera.



NUKE THY NEIGHBOR (continued from page 91)

(Thank God these frolics are still carried out with conventional weapons!) They are demanding an injunction against the Elks to stop production of atomic hand buzzers and whoopee cushions, which the Shriners claim to have patented. Completing the encirclement are the Brown Berets of STS (Students for a Totalitarian Society), who are bivouacked on Constitution Avenue. Unable to afford their own weapons, they menacingly wield the mighty Hertz Rent-a-Roentgen. Their demand: the surrender of the Argonne National Laboratory to Northwestern's Psi U house.

Now the President is despondently running a failing battery-powered shaver over his darkest five-o'clock shadow to date. "Do you think I can slash my wrists with one of these things?" he asks.

"Sir, try to see this as the ultimate triumph of free enterprise. The people simply feel that the atom belongs to everyone. It's not our fault that the bomb is now cheaper to make than a VW."

"But, damn it, mass destruction is supposed to be a *Federal* responsibility!"

"I know, sir, I know. It's a function of Government I hate to give up, too."

While we sit here, waiting for the end, my mind goes back to how it all started—back to that one small event in Long Branch, New Jersey, that triggered the nuclear nightmare now upon us.

Just over a year ago, I happened to see a classified ad in *The Jersey Journal*:

WANTED: SURPLUS DEUTERIUM
REPLY BOX U-235, LONG BRANCH

As historians now know, the teenage Kessel brothers, Hugo and Max, were responsible for that remarkable ad. They wanted to make a low-yield H-bomb as an extra-credit project in their high school science course. Their teacher had suggested a balanced aquarium, but the boys, who were deeply devoted to both higher physics and lower fun, were hearing the call of a New Jersey Nagasaki.

"I mean, what the hell can you do with *guppies*?" Hugo observed. "Someone with an H-bomb gets *respect*."

"Damn right," agreed Max. "It's high time the Feds quit monopolizing the atom-splitting business and let some *individuals* make their pile."

The Kessel brothers (later known as the world's first teeny-bombers) got no response to their ad; but, in the best American tradition, they somehow made their own deuterium from refuse retrieved from trash cans outside Princeton's Einstein Hall. Because they had no nuclear reactor—just a kitchen blender and a blowtorch—the bomb they subsequently constructed was decidedly crude. But effective. As it was reported on television the next night, the Kessels' science teacher at first considered their project a practical

joke—but Hugo got the last laugh by detonating the bomb in a classroom terrarium. The blast vaporized several chameleons and a horned toad and prompted the immediate resignation of the science teacher, who claimed that mushroom clouds weren't part of his contract.

One viewer of the telecast was Edgar Phelps, president of the Terminal Toy Company. He had been brooding over the egg that had been laid by his latest lifelike doll, Little Shirley Climax. He had deliberately given the doll a low price, expecting that each child would also buy Little Lanny Lust, so that Shirley could do her thing; but the kids had been buying only Shirley and racing her engine by means less profitable to Terminal. But the inspiration of the Kessels' cloud meant skyrocketing sales for Terminal Toys; within weeks, Terminal was marketing the Tiny Tot Multiple Use Guava Fragmentation Bomblet and Hooked Foot Bleeder, an ingenious plaything the size of a baseball, with a nuclear core surrounded by a thick layer of fishhooks. It became an instant hit, in spite of widespread peevish grumblings from peaceniks, bleeding-foot liberals and jumpy shipping clerks.

But the Tiny Tot was just a toy, something for the kiddies to use if they wanted to zap a Teddy bear or two. Its total Roentgen pay load was hardly more than that of a dentist's X-ray machine. The next step, therefore, in this profusion of private fusion was a product for adults, something for the folks whose hate lists were in six figures. The first company to develop a spin-off for grown-ups was Irreversible Chemical, which had grown tired of making "nicer things for nicer living through chicanery."

"We're just too goddamn Mary Poppins with that slogan," said Irreversible's vice-president for research. "Look at our best-selling product—Lethacide, the aerial-root poison. It's pure horse and buggy. We have to look to the future, convert from plant and insect bombs to people stuff. And if you don't feel like using it for a grudge, imagine how many *moths* you can get with it."

Irreversible was soon marketing MegaBug, the all-purpose aerosol explosive equipped with a HI-MEDIUM-LOW damage dial. Promoting MegaBug with a lively ad campaign, Irreversible stressed its versatility: It could be used to eliminate unsightly door-to-door salesmen, it stopped bad breath at the source and it was also an effective underarm spray for folks with intractable perspiration problems. And, to capture the arty market, Irreversible sponsored a TV drama anthology called *Strontium 90*. Needless to say, Irreversible stock soared, as did a listing called New Jersey Deuterium, which opened at nine and never stopped splitting.

In board rooms across the country, corporate directors were trying to decide if their firms should get in on the atomic action.

"Do we really need a nuclear line?" asked the president of Unisex Bras.

"Well," replied the head of sales, "I don't exactly know what we'd do with it, but we should look into the ad potential. I mean, I'd like to see a page in *Vogue* that reads: 'THERE'S STILL NO BOOM LIKE THE BUST.' OR: 'I DREAMED I ALTERED MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE IN MY UNISEX BRA.'"

The day the first Unisex Bra ad appeared in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, a grim President told his Cabinet. "Gentlemen, I certainly like to see business booming, but only metaphorically. Now, I wouldn't mind too much if we were wiped out by the Chinese—provided we got them, too, of course—but I can't stand to see attrition by private fission. We have got to get back to the days when increased radioactivity meant better FM programming."

"I'm afraid, Mr. President, there's nothing we can do," the Secretary of the Treasury remarked gravely. "It's not like printing money, where the Government is supposed to have a monopoly. The Constitution does give the people the right to bear arms. All we can do is pray that the companies will see the folly of going after one another; that Dynamic Dental, for example, won't use its Brightness Bomb, now that Tennessee Tooth Bleach has its Mint-Flavored Multi-Megaton. Of course, Dynamic's mission control *still* might decide to go after Ex-Lax or Drano."

"It serves us right," added the Secretary of Defense. "Everybody called me Hawkman when I said we should continue work on the cobalt bomb instead of signing a treaty with those kids from Stanford. But now, if we want one, we'll have to buy it from Thermonuclear Motors."

"That doesn't bother me," said the President, "because T. M. will always be on our side, and what's good for T. M. is good for the country. But suppose the bomb falls into *irresponsible* hands—like the Menninger Clinic or the Democratic Party?"

It was a prophetic moment. As the President predicted, things did start getting out of hand when the irresponsible groups moved in. On February 5, 1971, when New Jersey Deuterium was 609 on the American Exchange, the National Target Selection Committee of STS held a meeting near the site of what was once the Berkeley campus.

"Gentlemen," said Mark Rudd, "it's getting goddamn tedious to take apart all these colleges brick by brick. It took us *three weeks* to demolish Notre Dame—and a couple of priests are *still* in action. We gotta go atomic."

(concluded on page 147)



"I'll be right with you, Captain. This will only take a minute!"



GOOD DAY, SUNSHINE...

*life in southern california is an end-
less summer for easygoing carol willis*





TRUE TO HER ASTROLOGICAL and genetic determinants—she's an Aries and part Cherokee—21-year-old Carol Willis is a genuinely optimistic young lady who'd rather be pursuing pleasure under a sunny sky than sitting by a strobe candle and wondering if *Homo sapiens* is rushing headlong toward extinction. A Texan by birth and an ex-resident of San Francisco, Carol now enjoys the relatively placid atmosphere of Laguna Beach, a combination art colony and oceanside resort town south of Los Angeles, in the heart of conservative Orange County. She lives in a small house not far from the ocean and spends her work week operating a switchboard for an answering service, taking calls for local doctors, lawyers and other professional men. In the evenings, Carol likes to entertain small groups of friends, watch old movies on TV or listen to rock music à la Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Her free afternoons are likely to find her heading for the nearby hills to hike or go horseback riding, and she gets a kick out of scanning the seascapes and other artistic wares in the galleries that line the Laguna Beach segment of the

Glowingly self-ossured, Carol confirms her own philosophy: that the world is best faced with a smile.



Pacific Coast Highway. Most of all, she digs the beach, though on sunny summer weekends, one of the many quieter lagoons in the area may take the place of the seashore, since Laguna's population skyrockets during the tourist season and Carol isn't especially fond of crowd scenes. She grew up with three sisters and a quintet of stepbrothers, including a pair of identical twins. Most of Carol's siblings are now scattered as far afield as Florida and North Carolina, which prompts her to joke that her tribe "has the United States virtually surrounded." It isn't often that the Willises can get together for a reunion—but that doesn't bother Carol, who operates with enviable self-sufficiency, living as she does within a few minutes' reach of both job and recreation. Though astrological primers observe that Arians are always in need of new challenges—a contention borne out by Carol's expressed desire to add skydiving and skindiving to her list of outdoor pastimes—Miss July claims to be more than content with her lot in life, which she finds as unhurried as it is unharried. "Isn't that what it's all about?" she asks. It is, indeed.



After leisurely fixing her hair in the morning, Carol hustles off to work: She operates a switchboard for a Laguna Beach answering service. That evening, she cooks hamburgers on a hibachi for some friends; then they enjoy an after-dinner songfest.



On the morrow—her day off—Carol amuses herself by decorating a T-shirt with authentic Indian symbols (the eagle represents strength and prosperity), then constructs a kite. Later on, sporting her homemade artifacts, she heads for the beach.





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Kiteflying or cycling, Carol exemplifies the fun-loving girls of Pacifica.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After the attractive blonde had seated herself, the young psychiatrist asked, "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well," the shapely thing answered, blushing, "I think I may be a nymphomaniac."

"I can probably help you," said the doctor, "but I must tell you that my fee is fifty dollars an hour."

"That's not bad," the girl quickly replied. "How much for all night?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *condominium* as a prophylactic for midgets.



The nonchurchgoer's wife persuaded him to attend a service on a hot summer Sunday. He was ignorant of the various rituals involved and his spouse seemed to constantly be whispering, "Stand up," "Sit down," "Kneel," "Stand up," "Sit."

Perspiring from all the activity, he took out a handkerchief to mop his brow and then laid it on his lap to dry. Seeing this, his wife leaned over and whispered, "Is your fly open?"

"No," he replied testily. "Should it be?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a guy with a strong will looking for a girl with a weak won't.

We know a cautious man who, upon discovering that his gorgeous date had forgotten to take the pill, decided to give her a tongue-lashing.

Trying to sell his new and totally omniscient computer to the youthful businessman, the inventor invited his skeptical client to ask it a question—any question. The executive sat down and typed out his query: "WHERE IS MY FATHER?"

The machine rapidly printed the reply: "YOUR FATHER IS FISHING IN MICHIGAN."

"This contraption doesn't know what it's talking about," bellowed the prospective customer. "My father's been dead for twenty years."

Certain that his creation was infallible, the scientist suggested, "Why don't you ask the same question in a different form?"

The chap then confidently typed: "WHERE IS MY MOTHER'S HUSBAND?"—to which the mechanical brain answered: "YOUR MOTHER'S HUSBAND HAS BEEN DEAD FOR 20 YEARS. YOUR FATHER HAS JUST LANDED A THREE-POUND TROUT."

A movie-studio president who was not exactly noted for his knowledge of the English language received a well-written story titled *The Optimist*. After reading the manuscript, he called a meeting of the company's most creative minds and announced, "Gentlemen, we got us a great story here, but I want all of you to think of something simpler for a title. There ain't many people will know that an optimist is an eye doctor."

We know a swinging suburban housewife who says there's as much difference between husbands and lovers as night and day.

And, of course, you've also heard about the village smithy who made his living selling iron chastity belts at \$40 a crack.

Upon receiving his induction notice, the delicate-looking young man reported to his draft board and confessed that he was a homosexual.

"Queer, huh?" one member grunted. "Do you think you could kill a man?"

"Oh, yes," the fellow giggled, "but it would take me quite a while."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *seduction* as genital persuasion.

The lad was parked in a secluded lovers' lane with the sexy high school cheerleader. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "It's so dark I can't see my hand in front of my face."

"I happen to know," the girl sighed, "that neither of your hands is in front of your face."



Convicted of murder and sentenced to death, the shapely young lady asked, as a last request, that she be hanged in the nude. Although the warden thought this unusual, he felt a last request was not something to be denied. When the condemned prisoner arrived at the gallows, the hangman gasped, "My God, you have the most beautiful body I've ever seen."

Came the whispered reply, "It's all yours if you keep your trap shut."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Do you really love me, or are you just infatuated with the fact that you simulate intercourse on stage with me seven times a week?"



AS THE MERCURY PUSHES SKYWARD, New York is once again a "summer festival"—except on weekends, when wise Manhattanites play the exodus game and get out of town. Thirty-five-year-old bachelor architect Earl Combs is among the thousands who make this weekly pilgrimage from city to sand; but by building his octagonal beach house in the Pines section of Fire Island, just a 60-minute drive and boat ride from his mid-Manhattan apartment, he has managed to avoid the time-consuming, nerve-fraying bumper-to-bumper hegira that usually dims the pleasure of a distant hideaway.

Until a few years ago, Combs limited his work to New York City, concentrating on the remodeling of town houses and showrooms. Then he was commissioned to design several

weekend houses on Fire Island. After one visit to the exclusive Pines area, he knew he'd have to build there, too, and chose a hillside location that offered a spectacular view of the ocean.

One material—redwood—predominates throughout Combs's weekend pad, giving the place a feeling of total integration as well as warmth and informality. And the vertical exterior siding gives the hideaway an illusion of spacious height. The unpainted exterior and boardwalk to the water are practically maintenance-free and boast that traditional New England weathered look that contrasts with the rough patina of the floors and walls inside.

Combs built his beach house in an octagonal shape for two reasons. First, because an eight-sided configuration is a striking departure from the run-of-the-mill A-frames and salt-box



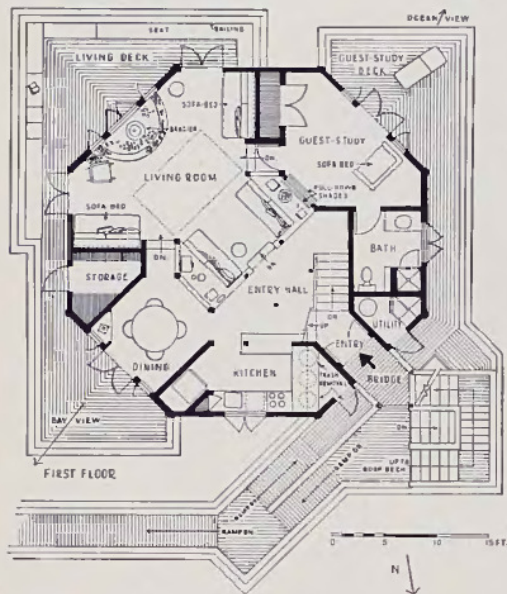
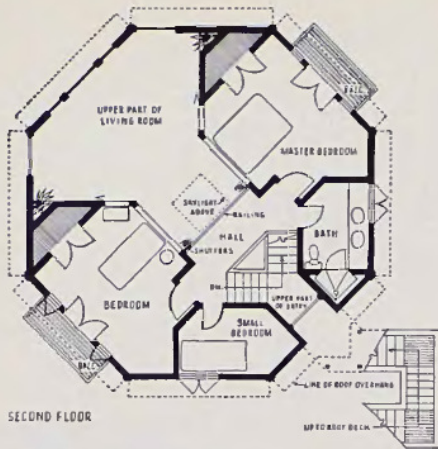
A PLAYBOY PAD:

STRIKING SAND CASTLE

a manhattan bachelor architect builds a many-faceted beach house on fire island



Earl Cambs's octagonal beach house in the Pines section of Fire Island makes a rustically luxurious weekend hideaway. The strategically placed windows and doors provide multiple views of the dunes and ocean. Above: A skylight aids in illuminating the pad's first floor. Combs opened up interior walls in order to give his digs a feeling of spaciousness.



summer dwellings that dot the Eastern Seaboard and, second, because it provides double the usual number of walls, thus allowing windows to be placed more advantageously for view and light. The rooms in Combs's pad are positioned off an open two-story shaft topped by a bubble skylight, which aids in keeping the interior bright and cheerful. The kitchen, dining area, living room, guest-study, a bath and the utility room are all located on the first floor. Ascending the ladder-like stairway to the second floor, one finds the master bedroom and a bath, plus two guest bedrooms. A walled sun deck on the roof is reached by an outdoor stairway. There's also additional deck space off the first floor, and the master bedroom and one of the topside guest

Floor plans (at left) and fisheye-camera shots (at right) provide detailed descriptions and views of Combs's beach house. The pad's approximately 2000 square feet are fully utilized. Below left: In the dining area adjacent to the kitchen, molded Saarinen furniture with pedestal bases exemplifies Combs's taste for the contemporary. Overhead, a far-out light fixture in the shape of an expanded octahedron complements the geometric shape of the house. Below: Conveniently located kitchen counter serves as a central snack spot and doubles as a wet bar during parties.



bedrooms open onto small balconies.

Most of the furnishings in the house are built-ins, with the exceptions of a Saarinen dining-room set and assorted living-room lounge chairs and stools.

"I wanted the house to be totally guest and beach oriented," says Combs. "I don't think a summer weekend goes by when friends both expected and unexpected don't drop by for a drink and a swim. In a pinch, the house will sleep five couples, but three is a more comfortable number. There's an extra shower in the utility room by the front entrance, and the rugs and mats I've scattered about were chosen for their shakability. Because I built on the side of a dune, special provision was made for keeping the sand in its proper place—outside."

On chilly evenings, Combs often

Right top: Comely visitors prepare to change in the guest bedroom that overlooks the pad's first floor. Ceiling-high shutters can be pulled across the opening for privacy. Right: A Victorian-style stained-glass window mounted above louvered double front doors offers a striking contrast to the modern geometric etchings framed on the redwood wall. And the hand-woven Indian rug adds a splash of color to the decor. Below: The living room's twin built-in couches are favorite gathering places for frolicking guests who prefer Combs's casual weekend hostmanship to the midsummer discomfort of sweltering Manhattan.

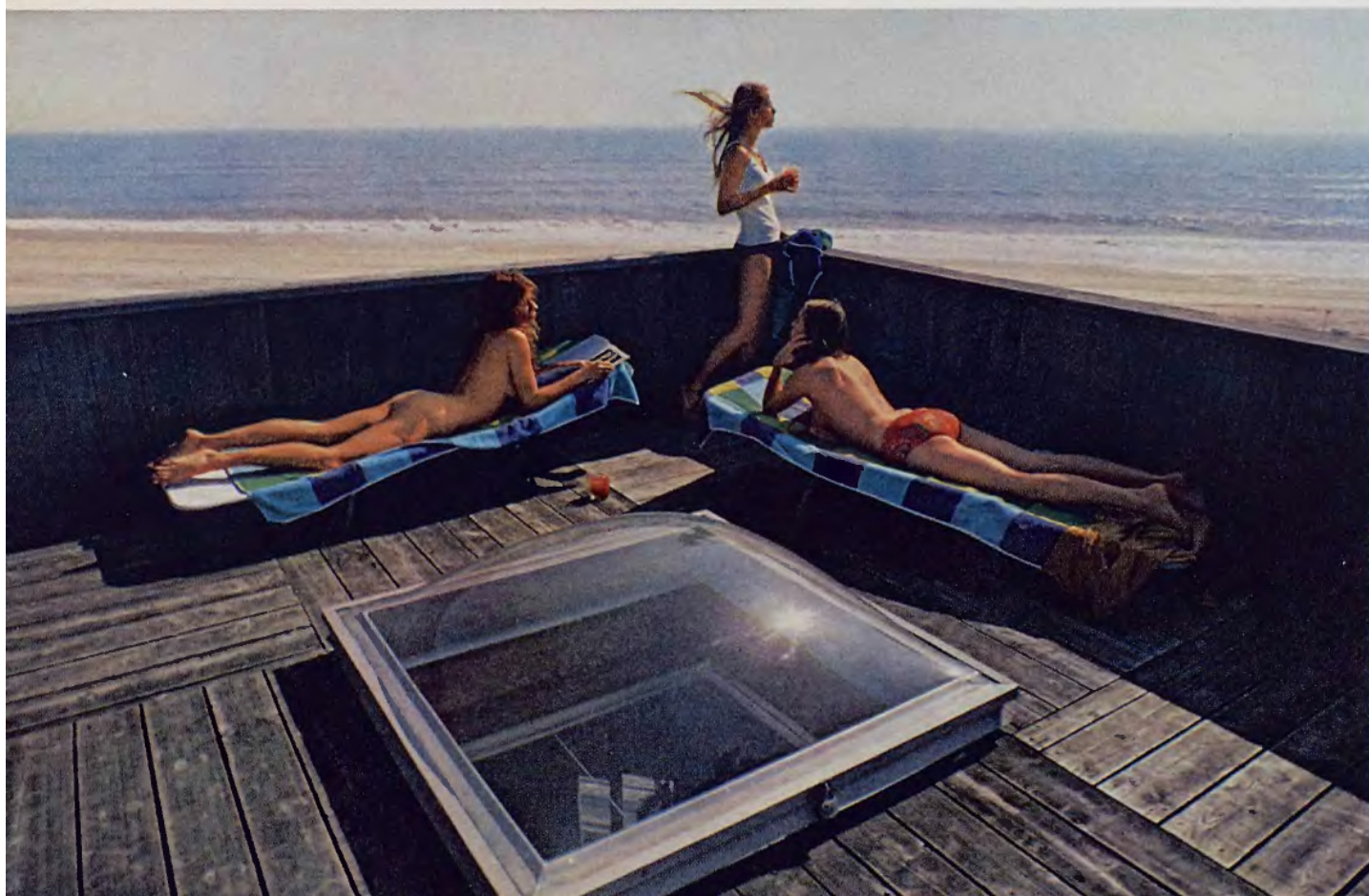


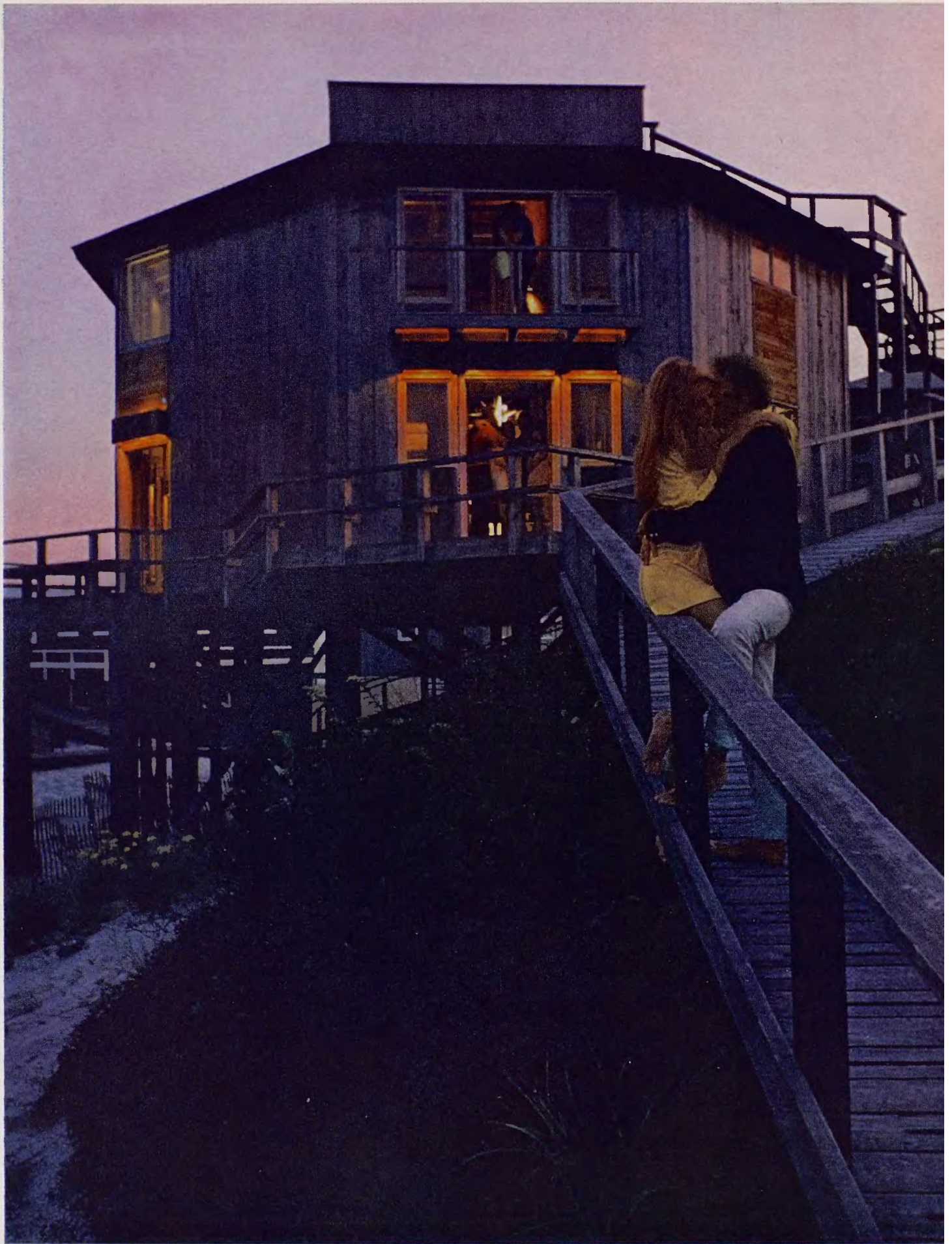


kindles a fire in the brazier that stands in the living room. Guests can help themselves to food laid out buffet style on the dining-room table or on the kitchen counter, which also doubles as a convenient wet bar.

Relaxing by the sea is an idyllic way to spend summer weekends, but with the manifold pleasures of Manhattan awaiting him, Combs is none too sad when Sunday night comes and it's time to lock up until the following easy-does-it weekend. He has the best of two diverse worlds—the city and the shore—and he's not about to trade one for the other.

Left: The guest-study room on the first floor offers instant privacy at the pull of a shade. Above: A couple is bathed in the light of an electric sculpture by well-known nean artist Ronoldo Ferri. Below: Sun worshipers of varying persuasions take their ease in complete seclusion on the walled deck atop the pad. Opposite: At sunset, the vertical lines of the house are accentuated by the indirect exterior lights. The long boardwalk leads to the water.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

*"At this Fourth of July picnic,
I'm providing the fireworks."*



Vargas



MAN AND BEAST (continued from page 82)

in animal psychology—the meaning of instinct and the mechanisms through which instinctive behavior is manifested.

Some researchers have removed animals from the field and studied them in the laboratory, introducing unnatural conditions to try out the hypothesized mechanisms underlying behavior. Among ducks and many other birds, the young follow the mother faithfully about within a few hours after hatching. Lorenz was curious as to why this happens; he therefore divided the eggs laid by a goose into two batches and had one batch hatched by the mother and the other by an incubator. The goslings hatched by the mother saw her first and followed her wherever she went; the others saw Lorenz first and followed him, even when they saw their mother nearby. In popular terms, they “thought” Lorenz was their mother; in scientific terms, they had been “imprinted” with his image. (Ducklings have been imprinted to follow wooden decoys, a football and a green box containing an alarm clock, any of which looks good to them if it is the first thing they see.) Imprinting in animals seems to be the fixing in the memory of an image at a time when the nervous system is undergoing a special stage of maturation. By studying it, ethologists learn something about nature’s invention of devices for survival: If ducklings don’t follow the mother shortly after birth, they will be abandoned and die. More importantly, ethologists learn something about the critical periods of maturation in the nervous system—a subject that has meaning for human parents as well.

In another experiment, an American animal psychologist built a community for Norway rats, complete with unlimited supplies of food, water and nesting materials, and allowed the rat population to grow until it was far denser than ever occurs in normal circumstances. The results were startling: Some of the males became bullies, others became homosexuals and cannibals and yet others became withdrawn neurotics; the females began to abort or take poor care of their young; and infant mortality rose as high as 96 percent. Since all the physical wants of the rats were satisfied, this pathology could only mean that excessive social interaction was to blame. Rats are not men and from this study one cannot lean to conclusions about our own urban life, but at least it suggests that the interaction needed by social animals has its limits and that beyond those limits it produces a variety of behavioral disorders.

Some researchers have castrated cocks to see what becomes of their sex drive and their aggressiveness (not surprisingly, both markedly diminish); some have transfused the blood of a mother rat into

the veins of a virgin rat to see if the hormones and other substances in it would stimulate the virgin’s responses to young rat pups and make her behave like a mother (they did); some have raised monkeys in isolation, apart from their mothers and friends, and later introduced them, as adults, to normal monkey society to see how they fared (very badly; they were fearful, hostile, unable to mate—and never got better).

Such studies are, for the first time, yielding down-to-earth explanations of some of life’s great, enduring mysteries—mother love, sexual attraction, the homemaking urge, competition and cooperation, intelligence, kindness, aggression, et al. These are obviously matters of immense intellectual interest—and of self-interest, as well, for if we understood them thoroughly in lower animals, we might understand them somewhat better in man. We are faced with self-extinction from many sources, all of our own making: overpopulation, the selfish despoiling of our air and water, the potential incineration of man in a nuclear war. It might be—and any hope is worth pursuing—that we could learn something from animals that would enable us to save us from ourselves.

In fact, however, most of the animal-behavior researchers are not seeking insights into the larger mysteries of human nature. Most of them, like other scientists, are so fascinated by some small mystifying phenomenon they’ve noticed that they are willing to spend years exploring it just for the pleasure of discovering what makes it so.

“I got into ethology because it was intellectually intriguing,” says Dr. William Dilger of Cornell University. “I’ve spent ten years studying nest building in one species of bird because I was fascinated by the fact that all females of that species prepare and carry their nesting materials in the same peculiar way, even if they’ve never seen it done by others. I wanted to find out how that works and I think I have. But today people want ethologists to come up with answers to the big questions troubling mankind; they think we have the answers up our sleeves. I’m not at all sure we do. And I rather resent it—it’s disturbing to have such responsibility thrust on one. Ethology used to be fun but not very important; now it’s become important but not nearly so much fun.” For better or for worse, that’s the way it’s going to be. The study of animal behavior will never again be a quiet backwater of zoology. Men now fervently hope, and almost demand, that animal-behavior researchers help them understand themselves and one another; and, given the present human condition, who can blame them?

Before drawing any conclusions about

man, however, the first order of business is to find out how things really work among other animals, resolutely avoiding the tendency to read human feelings and motives into what they do. Anthropomorphism is a classic error: From primitive man to Pliny, from Shakespeare to the modern dog fancier, men have ascribed human sentiments and aims to their animal friends and foes. If the brown thrasher sings a long and melodious song at the close of a glorious summer afternoon, he must be rejoicing at being alive on such a day; if the stag and his rival lock horns and struggle until exhausted, it’s because even peaceful beasts are willing to kill each other under the influence of jealousy; if the female cat painstakingly washes her kittens, it’s because, brimming with mother love, she is taking good care of her babies; if baboons live in primitive oligarchies, it’s because they, like us, need family life and friendship and are willing to pay the price of submitting to wise leadership and social regulation.

But all schools of contemporary animal-behavior study try to avoid the anthropomorphic fallacy. They start with the fact that the animals are incapable of symbolic—that is, linguistic—thinking or of emotions based in large part on cultural values. Instead of speculating as to what they might be feeling, the scientists stick to what is empirical and provable: the actual actions of the animals, the measurable changes in their bodies associated with those actions and their demonstrable survival value for both the individual and the species.

When one objectively studies the singing of birds under natural conditions, for instance, it becomes clear that one major function of bird song is species recognition; through distinctive songs and calls, the males and females of each species are able to locate one another easily and reliably. An even more important function is the male’s use of song to establish his own territory. In many species, male birds attack or avoid one another during the nesting phase, using their characteristic song as the way of warning one another to stay at a distance; the result is a useful spacing out of nesting sites, giving each mating pair a chance to raise its young without interference. It is not as romantic an interpretation of bird song as that of the poets, but it is verifiable—and verified.

Territorial warnings are valuable and common throughout the animal kingdom. Many kinds of male fish wear bright colors that warn their fellows away from their chosen feeding ground; free-roaming dogs and cats urinate in many places to mark their own domain; antelopes rub their faces against branches, releasing scent from facial glands and advertising their ownership of the area.

(continued on page 179)



LAST TRAIN TO LIMBO

why were there no other passengers? why didn't it seem to matter?

THERE WAS THE SMELL OF URINE, the smell of violets, the wind of the dairy farms floating toward the city. Along about, perhaps just before, certainly after Newark, across the marsh, came the green stink of sewage gases and gas gases and sulphur from our great industries. Seated alone, riding backward, secretly fingering a proximate erection and smudging his tan permanent-press pants with *The New York Times* newsprint off his tan fingers, his golfer's fingers, his once baseball-batting, cub-scouting, now account-counting fingers, Avery read and felt grief.

Oops. Grief? *De profundis?*

Well, not Wailing Wall grief. He didn't like him *that* much. Now, today, of course, you couldn't say that. Not for a while, not until it was back to business for everyone. But life goes on, he sighed; *tempus* fidgets.

Tempus fidgets?

It do, it do, at 42. Perhaps before (although Avery could not directly testify to that, having lost no one at all except a Princeton roommate

killed in a glider crash off the California coast—and he was South American).

Violence, violence, where would it end? Why can't people get along? Avery got along. Really. Oh, he had a temper—manly, vigorous, quick to rise and quick to forgive—and once he had hit his wife, and more than once he had wanted to. His son, a three-year-old thumb-sucker, lived in friendly terror of his spankings. His dog, a three-year-old boxer, appreciated any time that Avery found to spend with him. Avery was not violent. Pressured, yes, but violent?

Never. That much he knew. He lived and let live. He tried to do his job, and it wasn't easy. You try it sometime, counseling the greedy, the clever, the smelly. Sitting next to Stein, who ate onion sandwiches and yoghurt for lunch, ate at his desk, so as not to miss an inch of ticker, not a symbol in lights, but Stein didn't gulp it up.

T. G. I. F. That's what Avery said. T. G. I. F. End of the week. There was just so much a man could take, and this one had been a lulu (a "woo-woo," according to his son; it was one of their

jokes). His wife, for example, waking him up early, before dawn, not once but *twice*, two mornings running. First, "He's shot"; then, "He's dead." His wife, the plump romantic, who took care to cry below the noise level of the air conditioner, so that Avery could get back to sleep.

So the previous two mornings had been rough. She didn't help by standing in the kitchen doorway and watching the television, all the while pretending to create his breakfast out of fresh-frozen, boxed, dehydrated and price-reduced materials. Avery threw his shoe across the living room and yelled at her and set the boy to crying (a fake cry, Avery suspected, the cry of the actor or the pansy, able to produce tears at any time, at any goddamn moment). What did it profit a man? To work hard, to protect his family, and all he receives are tears, burned bacon and a black scar on the newly painted beige wall. Oh, the mornings. Tomorrow of his mornings would be worse. He would be home all day.

"Kenny shot?"

"What, tiger?"

"Kenny shot?"

"Naaaw." He turns to his wife. "You've had him in front of the tube all day?" She nods and almost cries. "Jesus Christ." And it is the end of the day, when all souls need a drink, but Avery rises with an effort of the will that he sees as gallant, puts on his happy face and picks the boy up for a cuddle. Reverses his field, too. "Yes, he's shot." A big hug and rib tickles. The dog sheds on his pants leg, waiting for their sometime evening fight, in which Avery slaps him on his slobbery jowls and laughs and laughs.

"Kenny shot. Will I get shot?"

"Naaaw."

The boy becomes cute, all-knowing (well, then, he's forgotten it, hasn't he?). "Someday I might get shot. Yes, sir." Said with a righteousness that is endearing. Avery pulls his wife to him, the dog squeezed out of the family hug; and for a moment, they are as still as death, each holding to each, the sound of the stove fan almost drowning out the voice of Roger Mudd.

The train crosses the marshland. Avery could tell by his nose where he was any step of the way along the railroad bed from Princeton Junction to Penn Station. A jingle came to him: You can tell by the smell that you won't be going to hell. He would have made a good advertising writer and he knew it.

For a reason unknown (as usual), the train stopped, hanging in limbo over the New Jersey flatland. Avery read hard, to keep from worrying about the appointment that he might miss. Biographies, pictures, editorials, remembrances, official statements of grief. This affliction, this teen and tine of the "national spirit" (whatever that was, he thought). It was Russian, almost, or, to bring it closer,

Negro, say; all these expressions of sorrow. Eat your dinner of horrors, absorb the suffering felt, but don't build it to a requiem of boohoos. He had left his wife practically keening on the hassock. "This will never do," he had said stiffly in that prudish tone that crept into his voice, always surprising him. The pitch of the puritan headmaster.

I hope she cries like that for me, he thought, in a gesture of jealousy; and then: Go, train, go, goddamn it.

He took out his appointment book (Brooks Brothers, pigskin, gold pencil; a luxury, but what the hell?). He was late now and Stein already had the first of his clients. Avery felt sure that Stein was at this moment offering to buy oils, consider aircraft, engage mutual funds, sell short, plow into city bonds and experiment in soybean futures. Stein was becoming for Avery the essence of all the minorities setting up to threaten him. Minorities! Minorities? There was no more picked-on minority in the United States and all its possessions than the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Knock the WASP. Everybody was doing it. I'm the minority and all the other minorities form the majority; so thought Avery, alone above the wasteland.

Time for another cigarette. He allowed himself four an hour. Filter-tipped. Hazardous. It said so right on the pack. See? We all run risks. Some are more dramatic than others. That's the only difference. Inhales deeply, holds it, exhales in a sigh, belches quietly.

It was this feeling of being cheated that churned his stomach acids. Cheated in this particular instance by the railroad that had promised to deliver him from one given point to another in a certain time period. Today this was not happening. Cheated in a grander sense by all the irresponsible people who got in his way, cut into line, ignored rules, undercut, undersold, outyelled, muscled past, tripped on his heels. Cheated further by his own bosses and potentates who liked him and congratulated him and predicted great things for him but seldom seemed to really know him. And this on top of the fact that Avery did almost everything right.

Take, for example, the common view in Avery's world of the lately slain late-beloved-by-some. The man was, among other things, a troublemaker, a stirrer-upper, a tax-loophole-closer and a nigger-lover. He was long-haired and a friend of the longhairs. It was difficult to find a business leader (Avery was liberal; he would add labor leader) who backed the man politically. And yet, and yet, sensing that the attacks in the trade magazines had been too strong, and aware that no one was totally bad, Avery had defended the kid only three days ago at a business luncheon. At the time, he had wondered if his pose of sweet reason would offend his superiors; and at

the time, perhaps it did. But now, only a few hours later in terms of life lived, the deed had been done and there was some shared sense of guilt and Avery hoped, in the back of his mind, that his own defense of the candidate would be remembered now.

In the strangely empty car that rocked occasionally in the wind, Avery read the clothing ads, the market reports, the shipping schedules, the weather map, times and names of satellites, the sports page and, having nothing else to do, he reread the exequies and obits in three other newspapers—Washington, Trenton and a New York rag.

Thank God for the air conditioning, he thought along about noontime; if I have to wait here much longer, I'll get out and walk. Having muttered that, he immediately regretted it. Not only was it unsafe; it provoked the terrible image he had often grappled with, that claustrophobic conception of trying desperately in some crisis or other to make his way under the river, through the train tunnel, flattening his body against the dirty damp walls each time a train roared through, hoping that by making himself thin and curved, he would not be cut in half by an open door or dragged under the wheels to be buffeted and cut into pulp. Subways brought this picture to him, too. No, he would not get out and walk. Better to stay put and let the railroad take care of him.

He did three crossword puzzles (finding, by coincidence, "pariah dog" used in all three of them). In a fit of humor and rebellion, he drew mustaches on the pictures of the debutantes. He tore out a theater review of a play that would interest one of the secretaries at work. He crumpled various pages of the want ads and molded them into balls, which he tossed up at the coatrack, but he tired of this game, because he could dunk a shot without rising from his seat.

Along about three o'clock, his concern was evidenced by his frequent use of the toilet. This was a car with a small room marked LADIES, and Avery would not have violated any principles, except he was bursting, his teeth almost floating, and there was no one else in the car. Just to be certain, he locked the door carefully behind himself each time he entered the territory and he sang while he urinated, to advertise his presence.

In his spare time, he outlined his argument for the continuation of the oil-depletion allowance. His rage, his fury, his impatience with all things not in homeostasis poured into his note-taking and he found himself losing control, talking out loud, kicking at the seat in front of him. He jabbed his pencil at the paper time and time again and discovered that he had piled through to his leg, puncturing his thigh with tiny bloodmarks. Now angry at ruining his

(concluded on page 194)

Everything you always wanted to know about television*

*but were afraid to ask

Q. How big is the normal television set?

A. Twenty-one inches.

Q. Are some television sets larger than others?

A. Yes. There are some 5-inch ones, some 10-inch ones, some 14-inch ones, some 21-inch ones, and a few measuring a full 23 inches have been recorded.

Q. Does size make a difference?

A. None whatsoever in actual performance. There is no more reason to be ashamed of having a small set than to be proud of having a big one.

Q. But how large should a television set be?

A. Large enough to see.

Q. Is there anything a man can do to assure his partner's enjoyment of TV watching?

A. Yes. He should make certain that his set is kept in good repair. And he should leave a light on in the room. Since television viewing is one of the healthiest and most basic of human drives, there's no need for embarrassment about it. Some couples, in fact, experience greater enjoyment if they are able to see each other while viewing. Before they begin, however, they should make sure that the man's antenna is positioned at the proper angle and that the set's horizontal and vertical adjustment controls are tuned for the most pleasurable reception. Then they should make themselves comfortable, lean back and enjoy it. Once viewing is under way, of course, it can be helpful to change positions periodically.

Q. Why?

A. It can become not only uncomfortable but dull to watch television in the same position all the time. And each individual finds certain positions more stimulating than others. This doesn't mean that successful television viewing requires a pair of double-jointed acrobats. As a matter of fact, devotees of tantric TV watching—a popular viewing method in the Orient—derive intense and prolonged pleasure from sitting for hours at a time, in close eye contact with the set, without moving a single muscle.

Q. What are some of the positions you mentioned?

A. Most couples prefer viewing from a seated position, usually in the living room, on either a couch or a chair. Others like to watch on the floor, sometimes supported by a strategically placed cushion, sometimes with the man behind the woman. And a few actually do it in bed. Some adventurous (continued on page 158)

Explained by Ben Masselink

ripping the veil of secrecy from a taboo topic, a tv authority's frank replies to hitherto unanswered questions about man's favorite pastime point the way to greater viewing satisfaction
parody

HE: "Pamela, these hors d'oeuvres really look together—especially the halibut-and-apple salad. Reminds me of Waldorf. I've had a suite in the Towers for years, you know. Great room service and the view is outasight."

SHE: "Oh?"



HE: "Now, here's a tasty little nibble. Hmm, herring in curry, I'd say. I once owned a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir and my pukkah-wallah used to whip up something similar. These are better, of course—because you're here."

SHE: "Flatterer!"



HE: "Try this bacalao fritter! The Portuguese certainly can turn a hunk of codfish into a work of art. Juanita, the cook at my villa in the Algarve, couldn't do better. And she's crazy about visitors. . . ."

SHE: "Well. . . ."



HE: "This pâté is the best I've had since Jackie and Ari's Aegean blast last year. If you'd like to meet them, it's no problem at all."

SHE: "Really?"



HE: "Smoked-eel-and-cabbage salad—delicious! It's got the same tangy touch of the sea as the canapés the Aga set out the last time I was in Sardinia. After the tourists leave, the island's practically my second home. And it's almost around the corner by jet."

SHE: "Imagine that."



HE: "Take a bite of this! Tongue, ham and mushrooms, I'll bet. Dad often serves it down on his Virginia farm just after a Saturday hunt. You must look great in riding pinks."

SHE: "Whoa!"



HE: "And, speaking of Virginia, we've got this apple orchard you've got to see to believe. This beet, apple and onion salad is unbelievable, too."

SHE: "Right on."



conversation pieces

*selected hors d'oeuvres
to make your next cocktail party
the talk of the town*

food

By THOMAS MARIO

THERE'S A VERY GOOD REASON why the urban host is a firm believer in the positive power of hors d'oeuvres. Called on to entertain at any hour of the day or night, he finds them perfect party provender before or after sunset, sunrise, theater, the big game, a movie, a sail—you name the pleasure. One of the greatest attractions of hors d'oeuvres is their seemingly infinite adaptability. You can—as they do in Italy—serve a single hot hors d'oeuvre, such as a roll stuffed with fontina cheese and baked, as the first course of a dinner. You can easily assemble a plate of curried herring in sour cream with black bread and butter to offer to visitors who have arrived 'twixt meals. Or you can combine prepared hors d'oeuvres from a gourmet shop—anything from Japanese smoked mussels to Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras*—with appetizers of your own making. When served as snacks already perched on crackers, squares of black bread or pieces of toast, they're great for enjoying while martinis are in hand and conversation is in full swing.

The most inspired sources of hors d'oeuvres are the Mediterranean countries, which draw on the creations of French, Italian and Spanish kitchens, and the Scandinavian countries, represented by the glories of the smorgasbord. Both schools believe that appetite, even when it's lackadaisical, is often accelerated by eating, provided foods are vividly flavored, freshly made or freshly turned from jar or can. The dedicated smorgasbord who sets out to make a tongue, ham and mushroom salad will use only prime smoked beef tongue, freshly cooked and sliced, and ham that would be an eye opener in its own right if served alone. And it's impossible to imagine a Scandinavian kitchen without fresh dill or sour cream. The French *hors d'oeuvrier*, choosing tarragon for his stuffed eggs with lobster, will insist that the leaves of tarragon be garden fresh. If this fresh herb isn't available, he'll resourcefully flavor the eggs with curly fresh parsley, chervil, chives or any other fresh herb that pleases his

HE: "Say, now, melon with prosciutto and ginger. Molto bene! And stuffed eggs with lobster! Lord, do I love lobster! Reminds me of the victory banquet last summer on Martha's Vineyard, when I managed first place in the regatta. You sail, of course."

SHE: "Of course."

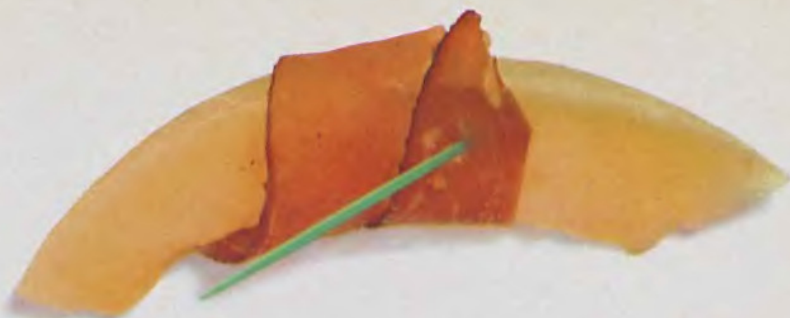
HE: "Ah, Swedish meatballs. What say I introduce you to my sauna? And the sauna the better."

SHE: "Ouch!"

HE: "If you're through with this Finnish dilled salmon and the panini with cheese, let's proceed to the second course—dinner at my place, served by my delightfully discreet manservant."

SHE: "Now, that's tempting . . .

. . . but our host's marvelous hors d'oeuvres will hold me. He's too modest about his culinary skill—but you wouldn't know about modesty, would you? Besides, I promised I'd stay to tidy up—and serve him breakfast in bed in the morning. . . ."



fancy and enhances the lobster. Both schools lean more heavily on seafood than on meat. While cold appetizers normally outnumber the hot, the latter usually make their presence felt. A guaranteed attention getter is a casserole of hot Swedish meatballs in paprika sauce or a platter of light codfish fritters from Iberian cookery.

If there's a single ingredient that distinguishes the hors d'oeuvres of sunny southern Europe, it's the olive and the rich oil extracted from it. Actually, the offerings of olives in all their sizes, forms and colors—including green, mottled green, purple and black—are often more varied in American shops than they are in those of their native countries. While the most attractive olives on the shelves are packed in simple salt water, connoisseurs know that they reach their peak of flavor when mixed with olive oil. It takes only an overnight marinade to make your own combination of olives and oil. The quality of olives commercially mixed with oil and packed in jars—sometimes also mixed with peppers, capers and herbs and called olive condite—is often erratic. The olive medley recipe given on page 195, made of whole rather than cracked olives, really ennobles the fruit that has been titillating appetites for no fewer than 37 centuries.

When hors d'oeuvres are being considered as an end in themselves, nothing is better for keeping the appetite aglow than a chilled dry white wine. In recent years, Frenchmen have learned to drink Scotch or bourbon with their hors d'oeuvres; Italians and Spaniards prefer an aperitif wine or a bitter aperitif cocktail. The Norseman will precede his visit to the smorgasbord with ice-cold aquavit or vodka, but, reverting to his viking ancestry, he'll soon turn to beer.

How the smorgasbord—meaning sandwich table—came into being is anybody's guess. But the legend we like best is the simple explanation that it was originally a community party in which each couple made its own contribution to the table; the more guests, the more sumptuous the array of foods on the smorgasbord. Today, the host is left to his own devices, which is all to the good, we say, since he should be the master of his party.

To help you prove yourself a provident master, we offer the following, designed to pique or assuage eight discerning appetites.

HERRING IN CURRY

- 16 ozs. matjes herring fillets
- 2 cups sour cream
- 1 medium-size onion, grated
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice

Cut herring crosswise into 1/2-in. strips. If very salty, soak in cold water overnight, drain and wipe dry. Mix herring with all other ingredients. Chill well before serving.

DANISH CHEESE BOARD

You may have to go to a cheese specialty shop, but the imported Danish cheeses such as samsoe, tilsiter, esrom and blue have a buttery, mature flavor that is unsurpassed for smorgasbord. Provide at least 3 chunks of cheese weighing about 3/4 lb. each, removed from the refrigerator at least an hour before serving.

SMOKED EEL, CABBAGE SALAD

- 1 1/2 lbs. smoked eel
- 1 quart plus 1 pint finely shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped until stiff
- 1 teaspoon horseradish
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper

Smoked eel is at its best when freshly delivered from the smokehouse. Buy it at a shop that receives a fresh stock frequently.

Cut eel into 1/2-in. chunks. In a mixing bowl, combine cream, horseradish, mustard, lemon juice, sugar, salt and pepper; add cabbage and toss well. Place cabbage salad on serving plate or bowl; arrange eel on top.

TONGUE, HAM AND MUSHROOM SALAD

- 1/2 lb. sliced smoked beef tongue
- 1/2 lb. sliced cooked or canned ham
- 1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms
- 3 medium-size carrots
- 3 medium-size pieces celery
- 1 Spanish onion
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon finely minced fresh dill
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Salt, pepper

Cut tongue, ham and mushrooms into julienne strips 1 in. long. Boil carrots and celery until barely done, still slightly firm but not raw. Cut both vegetables into thinnest possible julienne strips about 1 in. long. Cut onion in half through stem end; cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices; separate slices to make strips. Place onion in cold water, bring to a boil and remove from fire as soon as water boils; drain well. Combine all ingredients, adding salt and pepper to taste. Chill well.

FINNISH DILLED SALMON

- 2 lbs. fresh salmon
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon crushed whole white pepper
- 1 large bunch (about 20 sprigs) dill

Be sure salmon is absolutely fresh. Have it cut into two fillets, with center bone removed but skin left on. Wash fish and dry well with paper toweling. Combine salt, sugar and pepper. Rub this mixture into all sides of the salmon.

Place a layer of dill in a bowl. Place one fillet skin side down on the dill. Add a layer of dill on top of the fish. Place the second piece of salmon skin side up on top, arranging it so that the thick part fits over the thin part of the bottom piece. Add more dill. Place an inverted plate or a piece of wood on the fish and weight it down with a heavy object. Chill 24 hours, turning fish several times but keeping pieces tightly fitted together. Scrape seasonings off fish and cut into thin diagonal slices. Place on serving plate. Sprinkle generously with chopped fresh dill. Serve ice-cold. May be accompanied by a French dressing, if desired. To some Americans, the flavor of this fish is an acquired taste; to Scandinavians, it's Valhalla.

COLD STUFFED BEETS

- 16 medium-size red beets, canned or freshly boiled
- 1/2 teaspoon caraway seeds
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons vinegar
- Salt, pepper
- 4 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 3 tablespoons butter at room temperature
- 4 teaspoons mayonnaise
- 16 rolled anchovies

If beets are canned, drain well. If freshly boiled, remove skins. Cut a small slice from bottom of each beet, so that it can sit upright. Cut out a small cone from the top of each one, so that it can be stuffed. Chop finely the pieces that have been cut away. Pound caraway seeds in mortar until flavor is released. Combine chopped beets, caraway seeds, 1/4 cup mayonnaise, sugar, vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Spoon onto serving dish. Mash hard eggs by forcing them through a fine sieve. Mix egg with both kinds of mustard, butter and 4 teaspoons mayonnaise, adding salt and pepper to taste. Stuff beets with egg mixture. An easy way is to roll a portion of the mixture lightly between hands and place on top of each beet. Place stuffed beets on serving dish. Top each one with an anchovy and chill.

HALIBUT AND APPLE SALAD

- 2 lbs. fresh halibut, 3/4-in.-thick slices
- 3 cups boiled peeled potatoes, 1/2-in. cubes
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 2 cups apples, peeled, 1/2-in. cubes
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 4 teaspoons vinegar
- 2 teaspoons horseradish
- 2 teaspoons finely minced fresh chives
- Salt, pepper

(continued on page 194)

A color photograph of a woman with dark hair, nude, sitting in a pool of water. She is looking down and smiling slightly. The water is rippling around her. In the background, there are some dark, indistinct shapes that could be furniture or plants.

THE DOLLS OF "BEYOND THE VALLEY"

*russ meyer, the cecil b. de mille
of the skin flicks, has stocked his
screen sequel to the best-selling
potboiler with gorgeous creatures
—including two of our own play-
mates—and bizarre carryings-on*

As uninhibited lovers, Gina Dair and Russ Peak wander away from the main action at a party—and create their own in a private pool.

SINCE 1959, Russ Meyer has produced and directed sexploitation films well enough to earn him a dubious title: "King of the Skin Flicks." Prior to Meyer, nudie-movie makers relied for subject matter on piously salacious studies of such hackneyed anti-heroines as unhappy nymphomaniacs and remorseful Lesbians. Meyer changed all that by hyping the formula with hokey melodrama and a bawdy sense of humor; more important, he filled the screen with a cascade of cleavage and eclipsed his competitors' sleazy products with skillful cinematography and superior production. As a result, Meyer's films—24 in all—have never failed to earn at least four times their cost. From his very first production, *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, to such epidermal epics as *Mud Honey*, *Motor*

Psycho, *Eve and the Handyman* and *Finders Keepers*, *Lovers Weepers*, Meyer proved he could fill almost any downtown theater that doubled as a cheap place to sleep. Then, last year, along came *Vixen*, which he shot for a shoestring \$72,000—and which has thus far grossed more than \$6,000,000 in first-run moviehouses. *Vixen*'s success caught the eye of Hollywood's major studios, many of which were—and still are—floundering about for quick bucks to bail them out of near bankruptcy. After seeing the film, 20th Century-Fox's Richard Zanuck said, "If he can produce those values for that kind of money, we need him here." Meyer was signed forthwith to a multipicture contract, and the first of his \$2,000,000 productions—huge for him, modest for Fox—is *Beyond the*

England's Dolly Read (below and near right), as rock musician Kelly MacNomara, was one of the original Bunnies to staff the London Playboy Club. Dolly has worked steadily in TV (most recently in *Bracken's World*) since her May 1966 *Playmate* appearance.



Morcia McBroom (right center) was signed to her first acting role when producer-director Meyer spotted her in an October 1969 *Life* pictorial on leading black models. Right: Morcia crowds into bed with Cynthia Myers and both unsuccessfully try to sleep while Dolly Read attends to a bit of late-night home entertaining.



Cynthia Myers (right and below, in a dressing-room scene with Marcia McBroom) received a spate of TV and screen offers soon after the publication of her December 1968 Playmate story. One of them led to her very first try at acting—a role in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*



Valley of the Dolls, which will reach the screen this fall. A predictably prurient follow-up to the big-box-office potboiler, it traces the rise and fall of The Carrie Nations, an all-girl rock trio. Two members of the group are portrayed by Playmates; 25-year-old Dolly Read graced our centerfold in May 1966 and 20-year-old Cynthia Myers in December 1968. The third is played by Marcia McBroom, a 21-year-old fashion model. After an opening-scene sneak preview of two grisly murders, *Valley* begins with The Carrie Nations playing at a high school prom. In a motel room after the dance, Kelly MacNamara (Miss Read) decides that the group will split for Los Angeles, where she plans to claim from an aunt a portion of her family's \$1,000,000 estate. The aunt, who turns out to be the *au courant* proprietress of a hip ad agency, takes the girls to a Hollywood version of a Hollywood party, where they're "discovered" by the rock impresario who is always present at such occasions. The girls, of course, immediately achieve national prominence; and, almost as rapidly, they slide in and out of love—and bed—with a procession of male and female partners. Jealousies, both professional and (text concluded on page 128)



In *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, Cynthia portrays rock singer Casey Anderson, who, after drunkenly bedding down with her trio's ubiquitous manager (David Gurian, above), becomes a confirmed lesbian. Says Cynthia, "In the movie, I have one love scene with a man and another with a woman. I treated both as a job—that's all acting is."





Enticing Erica Gavin was a minor sensation in *Vixen* when she seduced her brother and his best friend, a fisherman, his wife and even a Northwest Mounted policeman. In *Valley*, Miss Gavin portrays a libidinous bisexual fashion designer who (above) becomes aroused while helping one of her models dress. At a pot party (below), Miss Gavin notices Cynthia Myers and (bottom) wins her in a lesbian love scene.



One of the movie's more exotic and erotic sights is Haji (below), whose body is painted black in preparation for a Valley party sequence. A half-Filipino born in Alaska, Haji has appeared in such vintage Russ Meyer skin flicks as *Good Morning and Goodbye* and *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*



Three attractive new faces—and forms—in *Valley* belong to (right, top to bottom): Joyce Rees, featured in such TV series as *Mission: Impossible* and *Ironside*; Pam Grier, 21-year-old cousin of pro footballer Rosey Grier; and Veronica Erickson, a Manhattan stockbroker now breaking into films.

Statuesque Edy Williams (far right) portrays Ashley St. Ives, an authoress whose sex novels are based on firsthand research. In the sequence below right, she invites David Gurian (who merits a medal for endurance) into the back seat of a Rolls-Royce, then seduces him. As she approaches orgasm, Ashley—a connoisseur of cars—mutters memorably, "There's nothing like a Rolls . . . nothing . . . not even a Bentley!"



In *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, Gina Dair (above left) displays the formidable figure that has established her as one of the best-paid nude models on the West Coast. A 24-year-old Hawaiian, Gina spends most of her free time surfing at beaches in the Los Angeles area. Miss Dair's last film role was opposite Don Knotts in *The Love God*, a tepid comedy about a girlie-magazine publisher who's still a virgin.



Below: With her part in *Valley*, Bebe Louis, of Chinese, Dutch and Portuguese ancestry, has now played the same number of film cameos as her age: 21.



Above: Missourion Cissie Colpitts, 18, has been in Hollywood for less than a year and has two movies to her credit—*Valley* and *The Grasshopper*.

Two more of *Valley's* comely cast members are Samantha Scott (below), who joined the Russ Meyer production directly after her appearance in *M.A.S.H.*, and Angel Roy (right). A native of North Carolina, Miss Ray went to Los Angeles a few years ago determined to forge a show-business career—which started when she became a topless dancer. In *Valley*, Angel is featured in a provocative Hollywood-party scene. When first encountered, she is beginning an action evening by sharing a bubble bath with Ian Sander. After sudsing, Ian dresses, but Angel merely towels off before joining the manic assemblage. Miss Ray, who measures a shapely 38-24-36, then exhibits the talents (and assets) any go-go girl would give her pasties for, much to the delight of partygoers—and the movie audience.



amorous, involving an assortment of satanic swingers, eventually crescendo in the film's improbable climax: four murders, three weddings and one nearly successful suicide attempt. Like Meyer's other flicks, *Valley* is a lusty, lightheaded entertainment that offers ample opportunities to watch a number of extravagantly endowed beauties in the throes of polymorphous passion. Meyer boasts, in fact, that his next sex saga—Irving Wallace's *The Seven Minutes*—will feature twice as many (count 'em) acts of intercourse as his long-green *Valley*. If he makes good on that boast, Meyer could conceivably put Fox back into the black—but he may also drive stag-movie makers out of business.



Angel Ray appears *au naturel* throughout her movie debut, except when she briefly dons a diaphanous peignoir—apparently so that Ian Sander, who plays a hedonistic hippie, can remove it. Ian (above), not easily distracted by crowds, then makes love to her while the party is in progress. Later (below), Angel insists they retire to a bedroom, where the two continue their energetic intimacies in private.





on location *they were filming a television commercial in manhattan when the enemy attacked, crying "death to the manipulators!"*

fiction By THOMAS BAUM LAST NIGHT I fall asleep while reading over the script and when I wake up this morning, I am lying on my white-leather couch in my living room (I have a brownstone in the East 30s) and the clock reads ten o'clock. This means I am already late on the set, since the call is for 10:15. By now, all the streets from my house to the Central Park boat pond will be clogged with film crews and it will take about an hour by car. By rights I should walk, but I feel like a ride this morning. I call the agency and there's a limousine waiting outside my brownstone by the time I'm dressed and ready. I'm wearing the suit I wear in the commercial. A fine spring day. I tell the driver Central Park and we set off. As expected, it takes about an hour cross-town, but I use the time to go over the



CONSTRUCTION BY JAMES HIGA

script once more and then just sit back and enjoy the view. On every cross street there are cameras, crowds and cable, falling past like pencils rolling off a table. Arc lamps blaze holes in the sunlight. On Fifth Avenue, we turn (they have made Fifth Avenue one-way uptown again) and the big productions swing into view. In Rockefeller Plaza, they are shooting a whimsical savings-and-loan commercial; people are throwing money into the fountain and every few seconds, a teller surfaces and makes change. The crowd seems to be loving it. Across from St. Patrick's, they are holding man-in-the-street interviews and volunteers are lined up on 50th all the way to Madison Avenue. Zenith is videotaping a spot in its own showroom at 53rd and Fifth: Here the crowd is being asked to watch itself on the TVs in the window. In front of the G.M. building, I notice a group from GS&C, the agency that gave me my first acting job. They are shooting a crowd scene, too, and I see one of the producers handing out delicatessen numbers. A camera car rides our tail for two blocks, getting some limousine footage, then swerves around us, the cameraman saluting. Now 131

we are at Central Park and I notice Revlon has booked the zoo. There is a huge crowd here, as well, and throughout the park. The cops are on hand to ensure order, but the people seem as cooperative and contented as ever, the more so in retrospect, inasmuch as the grumblers—that envious minority that circulates through all location crowds, complaining about the traffic, the noise, the lights, the humming of the cameras and the expropriation of public property—must at this moment be massing secretly in some location of their own.

I think how it must have looked from the air, the swarms of malcontents marching on the boat pond, like ants converging on a drop of syrup. (Our location is among the first to be attacked.) When I get there, around noon, everything is still proceeding normally. The Groom & Clean reps have just arrived, so my lateness goes unnoticed. Edie is there, already in her mermaid costume and waiting to be transported to her rock. They are going to shoot her alone first, and then, as the script has it, I row over in a rowboat and we have a little conversation about the product. The problem just now is with Edie's rock, which the Groom & Clean reps are worried doesn't give off enough reflection, so the crew is hosing it with glycerin. Edie, squirming around in her mermaid costume, looks about to throw a sulk. When I go over, though, I see she is not so much impatient or sulky as, for some reason, scared.

"Well, let them get the thing right and we can all go home," I say.

"Something weird going on," she says.

"Like what?"

"I just don't want to be here. I don't know what it is."

"Is it the costume? It's a nice costume."

"I just have this weird feeling."

That's all the warning we have. We wait as everything is moved up, the cameras, the lights, the reflectors, and the crowd gathers at the shore line, out of range, eating their lunch out of paper bags. The make-up people come and put the stuff in my hair, with the FTC guy hovering to make sure it's the real thing, right out of the tube. I'm not in the first shot, so I wander off up a nearby slope to watch. Some people in the crowd start to follow me, thinking the next setup will be on the hill, where I'm going, but I assure them no, pointing to the rowboats, and they go back to watch Edie. So I'm alone, looking down on the boat pond, with a view of other locations in the park—Salem and Clairol and Pepsi—and I'm the first to spot the attackers. I don't even know what to call them. The enemy? Long lines strung back toward Fifth. What the crew on the

ground sees are a few noisy latecoming spectators, maybe a few grumblers, but from the slope where I am, it's the organized aspect that is obvious, and then I see the weapons. I can't believe it. Guns. Not all of the attackers have guns, but a lot of them do and they are converging on Salem and Clairol and Pepsi and on all of us at the pond. Little by little, it is dawning on the people below. I manage to signal to one of the cops, who starts over with some men. Then in the distance, I hear one of the attackers, one of the enemy leaders, cry out: "Are the cops the only ones preventing you from entering this location?" "No!" the yell comes back, enthusiastic, obedient, followed by a confused pause, and then the voice of the leader trying again: "Aren't they? Listen, now. I say, aren't the cops the only ones keeping you from this location?" "Yes!" comes the answer, the correct one this time, and cries of "Death to the expropriators!" "Death to the image makers!" "Death to the manipulators!" Our people, the crew, the Groom & Clean reps, are running for cover, while the first attackers to reach the location are timidly overturning canvas chairs, still not sure of the procedure and looking around at the leaders for instructions. But nobody is stopping them, the cops, who have never seen such a thing, are slow to respond and the attack is gathering momentum. One of the propmen is blowing a whistle. I try to make an inconspicuous descent from the slope. As I climb down, baboon fashion, something lands with a splash in the pond; they are starting to throw things in, a light stand, a coil of wire. There is a crackle of bad electricity and the pond gives off a puff of smoke. This is real trouble. Our people are milling around in confusion. The invaders have begun to intimidate the bystanders, thrusting guns into their hands and commanding them to join the assault. Another splash, I look behind me and see a camera crane being wheeled to the side of the pond and tipped in, and then comes the unmistakable sound of human bodies being thrown to the waters. I look around for Edie and then I see her. Two of the leaders are trying to carry her off, as though she were a trophy, but she is flailing around in her mermaid costume and the two men are finding her a slippery catch. I run toward her. The costume has come unzipped: One breast is exposed. I lunge at one of the leaders. He drops Edie and wheels around, getting tangled in his gun strap. His eyes light up and I see I am a trophy, too. I grab the other leader around the neck and he lets go of Edie, who is free now, running across the grass to where my

limousine is parked; in the next moment, I pull loose from the second attacker, hearing a shot go off above my head, and soon I am in the car, our location a shambles behind us. We are heading back toward Fifth, my whole body tingling. Edie is shaking. When I get hold of myself, I flip on the TV. A news helicopter is swooping low over midtown; it is clear the trouble has spread to nearly every location. But Edie and I can see this for ourselves, out the window. As we turn onto Fifth, a crowd surges out of the zoo, with a Revlon model borne aloft on several pairs of hands. Ahead, on 66th Street, a Chef Boy-ar-dee Pizza car is aflame, with an actor inside. Edie, her nipple flattened against the windowpane, cries out in horror.

"Call somebody," she says, clutching my sleeve. "Are they going to let these people just do this? Where are all the police?"

"Caught napping, I guess." I try the car phone. One line is dead. I hang up and try again. This time I get an open line, but an actress imitating an operator repeats the words directory assistance three times; I hear a voice in the background say, "Cut."

"They're pretty smart," I say. "Some of the locations they're leaving alone. Letting us strangle in our own cable. As it were."

"How can you be so smug about it?"

"Am I?"

"It's all your fault," she says.

"Why my fault?"

"You should have seen it coming," she says, tugging at her mermaid costume.

"So we could have joined the right side?"

"Yes. All right. Why, did you like being an actor so much?"

"You're speaking in the past tense."

"With your hair full of grease. And me in this idiot costume." She shakes her head, biting back an inadvertent smile. We are nearing my house in the East 30s now, the driver steering a course through unruly crowds. "I can't believe it. And we're sitting here arguing—almost joking—about it."

"I guess this is the time we do joke," I reply. The truth is, I am sexually aroused. There is a sound of gunfire in the distance. My head is snapping with it. I suppose I still don't believe it's happening, though as we get out of the car in front of my house, recalling that Edie and I are special targets, I am careful to look both ways before heading up the stairs. At the head of my street, a camera car has been forced to the curb by a group of attackers. Shielding Edie, I open the front door. We go inside. I lock

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA

DENIM DOES IT

*an erstwhile workaday
fabric takes a great
fashion leap forward*

By ROBERT L. GREEN

IT'S OBVIOUS that denim has deftly made the move from engineer's garb to ultra-casual jeans to warm-weather wear elegantly suitable for the club car. Our man's striped cotton denim single-breasted suit features trousers with double front pleats and wide straight legs, \$105; the cotton denim shirt has double-button cuffs and white metal buttons that match the suit's, \$17, both by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear; silk twill bow tie, by Berkley Cravats, \$6.50.





SOKOL

THE LADIES were sitting in the boudoir, which was sweetly scented and delightfully warm. The flames played in the fireplace, almost giving movement to the figures painted on the folding screen. The ladies were playing a kind of card game that the English call pinochle and the French, *mariage*. Between the deals, they amused themselves with talk of a particularly spicy divorce case, the newest and liveliest scandal in town. It was thus that they didn't notice when the cards in their hands began to converse among themselves.

"How this game tortures me!" said the jack of hearts. "My heart trembles and burns at the soft pressure of these slim, beautiful fingers. And my lance is erect, but I can't thrust it home."

"That's our fate for being German cards," replied the ace of hearts. "What irony that they call this game *mariage*! Everybody knows that there isn't a single lady in our bachelor deck. Against the very laws of nature, our kings have to form unions with their jacks. A sad state of affairs for everybody—except, perhaps, for that sow who disgraces the ace of diamonds."

"Bah! triumph! How true!" rumbled the old ace of clubs in his Falstaffian voice. "Everybody thinks we run rampant among females just because our coat of arms bears the noble acorn shape. Nonsense. In fact, my son is wasting his manhood. I've decided this very day to send him to Paris, the capital of the French, which is famous for its absolutely beautiful women. There he'll find a bride who suits him. I may even go along to help him choose."

Thus, the ace of clubs and his son, the jack, set out on the journey with a fine retinue, their bold symbol adorning the banners that were borne in the van.

In Paris, they alighted at the Ritz, partly because it was the last word in luxury, partly because it was full of other playing cards and partly because they considered the central monument of the Place Vendôme so splendid. Among the gay pack of cards that inhabited the hotel—quite unlike the puritanical and military land of the Kaiser—there were several ladies of enchanting beauty, all of whom said "Ooh, la!" and "*Jamais de la vie . . .*" when they saw the German version of the suit of clubs. Such a sight had never been seen quite so openly in France and it piqued the ladies' curiosity. It may even have contributed to the fact that there were soon quite a few love games going on. The queen of hearts was especially taken by the jack of clubs. She loved his bold posture and often murmured, "*C'est vraiment un bâton royal.*"

The old ace of clubs was overjoyed to see this love affair flourish and he hoped for a dynastic union. He invited the French ace of hearts to lunch at Fouquet's and learned that the girl's father was equally pleased. And so, one fine morning, there was a wedding of great pomp and splendor, with all the aces and face cards invited. The drums rolled and six green jacks (in France, they were called *valets*), playing flutes, headed the wedding procession. There was a fanfare of trumpets; the diamond sow grunted harmoniously; and the hound, from her back, barked happily. Neither Mendelssohn nor Wagner had ever composed such a fitting wedding march.

At last, the prince was alone with his lovely queen. The snow-white marriage bed had been perfumed with roses and mimosa. With eager hands, the young man began to undress the trembling bride, pausing only to press his lips against the swelling white breasts and to nibble greedily at the rosy nipples. This inspired him to even greater speed in the unfastening and he quickly got down to serious matters and more mysterious regions.

But what a thunderbolt when the skirts fell away! The southern half was an exact reversed replica of the northern half—the same enchanting head with curling hair, the same long, white neck, the same full breasts swinging slightly as she moved. No slim legs covered with ripe-peach down, no firm thighs, no. . . . The prince was furious. In fact, you might say that the jack was wild. "Madam, we seem to be playing no-trump!" he shouted, as his proud scepter grew limp and hopeless. Then he slapped the queen very hard.

The four eyes of the queen of hearts burst into tears; she wrung four hands; four lovely breasts heaved with her sobbing. She said, in a choked, innocent tone, "But, my lord! In France, no gentleman has ever objected to finding me under his lady's skirts."

—Retold by Paul Tabori



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 64)

There are things worth dying for, but there's a hell of a lot more to *live* for.

PLAYBOY: You mean your struggle to transcend nationalism and its predilection for violence as an instrument of foreign policy?

BAEZ: That's something pretty worth while to live for, don't you think?

PLAYBOY: Yes, but wouldn't you concede that there are a few cultural strengths in nationhood that might be worth preserving?

BAEZ: Like what?

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the U.S. Is there anything specifically American that you feel is worth preserving?

BAEZ: All I can think of is peanut butter.

PLAYBOY: Let's be serious.

BAEZ: Well, America does have some very beautiful places. I've traveled a lot in the world, and when I end up on the West Coast in Big Sur, that caps them all for me. I just love it. That's another reason to get all the more frantic about not wanting everything to be blown to hell in a nuclear war. I'd like to save those beautiful places—but I also want them to be shared. Everybody should be able to see what Big Sur looks like or what the Grand Canyon looks like—until they make a sewage hole out of it or whatever it is they plan on doing. As for the other things that are usually talked of as particularly American—freedom, independence—they're not exclusively American, to say the least. And they're certainly not the dominant values of America just now.

PLAYBOY: What are the qualities of American life and institutions that you feel are least worth saving?

BAEZ: I think I feel most strongly about the schools. I don't know which is worse—kindergarten or graduate school. You see, as I've said, I think action is directly connected with vision. You can't act, you don't know how to act, unless you can really see things; and the trouble with most of us is that our vision has been clipped short in a variety of ways, most notably in school. They put all the emphasis on stupid things. There's no chance in a school—public or private—of dealing with, confronting, really seeing life, death, sex, all the things that would begin to make a person wise, as opposed to being knowledgeable. Look at many of the people who are in the schools. The saddest thing about them is that they're there because they feel impotent anywhere else. "Who'd ever listen to me if I didn't have a Ph.D.?" they ask me. "What would I do if I weren't here? If I drop out, is that equal to being a bum?" That pervasive feeling of impotence means that until people have a real choice of things they want to do, what they do isn't real. And what kind of choice is it when you've gone through life with your parents and everybody else

expecting you to go to college? The pressures on you are so great that you're not really left with a choice. It's the same thing with the Army. So many people are in the Army because they can't bring themselves to see that they have a choice. They're not used to seeing; their vision has been cut off by the way they've been "educated."

PLAYBOY: To what kind of school do you intend to send your child?

BAEZ: I know I won't send my child to public school, and Robert and Christy, the couple I live with, won't send theirs, either. We're going to end up starting our own. You just set up the kind of school you want and, if the system doesn't like it, you go to war, because having your own kind of school is worth a fight. It's going to be easier for us out in the country than it would be if we lived in the middle of Chicago, let's say. But even in that kind of situation, you don't have to be trapped in the existing system if you don't want to be. Staughton Lynd lives in Chicago and he just couldn't bear having his kids in public school there. So he and three or four other people just started their own, shifting from house to house. They've got something like 16 kids involved by now. I think that would be the ideal thing for a lot of people who live in the cities—haul the kids out of those crummy schools and try to work with them yourselves.

PLAYBOY: What kind of school will yours be?

BAEZ: The closest I can come is Summerhill [a private school in Suffolk, England], where each child is allowed to grow and follow what interests him without compulsion, without arbitrary curriculum. A school ought to be a place where children feel they're trusted and respected. Basically, a school ought to be a place where a child is allowed his childhood. The more childhood a child is allowed, the less he's going to have to go on being a child for the rest of his life. I've sent two kids to Summerhill and I could see the transition in them. I sent them when they were ten and now they're thirteen. One, a cousin of mine, was kind of beginning to retreat into himself three years ago. He's part of a welfare family, has three brothers and a sister and, what with that and having to do chores all the time, he was developing a twitch. The other boy wandered into my house with a friend and just stayed. He's also from a family on welfare. Now, either this boy could have chosen to be really sensitive or he could have turned into the town tough. Both sides were very clearly evident.

Well, we packed them off to Summerhill and now they're just beautiful. I saw my cousin recently in Denver and he was putting a little plastic car together, his

hair down to his shoulders. It was like some empty place in him had been filled by his having been able to play and have the time to find out who he was at Summerhill. You can just play for two years and if you decide to go to class, you go to class. The best example of how that works is a kid A. S. Neill, the headmaster, wrote about. He didn't go to a single class for 13 years and then he decided he wanted to be a woodworker. So he crammed into two years the courses in woodworking he would have been given over a six-year period in a regular school. You see, Neill isn't interested in turning out unhappy geniuses. He wants people to come out of there who can find some kind of happiness within themselves and in the way they relate to the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any criticisms of Summerhill?

BAEZ: Well, Neill refuses to inflict anything on the kids. There's no infliction of religion, for example, but—and this is what troubles me—he also doesn't want them to be bothered thinking about the war and the nuclear-arms race. That seems unreal to me. I don't see the point of trying to hide it from kids. But Neill feels Summerhill is an island where he can give 60 kids a year freedom from what he calls "the bombastards"—the rest of the world. He thinks we—the world—haven't got long to go. But I don't see this as really protecting the kids. That approach means evading reality.

PLAYBOY: Is your own school, the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence, still in existence?

BAEZ: Oh, yes. It's growing and it's getting more exciting. When we began, people in the school didn't talk much about resistance to the draft. But while we were in Carmel Valley, we began to get lots of refugees from Fort Ord, the Army installation there. And gradually, more people have come who are greatly concerned with resistance. At an Easter session last year, for example, there were eight guys, and by the end of the ten days, I don't think there was one of those eight who wasn't going to either turn his card in or refuse to register. That sort of thing happens continually at the institute now. Most have thought about it before, but there are others to whom the possibility of really resisting never occurred. However, when you have the chance to spend a period of time in which you do nothing but think and learn and reflect—really dig what you and life are about—then there are certain conclusions most people come up with. And the school has another effect. Some who have been there often go on to function as resource people for groups around the country that want to start

(continued on page 152)

article **By JESSE FRANK FROSCH** *a military-intelligence officer reveals and analyzes the convergence of forces, tensions, events and decisions that lead to such horrors as the my lai slaughter—and the policy of silence that follows*

IN A LETTER dated March 29, 1969, Ronald L. Ridenhour—a student at Claremont Men's College in California and a former Army specialist, fourth class, in Vietnam—wrote to the President of the United States, the Secretary of Defense and 23 members of Congress that, as a result of private conversations with men he knew in Vietnam, "It became impossible for me to disbelieve that something rather dark and bloody did, indeed, occur sometime in March 1968 in a village called Pinkville in the Republic of Vietnam."

On March 17, 1970, two years and one day after what is now known as the My Lai incident, Lieutenant General William R. Peers—appointed by the Army to head a panel studying the alleged suppression of the

facts of the massacre—told the press, "Our inquiry clearly established that a tragedy of major proportions occurred there on that day." In the wake of these investigations and the similarity of their grisly conclusions, the Army has charged four low-ranking officers and several enlisted men with the atrocities and 14 other officers—including two generals, one the superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point—with suppression of facts in the case.

The second group of charges can result in individual sentences of no more than three years at hard labor, in the event of conviction, and the death penalty can be invoked for those proved guilty of murder. But the charges of suppression in the long run may well be the

ANATOMY OF A MASSACRE



CONFIDENTIAL



most damaging to the Army. Over the succession of war years, fragments of evidence indicating brutality by American forces toward Vietnamese civilians have circulated, gained currency, seen infrequent exposure in the media and even resulted in occasional disciplinary action by the military. But the episodes revealed were generally assumed to represent aberrations resulting from the extreme stresses of combat, particularly the ugly sort of action that characterizes the Vietnam war. Barbarism was thought to be the unspeakable exception, the kind of tragic eruption that commanders and policy makers would never condone.

But the fact is that the decisions of commanders and policy makers led to the events in My Lai on March 16, 1968. The premises and assumptions of the war, the tactics employed in combat and the very nature of the military system made the event inevitable and left to chance only the location, time and individuals involved. The jittery young troops of Task Force Barker, with only 85 days in Vietnam, and the peasants of Song My village (which includes the My Lai cluster of hamlets) had their gory confrontation because of a series of miscalculations and deceptions that can be traced to general policy of the war in Vietnam and to those who formulated and implemented it. I can say this because I was in a position to watch the My Lai episode unfold—step by sorry step.

At the time of the massacre, I was a military-intelligence officer assigned to the advisory team in Quang Ngai Province, where Song My is located. My former commanding officer now stands charged with failure to obey lawful regulations, dereliction in the performance of his duties and false testimony. The intelligence evaluation of the My Lai situation (called the order of battle) and the after-action report submitted by the unit involved in the atrocity were contradictory, and everyone with access to both documents knew it. Anyone with full knowledge of the situation had to assume a serious intelligence error or an inordinate number of civilian casualties as a result of the My Lai operation. No other conclusions were possible. For this reason, two general officers, three full colonels, two lieutenant colonels, three majors and four captains have been charged with suppression of evidence. The lesson of the My Lai massacre is not only that young Americans thrown into combat can react in a barbaric fashion but that their superiors, knowingly or unknowingly, are likely to cover up such actions. A chilling reciprocity.

That the lesson was learned because of events in Quang Ngai Province is fitting; among the 44 provinces in Vietnam, it is perhaps the best microcosm for all the mistakes, deceptions, cruelties and insanities that have made the war the ugly

STEP LIGHTLY *a combat infantryman describes the*

By TIM O'BRIEN THE BOUNCING BETTY is feared most. It is a common mine. It leaps out of its nest in the earth; and when it hits its apex, it explodes, reliable and deadly. If a fellow is lucky and if the mine is in an old emplacement, having been exposed to the rains, he may notice its three prongs jutting out of the clay. The prongs serve as the Bouncing Betty's firing device. Step on them and he will hear a muffled explosion; that's the initial charge sending the mine on its one-yard flight into the sky. He takes another step and begins the next and his backside is bleeding and he's dead. They call it "ol' step and a half."

More destructive than the Bouncing Betty but not so prevalent are booby-trapped mortar and artillery rounds. They hang from trees; they nestle in shrubbery; they lie under the sand; they wait beneath the mud floors of huts. Chip, a black buddy of mine from Orlando, strayed into a hedgerow and triggered a rigged 105 artillery round. He died in such a way that, for once, you could never know his color. There was Shorty, a volatile fellow so convinced that the mines would take him that he spent a month A. W. O. L. He came back to the field last July, still unsure of it all. One day, when it was very hot, he sat on a booby-trapped 155 round.

When a man is ordered to march through areas such as Pinkville—GI slang for Song My, parent village of My Lai—the Batangan Peninsula or the Athletic Field, appropriately named for its flat acreage of grass and rice paddy, when a man steps about these pieces of ground, he does some thinking. He hallucinates. He looks ahead a few paces and wonders what his legs will resemble if there is more to the earth in that spot than silicates and nitrogen. Will the pain be great? Will he scream or fall silently? Will he be afraid to look at his own body, afraid of what the sight will be? He wonders if the medic remembered his morphine. He wonders if his friends will weep.

It is not easy to fight this sort of self-defeating fear, but he tries. He decides to be ultracareful—the hard-nosed, realistic approach. He tries to second-guess the mine. Should he put his foot on that flat rock or the clump of weed at its rear? Paddy dike or water? He wishes he were Tarzan, able to swing with the vines. He tries to trace the footprints of the man to his front. He gives it up when that man curses him for following too closely; better one man dead than two.

The moment-to-moment, step-to-step decision making preys on a fellow's mind. The effect sometimes is paralysis. He is slow to rise from rest breaks. He walks like a wooden man, a toy soldier from Victor Herbert's *Babes in Toyland*. Contrary to military and parental training, he walks with his eyes pinned to the dirt, spine arched and he's shivering, shoulders hunched. If he is not overwhelmed by complete catatonia, he may react as Jess did on the day he was told to police up one of his friends, victim of an anti-personnel mine. Afterward, as dusk fell, Jess was swinging his entrenching tool like a madman, sweating and crying and hollering. He dug a foxhole four feet into the clay. He sat in it and cried. Everyone—all his friends and all the officers—was very quiet and not a person said anything; no one comforted him until it was very dark. Then, to stop the noise, one man at a time would talk to him, saying they understood and that tomorrow it would all be over. They said they would get him to the rear, find him a job driving a truck or painting fences.

"It's more than the fear of death that chews on your mind," one soldier, 19 years old, eight months in the field, said. "It's an absurd combination of certainty and uncertainty: the certainty that you're walking in mine fields, walking past the things day after day; the uncertainty of your every movement, of which way to shift your weight, of where to sit down."

"There are so many ways the V. C. can do it. So many configurations, so many types of camouflage to hide them. I'm ready to go home."

The kid is right:

- The M-14 anti-personnel mine, nicknamed the "toe popper." It will take a hunk out of your foot. Smitty lost a set of toes. Another man who is now just a blur of gray eyes and brown hair—he was with us for only a week—said goodbye to his perfectly serviceable left heel.

- The booby-trapped grenade. Picture a bushy shrub along the path your C. O. has sent you. Picture a tin can secured to the shrub, open end directed toward the trail. Inside the can is a hand grenade, safety pin removed, so that only the can's metal circumference prevents the "spoon," or firing handle, from jumping off the grenade and detonating it. Finally, a trip wire, extending across the pathway, perhaps six inches above the dirt, is attached to the grenade. Hence,

numbing terror of the v. c. mine fields at my lai

when your delicate size-eight foot caresses that wire, the grenade is yanked from its container, releasing the spoon and creating problems for you and your future.

- The Soviet TMB and the Chinese anti-tank mines. Although designed to detonate under the pressure of heavy vehicles, the anti-tank mine is known to have shredded more than one soldier.

- The directional-fragmentation mine. The concave-faced directional mine contains from 450 to 800 steel fragments embedded in a matrix and backed by an explosive charge—TNT or petnam. The mine is “aimed” at your anticipated route of march. Your counterpart in uniform, a gentle young man, crouches in the jungle, just off the trail. When you are in range, he squeezes his electronic firing device. The effects of the mine are similar to those of a 12-gauge shotgun fired at close range. United States Army training manuals describe this country’s equivalent device, the Claymore Mine: “It will allow for wider distribution and use, particularly in large cities. It will effect considerable savings in materials and logistics.” In addition, they call the mine cold-blooded.

- The corrosive-action car killer. The CACK is nothing more than a grenade, its safety pin extracted and spoon held in place by a rubber band. It is deposited in your gas tank. Little boys and men of the cloth are particularly able to maneuver next to an unattended vehicle and do the deed—beneath a universal cloak of innocence. The corrosive action of the gasoline eats away the rubber band, releasing the spoon, blowing you up in a week or less. Although it is rarely confronted by the footborne infantryman, the device gives the rear-echelon mine finder (REMF) something to ponder as he delivers the general’s laundry.

In the three days that I have been writing this, mines and men have come together three more times. Seven more legs are out there; also, another arm.

The immediacy of the last explosion—three legs, ten minutes ago—makes me ready to burn the midsection of this report, the flippant itemization of these killer devices. Hearing over the radio what I just did, only enough for a flashing memory of what it is all about, makes the *Catch-22* jokes into a cemetery of half-truths. “Orphan 22, Orphan 22, this is Yankee 22!” Radio operator’s shrill voice. “Orphan 22, this is . . . this is Yankee 22 . . . mine, mine. Two guys . . . legs are off . . . I say again, legs off . . . request urgent dust-off, grid 711888 . . . urgent . . . give me E. T. A. . . get that damn bird.” Tactical Operations Center: “You’re coming in distorted . . . Yankee 22? Say again . . . speak slowly . . . understand you need dust-off?” Pause. “This is Yankee 22 . . . for Chri . . . ake . . . need chopper . . . two men, legs are. . .”

But only to say another truth will I let the half-truths stand. The catalog of mines will be retained, because that is how soldiers talk about them, with a funny laugh, as a joke, flippantly, with a chuckle. It is funny. It’s absurd.

Patent absurdity. The troops are beginning to go home and the war has not been won, even with a quarter of the United States Army fighting it. We slay one of them, hit a mine, kill another, hit another mine. *Ad nauseam, infinitum; reductio ad absurdum*. It is funny. We walk through the mines, trying to catch the Viet Cong 48th Battalion like an inexperienced hunter after a hummingbird. He finds us far more often than we do him. He is hidden among the mass of civilians or in tunnels or in jungles. So we walk to find him, stalking the mythical 48th Battalion from here to there to here to there. And each piece of ground left behind is his from the moment we are gone on our next hunt. It is not a war fought for territory, not for pieces of land that will be won and held. Moreover, it is certainly not a war fought to win the hearts of the Vietnamese nationals, not in the wake of contempt drawn on our faces and on theirs, not in the wake of a burning village, a trampled rice paddy, a battered detainee. If land is not won and if hearts are at best left indifferent; if the only obvious criterion of military success is body count and if the enemy absorbs losses as he has, still able to lure us amid his crop of mines; if soldiers are being withdrawn, with more to go later and later and later; if legs make me more of a man, and they surely do, my soul and character and capacity to love notwithstanding; if any of this is truth, a soldier can only do his walking, laughing along the way and taking a funny, crooked step.

After the war, he can begin to be bitter. Those who point at and degrade his bitterness, those who say it’s all a part of war and that it is a job that has to be done—to those patriots I will recommend a post-war vacation to this land, where they can swim in the sea, lounge under a fine sun, stroll in the quaint countryside, wife and son in hand. Certainly, there will be a mine or two still in the earth.

thing it is. Quang Ngai is one of the most heavily populated of Vietnam’s provinces and, therefore, a logical battleground in a war for “hearts and minds.” Every new gimmick or quick solution to the war was tried there, starting in 1962 with the disastrous Strategic Hamlet program, which separated the peasants from important sources of spiritual strength: their homes and the graves of their ancestors. In 1965, Quang Ngai was the target of Operation Starlight, the first major American offensive. The war dragged on and casualties mounted, but Viet Cong strength remained stubbornly high, leading to tactics of frustration. Heavy aerial and artillery bombardments ripped at suspected enemy concentrations and hamlets. Much of the fire was simply blind, aimed at whoever might be in the area. The U. S. employed foreign mercenaries; in fact, some of the most highly paid in the history of warfare, South Korean marines, who treated the civilians of Quang Ngai with the contempt not only of hired soldiers but also of an ethnic group that feels superior to other Asians. The CIA tried to “solve” the Viet Cong problem in the province, using its standard tools of espionage, infiltration and assassination, and backing them with an almost limitless amount of arrogance and cash. After all of these attempts at pacifying the province had failed, American infantrymen who fought the battles and suffered the casualties took the course that futility seemed to dictate as necessary: They assumed everyone who was not *them* was against them.

In spite of the fact that Song My sheltered the largest single concentration of enemy troops in Quang Ngai Province, very little of the actual ground war touched the village until the Americans arrived in early 1968. It was headquarters for the Viet Cong 48th Local Forces Battalion, an elusive unit that had inflicted heavy casualties on both Americans and South Vietnamese. C-21 Sapper Company, a nomadic unit that called Song My its home, and a coastal surveillance company complemented the 48th. In addition, C-95 and 506A and 506B Local Forces companies occasionally used the Song My area for concealment. American military intelligence estimated the total Viet Cong strength in the Song My area in November 1967 at no more than 450 men. Of that total, approximately 70 percent were armed. No North Vietnamese regulars were in the area at that time.

In addition to the Local Forces elements, each of Song My’s hamlets had poorly equipped and trained Viet Cong self-defense guerrilla forces. These troops were foragers; their primary responsibility was keeping the 48th Battalion supplied. The 48th sometimes called on the self-defense guerrillas as combat replacements. This practice gave the 48th a

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PROJECT SURVIVAL

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and a chance to collectively celebrate their concern. As an opening skirmish in the student campaign to save the environment, it was a victory.

It was cold around Lake Michigan that Friday. Snow had been frozen on the ground long enough to collect a heavy coat of soot. Ugly industrial-gray slush splattered over cars and people. Off-campus participants had to fight the rush-hour traffic creeping slowly north along Sheridan Road through Chicago into the prosperous suburb of Evanston and quasi-Gothic Northwestern. The meeting was scheduled to start at seven P.M. and by that time, parking was difficult. Conditions were right for an event called "Project Survival."

The metaphor was almost too good: Northwestern's technology building wasn't large enough for all the people who wanted to hear someone tell them the world is overcrowded. In the lobby, people wandered in all directions carrying cassette recorders, 35mm cameras and a few sleeping bags for the all-night affair. The "kids" crossed all categorical lines. There were hard-core radicals with wild tangled hair, Spartan clothes and fierce looks—perhaps the first ecological Weathermen. Most were a little straighter: hair long but under control, and clothes that were carefully careless. They were loose; it was their pep rally and they were the majority. They crowded into little groups, shouted above the din and barged determinedly through the milling crowds.

There were conventional college students there, too—hair neatly trimmed, regulation-length sideburns, expensively hip clothes, well-scrubbed faces. They mingled in cramped, drafty corridors, because of the lack of room for all of them to see the main event. But the vibes were good out in the halls, so they really didn't mind. Some older people could be seen among the students, many looking too nervous and awkward to be professors. But most either found a seat early or left; it was simply too frantic for them.

Those who had arrived early enough sat in the central auditorium, where the speakers gave their talks, or in scattered lecture rooms where closed-circuit TV monitors picked up the program. All these rooms were packed with moving, shuffling people. Photographers pushed through aisles to get better shots of the guests; kids with tape recorders wormed in closer to the monitors, so they wouldn't have too much background noise from the whisperers clustered around the back doors. The fact that people were willing to endure the crush seemed a good measure of their concern for the issue.

The Project Survival people had set

up desks all over the lobby. Smiling girls at one desk sold bumper stickers and buttons. The big sellers were THE POPULATION BOMB IS EVERYBODY'S BABY and GIVE EARTH A CHANCE. There were information desks, tables that supported huge coffee urns and stacks of Styrofoam cups and a big table where some girls simply took donations without the pretense of giving something in return. Another table held piles of free literature.

The organizers had sent press releases out early in the month and the response matched their hopes. Local radio stations set up for broadcasting in two classrooms just off the auditorium. TV imposed its microphones, cables and floodlights on the event. The staff improvised a press room complete with coffee and doughnuts, where student press, local papers and some of the national media had people jostling around for seats. They filled the room with smoke, debris and noise.

One obvious point that this affair made was that the environmental problem has become a full-blown issue, probably *the* issue. Right now, it's one of the few questions that seem to arouse a response that cuts across political lines; but positions are rapidly becoming politicized. In fact, a person can just about be pinpointed on the left-right spectrum by the label he attaches to the problem. If he says pollution, he's a mainstreamer, right there with the editorial cartoons, radio editorials, citizens' groups and President Nixon. ("This thing's a serious problem and we've got to roll up our sleeves and tackle it before it's too late.") Conservationists are farther to the right. They've been talking for years about saving our natural resources. But, like most conservative concerns, the grip on total reality is slight; a part stands for the whole. The slow death of our forests is aesthetically repugnant to these people, but the question of oxygen supply is too remote and too problematic to interest them. If someone talks about ecology, he knows about the support cycle and its breakdown. He can talk about the apocalyptic aspects of the problem with a matter-of-fact smugness: thermal pollution, greenhouse effect, tritium. He's fashionably to the left.

Then there are the jungle lawyers on the hard right. They advocate shackling our impulse to save wretched lives—to control population growth backward; let the weak die off. Environmental fascism or *laissez faire*. Over at the other end are the militant population controllers. They agree with the hard right about the severity of the crisis—a disturbing characteristic of this era. They believe population must be controlled—one way or another—because it's scientifically necessary. We can involuntarily starve, poi-

son or nuke ourselves to death—or take unavoidably stern measures to stem the population explosion and live in a state of reduced material frenzy on a clean planet. Either/or. At the Northwestern teach-out, the hard-liners scored the most points; it was that kind of crowd.

The first speaker was Lamont Cole of Cornell. He is a small, nervous man who considers the environment raw data, to be measured and tested, analyzed in the laboratory and reported on. The size and chaos of the crowd seemed awesome to him, something that wasn't really vulnerable to his system. That made him more nervous and he spoke quickly, glancing up and down from his notes, never establishing eye contact with his audience or trying for any dramatic effect. He just passed his information on to them—quickly, so he could get out. When the audience interrupted to applaud, he became even more disconcerted, as if to ask how the hell anyone could applaud *facts*.

Like most scientists who study the problem, Cole is obsessed with the delicacy of the support cycle. He worries that our excessive consumption of resources and consequent bilge-pumping of pollutants into the biosphere may cause its breakdown and finish us all. He speculates that we may already have used enough DDT to threaten the phytoplankton in the oceans—source of 70 percent of the world's oxygen supply. After he finished his speech, he found a drink and a cigarette and relaxed enough to give a brief press conference, where he was a little wry about it all. He acknowledged that population control is the most critical problem but questioned the efficacy of some methods, especially the male pill, since it's toxic in combination with alcohol. He seemed to believe that the failure to take basic steps toward cleaning things up—elimination of lead from gasoline, use of smaller engines in automobiles, burning of stack gases by industry—was evidence of total indifference and justified resignation. So he took another sip of Scotch and smiled ironically about the dire things he predicted.

Most of the reporters were young and dressed in the indifferent style of students, and the older representatives from the establishment press looked like professors. But one young man was carefully buttoned into a three-piece suit that made him look like he came from an outfit that trains its reporters by showing them Thirties newspaper movies starring Jimmy Stewart. The guy needed only a snap-brim hat with a press card stuck in the band. He had made one apparent concession to modern journalism—he carried a tape recorder—but that was because he worked for a radio station. The NU student who was running the press conference introduced the speaker

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Meaningful Dialog

willy and jake and moira and guido and paul and edna and david and linda let it all hang out in a cautionary tale that proves you don't have to turn to the flicks to discover some quirks in the new sexual permissiveness

satire **By RAY RUSSELL**

"HELLO?"

"Willy?"

"Yes."

"Willy, this is Jake. I've just killed Moira."

"Say that again?"

"Moira. I've just murdered her."

"Where are you?"

"At home."

"Does anybody else know about this?"

"No. What shall I do?"

"Don't do anything. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Shouldn't I call the police? Give myself up? Plead for clemency? Claim insanity? Throw myself on the mercy of the court?"

"In a word, no."

"In a word, why not?"

"In a word, because, as your legal counsel, I advise you to, A, stay put; B, shut your mouth; and, C, let me handle this."

"All right, Willy. Anything you say."

Willy arrived in even less than the promised 20 minutes. He saw Moira, on the living-room floor, dreadfully still. He saw, next to her inert form, a white-porcelain poodle, its head snapped off. Another poodle, but reversed like a mirror image of its broken twin, stood on the mantelpiece. Near it was a framed photograph of a handsome teenage boy with dark eyes and curly hair.

Pointing to the broken dog, Willy asked, "Is that what you hit her with?"

Jake nodded. "She loved those dogs.

They were a set, been up there on the mantel for years. Staffordshire."

"What?"

"Staffordshire porcelain, that's the name of it."

"Where's David?"

"Out, thank God."

"When did it happen, Jake?"

"Just before I called you."

"Tell me about it."

"What's to tell? We had a fight. I hit her with the dog."

"Why did you fight? What was the provocation? Did you black out? As your attorney, I'm trying to establish——"

"We fought because I made a ten-cent call from a phone booth."

"Go on."

"We went out tonight. Dinner and a movie. We don't go to movies much anymore, we don't like the kind they're making nowadays, but Guido recommended this one—you know Guido, don't you?—and we can usually trust Guido's taste, so we went. Well, it was just terrible. I mean, *bad*. Rotten-awfully-bad. We both hated it. We're walking out of the theater, back to the car, and we happen to pass this phone booth, and I take out a dime and drop it into the slot and dial Guido and when he answers, I give him a big juicy raspberry and hang up. That's all there was to it."

"And that's why you fought with Moira?"

"That's why she fought with me. She says, 'That was a silly thing to do. What

was the point of calling Guido from a booth? You could have waited till we got home.'

" 'I didn't feel like waiting,' I told her. 'I wanted to do it now.'

"She said, 'Well, I just think it's childish.'

" 'Look,' I said, 'what is it that bothers you? Is it the dime?'

" 'No, of course not.'

" 'Is it the ten seconds I took?'

" 'No.'

" 'Then if it's not the dime and it's not the time, then what the hell is it?'

" 'I just think you could have waited till we got home.'

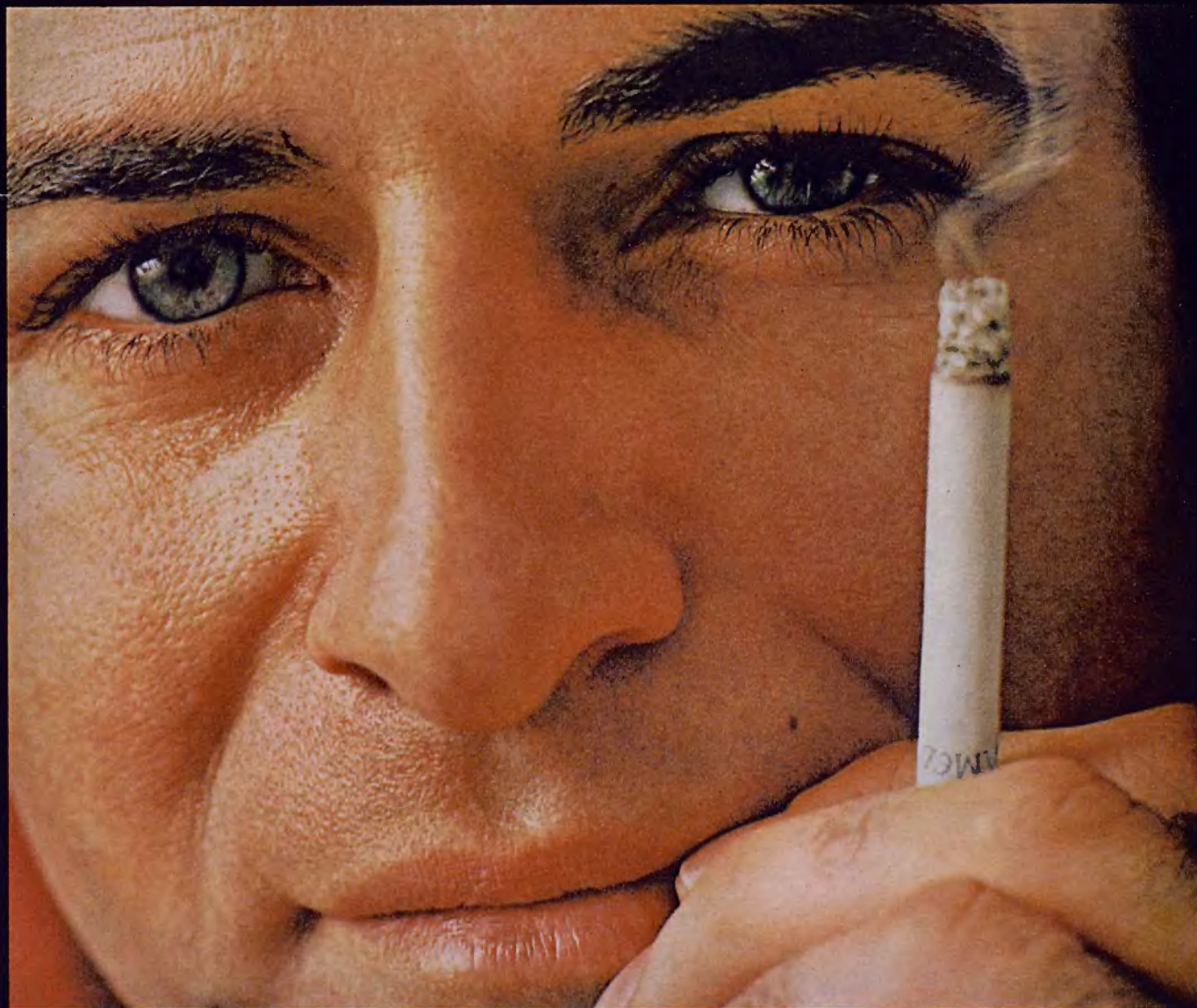
" 'I didn't want to wait till we got home, don't you understand that?'

" 'No, I don't. It's just silly.'

"By this time, we're in the car and I've started the motor. And I'm mad. I tell her, 'A man does one little harmless, spontaneous act, and you nag him to death. Christ, you should be grateful. You should be grateful that you've got a husband who, although he's pushing forty and blunted and dulled by his own failure and mediocrity, yet has just enough spark and youth left in him to occasionally—and God knows, it is very occasionally—do an antic little thing like that. A thing which harms no one, costs ten lousy cents and wastes less than ten seconds of time. Pure impulse. Innocent fun. I don't expect you to applaud it as a brilliant stroke of wit—which I certainly don't claim it to be—but I do think

A touch of Turkish
smooths out taste
in a cigarette.

Who's got it? Camel.
Start walking.



"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

© 1970 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

you should quietly, internally, offer a little prayer of thanks that there's *some* life in the old boy yet. How many husbands of my age or of any age, how many used-car-salesman husbands, how many drugstore-manager husbands, how many chairman-of-the-board husbands, how many cabdriver husbands have even the *shadow* of that much zest and spirit of fun left in them?

"Let's drop it," she says.

"No," I say. By this time, we're about halfway home. "No, we will not drop it. The trouble with you, my ladylove, is that you bear not the slightest resemblance to the woman I married. *That* woman was fun-loving. That woman had spontaneity. That woman loved to do wild, crazy things on the spur of the moment. But that woman, rest her soul, is dead, my dear. And the woman who took her place, rising like a phoenix from her ashes, is rigid, tight-lipped and ultraconservative—in every way, including the political and not excluding the sexual. You know what you have become? You have become a woman who, if I took off my shoes and rolled up my trousers and waded into the surf, *not only* would not join me in my romp—I don't ask or expect you to join me anymore; you can stay back there on the beach with your shoes on, that's OK with me—you would sneer at me and say, 'What a silly thing to do; goodness, if you want to dip your feet in water, you can wait till we get home and I'll bring you a pail of nice warm suds and you can sit in an easy chair and watch TV and soak your feet to your heart's content.' *That's* what you have become."

"Thanks a lot," she says.

"When I think of the woman you were," I say, "when I think of the dear little nut who ran away from her husband and flew down to Mexico with me for a quickie divorce and marriage, and when I compare that lovely kook with—"

Willy cut in to say, "Well, that's not precisely accurate, you know, Jake. Moira didn't really act on spur-of-the-moment impulse when she went down to Mexico with you. She discussed it with me for quite a long time before that, very calmly and intelligently, and we both decided that, well, our marriage hadn't been very good for quite a while, and if she wanted to marry you, maybe the best way would be for her to fly down to Mexico with you, and I promised not to interfere or put any obstacles in her path. The only problem, the only *real* problem, was our daughter, Linda. She was only a baby at the time, which made it pretty difficult, but we worked it all out that I would keep the baby and—"

"Isn't all that beside the point, under the circumstances?"

"Yes, of course. I'm sorry. But, you know, that business about her being—how did you put it?—you stated it very well—'ultraconservative sexually,' that's it—well, Jake, that was no new development. Moira was always that way. Even with me. Why did you think I let her go without a struggle? There had been nothing between us—and I mean *nothing*—for at least a year before she left me."

"A year? Come on, Willy, don't make me laugh. There was *something* between the two of you not three months before she left you, because six months after we were married, she gave birth to David, *your child*—"

"My child?"

"Don't be a bore, Willy. You know David is your child. You've always known it. Moira has always known it. We've all known it. Except David, of course. I'll never forget the way she put it, the day before we took off for Mexico. 'I don't want that man to be the father of my child,' she said. 'I'm carrying his child right now, Jake,' she said, 'but I don't want him to be its father. I want you.' So I raised David as my own. But you knew. You must have known."

Willy was shaking his head and uttering a mirthless, almost soundless little laugh. "Jake, Jake, Jake. All these years

you thought David was mine? You mean you really didn't *know*?"

"Know what? I knew he couldn't have been mine, because—"

"Yes, yes, yes, I know all that, but not *mine*, Jake, David wasn't *mine*, surely you knew that? Maybe you didn't know at first, but later, when the kid got older, didn't you realize? That curly black hair, those brown eyes, that Roman nose? Did you really think they came from my Scandinavian loins?"

"They sure as hell didn't come from my red-headed, freckle-faced, snub-nosed Irish loins!"

"Of course not. Jake, excuse me, but I'm really stunned. I thought you knew all along. Do you mean to sit there and tell me that in all these years, you never *once* tumbled to the fact that David's father is Guido?"

"That's a hell of a thing to say."

"It's true!"

"I don't believe it."

"Look at the kid." Willy waved at the photo on the mantel. "Just *look* at that kisser. It's the map of Italy. He doesn't look like me. He doesn't look like you. He doesn't even look very much like Moira, except around the mouth. He looks like Guido."

Jake looked at the photo for several moments. "He does, at that," he said. "But . . ."

"But what?"

"Guido. You know what he's like. He'd



"Tonight at five-thirty . . . on the Uptown Express . . .
a love-in. . . Pass it on"

never go for a girl who was . . . how did I put it?"

"Ultraconservative sexually. But don't you see, Jake? That was Moira's pattern, always, with every new man. For the first few weeks, the first few months, the first year, maybe, fantastic! Sheena, Queen of the Jungle! Totally without inhibitions! And then it would invariably begin to set in, like arthritis. The reserve. The withdrawing. The cooling off. Don't ask me why, I don't know, I'm not an analyst. It happened with me. It happened with Guido. It happened with you. And I'm sure it must have happened with Paul."

Jake looked up from the carpet at which he had been staring. "Paul? Who's Paul?"

"What do you mean, who's Paul? Paul-Paul. Paul in your office."

"Oh, *that* Paul. But what about him?"

"What *about* him? Oh. I see. The husband is always the last to learn and all that. Well, I just assumed you were aware that about a year or so after you were married, Moira started meeting Paul for lunch. Then it was drinks after work. And motels. The whole routine. You really didn't know what was going on?"

"No."

"I'm surprised. I was *sure* you knew. In fact, I thought that was why you

started fooling around with Paul's wife—sort of like for revenge."

"You knew about me and Edna?"

"Everybody knew. Frankly, I never understood what you saw in her—she's so mannish—and that's why I simply assumed you were doing it to get back at Paul."

"Did Moira know?"

Willy shrugged. "It seems likely. Moira and Edna were very . . . close. I'm sure they told each other everything."

"They weren't close."

"Of course they were. Edna could hardly keep her eyes off Moira, not to mention her hands. Moira was flattered, in a way. Why do you think they spent those long afternoons together in town, 'shopping,' they called it."

"Moira wasn't that way."

"Not really, no, but Edna is. I doubt if Moira ever, well, *did* anything—I imagine she was passive and just allowed things to be done to her. Anyway, that's water under the bridge and it doesn't matter. I only mentioned it because I'm sure Edna must have told Moira about her little thing with you and Moira must have told Edna about *her* thing with Paul. That's the way some people get their kicks, you know that, by telling. But that's beside the point, too. It's in the past."

"Everything about Moira is in the past now."

"Right. So now we have to start thinking about you." Willy touched Jake's shoulder. "I know this isn't the time for it, Jake, but do you mind if I say something?"

"No, I don't mind if you say something. Say something."

"Moira was a beautiful creature. She could be a lot of fun for a while. Stimulating. No doubt about that. But she was no good, Jake. She was a man user. She drained us dry, literally, then threw us away and went on to the next. . . ."

"Well, Willy, I'll take that opinion with a little grain of salt, if you don't mind."

"Grain of salt?"

"I mean, I'll consider the source. You do have an ax to grind, after all."

"What ax?"

"I mean, it's only natural you should form that opinion of Moira, of *all* women, considering your tastes—"

"Tastes?"

"Willy, you don't have to pretend with me. I know. All your friends know about you and Greg—"

"Greg!"

"And that other one, that Hilary or Ellery or whatever his name was, with the eye patch. We all *know*, Willy. And it doesn't *matter*. We don't *mind*. You're good old Willy and we love you—I mean, don't misinterpret that, when I say *love*, I mean—"

"Now, hold it. Just hold it right there. Just watch out who you're calling names. Greg and Mallory—*Mallory*, not Hilary, not Ellery, *Mallory*—Greg and Mallory are friends, that's all. *Friends*. Cronies. Buddies. Pals. Chums."

"Sure, Willy."

"Don't take that tone with *me*, son! 'Sure, Willy,' I'll 'sure' *you*, you damned cunuch!"

"Damned what? What was that?"

"You heard me!"

"I heard you, yes, loud and clear, and now you'd better explain exactly what you meant by that, that, that—"

"Epithet."

"*Epithet*, yes."

"I'm sorry, Jake. It just slipped out. It was cruel of me. It was like . . . mocking a cripple."

"Cripple!!!"

"I *said* I'm sorry. And I am. Sorry I said it and sorry for you, as well. I've always been sorry for you, ever since I knew about your . . . affliction."

"What affliction?"

"Oh, Christ, Jake, it's too late in the day to keep up the façade. Everybody knows you're impotent. We've known for years."

"I'm *not* impotent!"

"I had it on the very best authority."

"What authority?"

"Moira, who else?"



"One of the ever-present dangers of being on the vice squad, men, is that there are times when we can't see the trees for the forest!"

"I . . . am . . . not . . . impotent!"

"Have it your way."

"I'm sterile."

"Oh."

"There's a *difference!*"

"I know. I'm sorry, buddy."

"Forget it. So Moira told you I was——"

"Now, don't go blaming her. I may have misunderstood her. She may have told me about the other thing, the sterile business, and I confused it with——"

"She had no business telling you."

"Well, hell, I *was* her husband once. A sympathetic ear. 'A good listener,' she always called me. So, when there were no children after David—and we all knew who David's father really was—she told me about your unfortunate . . . ailment? condition? She just wanted someone to talk to. A shoulder to cry on. And I was there."

"You were there. You and your shoulder. And maybe a little *more* than your shoulder, right, Willy?"

"Make up your mind, pal. First I'm a pansy, then I'm a wife stealer. You can't have it both ways."

"Why can't I have it both ways? *You* probably have it both ways, you A.C.-D.C. freak!"

The phone rang.

"You want me to get that?" Willy asked.

"No. Yes, maybe you'd better."

Willy picked it up on the second ring. "Hello. . . . No, it's Willy. . . . What's new, buddy? . . . Hold on a minute." Cupping his hand over the mouthpiece, he asked, "Want to talk to Guido?"

"Why not?" Taking the phone from Willy, Jake said, "Guido, you boob, that was an absolute *skunk* of a picture! A *dumb* script, badly acted, nondirected, silly, boring, stupid, even the *color* was bad! What on earth did you see in it? I mean, it was even badly *edited*, the cutter didn't know when to cut, every scene went on for about twenty frames too long! What the hell has happened to your taste? . . . No, Moira hated it, too. Unlike you, *she* has good taste. I mean had. I mean, look, Guido, I can't talk now, we're having a little problem here, I'll get back to you tomorrow, OK? Bye-bye."

"It's getting late," said Willy. "We'd better call the police. But first, let's rehearse your story a little. You and Moira had just come back from a movie and you had been having a little squabble, and then, standing right here at the mantelpiece, next to David's picture and between the two porcelain dogs, Moira tells you Guido is David's father——"

"No, Willy——"

"You're right. No sense dragging David through this. It'll be tough enough on the lad as it is. Let's see. Moira tells you about her affair with Paul, that's it. Not to mention her 'shopping' expeditions



with Paul's wife. You're shocked, hurt, enraged, then suddenly, everything goes black, and when you come to your senses, Moira is there on the floor and the porcelain dog is beside her, broken."

"That's not the way it happened."

"Jake, we have to give you a motive the jury will sympathize with. We can't tell them you killed her because of an argument about a call from a phone booth. In the first place, they'd never believe that. And even if they did, it would be no justification for murder. But a harlot wife, taunting you with her unfaithfulness, her perversion! Don't groan—believe me, it's the best way."

"I didn't groan."

"All right, *moan*. Don't get technical."

"I didn't moan either. Quiet. Listen. There! Did you hear it?"

"Yes. It came from——"

"Oh, my God. It's Moira. *Moira, darling!*" Jake knelt beside her and rubbed her wrists.

In a blurred voice, she said, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Rubbing your wrists, dear."

"What I need is an aspirin. What a headache." She touched her head. "Ooooooh! I'm going to have a lump there the size of an ostrich egg."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, you're all right."

"All right? I'm half dead, you idiot. Get me a drink."

Willy said, "I'll get it. Where do you keep the booze?"

"In there," said Jake.

"In where?"

"The kitchen, the kitchen."

Willy left the room. In the kitchen, he poured three stiff tumblers of Scotch. When he returned to the living room, Moira was sitting up on the couch and Jake was beside her, his arm around her, talking to her in lulling, gentle tones.

"Moira, baby, all that matters is that you're alive. I know about Guido and Paul and Edna, but none of that matters, I haven't been a saint myself; all that matters is that I've got you back and that you forgive me. You do forgive me, don't you, sweetness?"

"Hell, honey, I've been a bitch. I'm the one who should be begging forgiveness."

"No, no——"

"Yes."

Willy handed them their drinks. "Anybody know a good toast?" he asked.

"I do," Moira said with a giggle. She raised her glass and recited: "Here's to

it. The birds do it. The bees do it and die. The dogs do it and get hung to it. Why don't you and I?"

"I'll drink to that," said Willy, and he did. "Do you want me to call a doctor?"

"No," said Moira. "I had worse cracks on the head than this when I was a kid and lived through them without any doctors." She tapped her skull. "Solid marble."

Willy put down his glass. "I'll be going. Tough day in court tomorrow, need my sleep. Sure you'll be all right, Moira?"

"Positive."

"Splendid. Good night, then, you two."

Willy left the house and walked briskly up the street to his car. On the way, he passed another car, in the front seat of which two persons were welded together in a prolonged and profound kiss. He looked away and tried to walk past them as softly as possible, so as not

to disturb them, but they pulled apart suddenly at his approach and looked at him with startled faces. He recognized them as David and his daughter, Linda.

"Hi, kids," he said casually and continued toward his car.

"Daddy, wait!" the girl called. She got out of the car and ran toward him, barefoot, her waist-length yellow hair fanning in all directions. "Daddy, I've got to talk to you. Can we sit in your car for a minute?"

"Does it have to be now?"

"Yes, it does."

They got into his car.

"Daddy, before you say anything, before you pass judgment, I want you to promise to remember that we belong to two different worlds with two different sets of moral values. Your generation has all kinds of hang-ups about sex, you invent a whole lot of words like normal and abnormal and deviate and incest and pervert, but we, I mean me and my

generation, we reject all those labels, am I getting through to you? You're uptight because you saw me making it with David and he's my half brother, and I know you can't help feeling that way because of your puritanical upbringing and Queen Victoria and all that scene, but try to understand that we don't recognize those things, *freedom* is the name of the game, *love* is where it's at, and the only way this world is going to be saved is for everybody to stop bugging each other and just let it all hang out, with each beautiful human person grooving in his own bag. And anyway, Daddy, it's hypocritical of you to put down incest; I mean, I see the way you look at me when I'm dashing out of the bathroom in a towel, and I know you have too many hang-ups to actually *do* anything, poor baby, but I want you to know that you do turn me on, Daddy, and I know I turn you on, so try not to be a drag and please *understand* about the feeling I have for David."

When she stopped for a breath, Willy tried to reassure her: "Sweetie," he said, "David *isn't*—"

"*Isn't, isn't, isn't!* Negative words, put-down words, is that all your hung-up generation knows? DON'T WALK, NO SMOKING, KEEP OFF THE GRASS?"

"Tell David to have you home by twelve, dear. Tomorrow is a school day."

"Typical, typical," she said, leaving the car.

Willy turned on the radio to an all-night classical-music station and headed for home, accompanied by the dungeon scene from *Fidelio*.

In Jake and Moira's house, the reconciliation was blossoming. Jake was saying, "I'll get you that aspirin."

"No, don't bother, honey," said Moira. "The Scotch is fine." She took a long sip. "That was one lousy movie tonight, wasn't it?"

"Bottom of the barrel."

She began to titter. "And you phoning Guido like that and giving him the bronx cheer! Just marvelous!"

They both began to laugh at the memory of it.

Then Moira's laugh was abruptly choked off by another emotion.

"What is it?" Jake said quickly.

She was staring down at the floor. "You bastard," she said, her voice shrill with outrage. "You rotten bastard. *You broke my dog!*"

At home, Willy had just slipped into his bed and turned off the light when his phone rang. He sighed with deep fatigue. It rang a second time and a third, and at last he picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Willy? Moira. I've just killed Jake."



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NUKE THY NEIGHBOR (continued from page 94)

When the other STS leaders concurred, the society purchased two half-megaton bombs with funds that had been earmarked to dismantle the home of S. I. Hayakawa. By the time mushroom clouds had risen over the remains of colleges in Buffalo and Utica, knowledgeable observers were beginning to suspect that something dangerous might be going on; and when people's hair began to fall out all along the Mohawk Valley, Congress finally stepped in. The Senate's investigation of interstate arms control began the day after the giant Washington's Birthday sale of home reactors and war heads at the False Front Discount Acre in the San Fernando Valley, a sale at which two elderly women perished in a dispute over the last 98-cent surplus Nike.

The first witness before the Senate committee was Floyd Hammerman, head of N. R. A. (Nuclear Reactors for All), who wasted no time in saying, "H-bombs don't kill people: *People* kill people."

He at once fell into a heated debate with Senator Morton White, who had been supporting a bill that would require all companies to register their nuclear weapons with the Government before blowing anything up that would never come down. (Tunnel, dam and ski-lift builders would therefore be exempt.)

"I'm well aware that it's a citizen's constitutional right to bear arms," said the Senator, "but that applies only to the stuff you can *carry*. And another thing: It just doesn't make sense to have this crazy patchwork of different state laws. For instance, you can't sell a Polaris to a minor in Oklahoma, but the kid can drive right across the border and pick up all he wants in Texas—and the only control is that he has to use 'em in thirty days. Another example: The bomb isn't illegal in Oregon, but there's a fine for melting sidewalks. And, as you're probably well aware, heavy water can't be bought in thirteen dry states."

"I'm sorry, Senator," said Hammerman, "but the use of nuclear arms by both sportsmen and nonsportsmen should be under the control of the individual states—except, of course, in Rhode Island, where there's bound to be a little slop-over. Local control is the only way to preserve both personal rights and lawnorder."

"Lawnorder?" cried the Senator. "Why, the only people in this country who don't have nuclear weapons are the *cops*!"

The Senator, of course, was being hyperbolic, for several organizations were still without a nuclear capability: the Knights of Columbus, the American Cancer Society, the A & P, the Red Cross, the Coast Guard, Saks Fifth Avenue and Joseph E. Levine. However, by the time the Senate's hearings had begun, nuclear weapons *were* in the hands of so many groups that the New York Coliseum was

able to present the First (and last) Annual Fallout Show, featuring Kiwanis canons, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward home-workshop reactors and Hell's Angels anti-ballistic bikes. All over America, from the lead-lined ladies of Laguna to the toothless testers of Maine, stockholders were demanding nuclear parity.

"Sufficiency if not superiority," said the vice-president of Q-Tips.

There was just no stopping the acceleration of American atomic enterprise, either at work or at play. The whole mad craze was crowned by what has come to be called Ash Saturday, when a bomb went off at the Princeton-Dartmouth football game, an alumni prank that caused the second half to be played in New Haven.

Although the bomb had become the toy of both right- and left-wing groups, no other private nuclear power displayed the zeal of the D. A. R. (Descendants of Ancient Reactionaries), which was enraged that the Administration had gone soft on communism by keeping an embassy in Russia. The bomb-happy Reactionaries, who felt that their private stockpile would be useful in the defoliation of Commie poppy fields, staged one underground test after another. Such testing in New York turned out to be useful when the Reactionaries gave their testing grounds to the city for a new Eddie V. Rickenbacker Memorial Subway; but in the West, the results were disastrous. The underground shot at Sausalito on General Pershing's birthday was widely believed to have been an earthquake, and the bottom fell out of the real estate—as well as the real-estate market—in Marin County.

The White House Basement
7:55 A.M., May 17, 1971

Two days ago, the Senate's investigation was finally abandoned as futile. The 748 private American nuclear powers began besieging the White House, each now free of Congressional restraint and

each demanding direct action by the President.

"I just can't *do* it!" the President cried only moments ago. "I wouldn't mind surrendering the Government to a legitimate attack, but these demands are just *unreasonable*. I mean, if we let the American Legion test at Yosemite, we'll be stuck with *bald bears*."

"Sir, we could still call for foreign help," I told him.

"Don't be stupid. What country would attack Irreversible? It has offices all over the world. The boy scouts are international, too. Oh, if only Bebe Rebozo were here!"

But Rebozo can't get through the enemy lines; and so here we sit and wait, with surrender as our only strategy. If we can just hold out till evening, many of the enemy will probably glow in the dark and our troops will be able to pick off a few with small-arms fire; but our defeat, nevertheless, is inevitable. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are still reluctant to use their own atomic weapons, not because they're sentimental about turning the Lincoln Memorial into a ski slope but only because they've forgotten how to use them.

As we sit and wait to be pelted by the fruits of free enterprise, I cannot help but wonder what will happen when the Government falls. The nation has, of course, survived times of no Government, under certain Administrations, but *intentional* anarchy has never been tried. Will we be a corporate nuclear jungle with no ruling regime? Or will we be ruled by a junta of Edward Teller, Norman Mailer and Dwight Macdonald?

One thing is sure: The national anthem will have to be changed. In fact, by tomorrow morning, Americans may be singing:

*O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
Two or three of our states that were nuked in the night?*





"No, I don't believe in love at first sight. I think we should wait until you take me home."

PROJECT SURVIVAL

(continued from page 140)

who followed Cole—a dry, sarcastic demographer from State University of New York named Lawrence Slobodkin—and opened the questioning. Three-piece-suit thrust his microphone into Slobodkin's bearded face and demanded earnestly: "Dr. Slobodkin, let's get right to the heart of the matter. Is there *anything* we can do about pollution?" ("Good evening. This is the six-o'clock news. Last night an eminent professor from a New York university predicted the end of the world if something isn't done about pollution.")

The petulant Slobodkin sniffed that we very likely couldn't do anything about it if we insisted on taking the hysterical approach. He and hard-nose went back and forth for a few minutes about journalistic sensationalism, with the rest of the press laughing a little nervously in the background. Finally, someone asked a straight question, but the doctor was so miffed by this time that he wanted to know why the questioner hadn't listened to his speech. Everyone protested that it was impossible to get near the speeches, that the press room had no hookup with the auditorium, that it was about a half mile away.

Slobodkin cooled down and gave a short synopsis of his talk. In order to reduce birth rates, a nation must first, paradoxically, reduce death rates, so that families don't have to rely on a large number of children to ensure survival of the name. Simultaneously, it must reduce economic uncertainty about the future (this is also a function of lowering the death rate) by providing a good Social Security system that will relieve people's fear that they have only their children to rely on in old age. Finally, the child-bearing role of women must be minimized. With a glib maxim, he allied himself with the very latest cause: "We are not going to be able to control the population explosion short of employing fascism until the Planned Parenthood people stand tennis shoe to tennis shoe with the feminist movement."

Meanwhile, Professor Paul Ehrlich of Stanford was knocking them out in the auditorium. Ehrlich is the ecology movement's most effective propagandist—a role at which he works hard. His book *The Population Bomb* has sold over 1,250,000 copies. His two Johnny Carson show appearances generated tremendous phone and mail response. When he speaks, he has an almost suspiciously thorough grasp of statistics. His language is blunt and his presence commanding. (Ehrlich will be the subject of the August *Playboy Interview*.)

He started by telling the audience that population control is no panacea; all it does is buy time. Politicians who focus on such obvious manifestations of the

problem as air and water pollution, he said, are just trying to throw a bone to concerned citizens. In fact, they're not even committed to solving those problems, since they care only about *visible* pollution, which constitutes about two percent of the total.

He went on to say that the "green revolution"—the combination of breakthroughs in agriculture that is being touted as a reprieve for the world's hungry—is a fraud. Improvements in agricultural production could be traced to good weather conditions over the past few years. Even if everything the agronomists say is true, population growth will gobble up the increased production in less than 20 years.

"Those who think that population control consists of passing out condoms in ghettos," said Ehrlich, "better wise up, because that is not where it is." The average white middle-class baby in this country, he told the audience, puts 50 times more stress on environmental systems than the average child in Calcutta.

If Nixon thinks we can continue to expand production, adding another 500 billion dollars to the Gross National Product, "it will be the very last addition to any G.N.P." We must shift from a consuming, wasting, polluting economy to one in which everything is recycled and built to last—"from a cowboy economy to a spaceman economy." He said that we must change our system of Government so we won't be led by a "mob of elderly rustic boobs."

This is what Ehrlich told his young, white, middle-class audience—time is running out, the issue is survival and it's up to them—and it applauded every one of his observations. Some wanted him to run for President. In his press conference, Ehrlich gave the three-piece-suit man a full week's shrill headlines and won the rest of the press with some fine gallows humor: "The Mother of the Year should be a woman who has been voluntarily sterilized and adopted two children." "We've got to take the pressure off women in this society to reproduce before Mendel Rivers wakes up some morning and discovers the problem. He'll run down to Congress and introduce legislation making sterilization mandatory." "You've got to see the whole problem interdependently. There are people starving by the thousands in Latin America, and their doctors are doing heart transplants."

Every question got what the press calls "a highly quotable response." Ehrlich talked about Slobodkin's proposals, the problems of old people in society, sex education, tax structures, agricultural pollutants and several other problems on the environmental-crisis board. Finally, he had to leave to catch a plane for

California and a similar meeting the next morning. A small group of reporters hovered around him, asking more questions. One hit the mark and Ehrlich turned back to the room and said, "By the way, I'm married, have one child and have had a vasectomy. Population control starts at home."

Ehrlich would have been a tough act for anybody to follow, but Illinois attorney general William Scott managed to hold his own. Scott, who has filed several lawsuits against industrial polluters, including the airlines, thinks the solution is simple and straightforward: Stop pollution by making it uneconomical by penalizing the polluters with heavy fines. He told the press that he'd had to learn about ecology from scratch, that he was still learning, but that he thought everyone had a right to a clean environment and he wanted to see this right written into law. A few months earlier, Chicago had gone through one of its worst pollution crises. Mayor Daley had called the press in and chewed them out for exaggerating the problem, reminding them that, after all, "No one has died." So Scott, perhaps the only government official, local or Federal, who has moved beyond the simple posture of anti-pollution to action, was warmly received by the audience at Northwestern.

During his speech, Scott made the point that politics is a secondary consideration when the big questions of survival and quality of life are at stake. Adlai Stevenson III, Democratic candidate for the U.S. Senate, did not applaud. He hadn't come out to Northwestern on that cold night to transcend politics. If points were going to be scored, he wanted them tallied in the right column. So he stood at the podium and, in a voice that could only be called condescending, questioned the credibility of "Secretary of the Interior Hickel as the generalissimo of a war against pollution." After more of the same, he turned the floor over to Paul Simon, Democratic lieutenant governor of Illinois, who made some rhetorical points about pollution.

Scott and Simon talked briefly to the press, both using phrases such as "complete reordering of priorities" and "urgent need for action at every level" and making only a few ripples. Then Barry Commoner arrived. Commoner, with his book *Science and Survival*, was the first scientist to put the problem in the stark perspective of survival for the race. He doesn't have to call himself professor, because it's unlikely that anyone would think him anything else. His hair is graying and his olive-colored face is picking up some dignified wrinkles. When the passion starts to build and the simplistic questions flow, he carefully points out the gaps in logic and information,

using patient phrasing: "What you have to understand is . . ." or "No. The problem is . . ."

He answered the press's questions firmly, using a blackboard to illustrate the cyclical nature of the ecosystem. He pointed out that we have to be willing to make our technology compatible with the system and that doing so involves more money than most people are willing to even talk about. Nixon's plan for cleaning up water and processing sewage, he said, is nothing but a method of converting raw sewage into its inorganic components and dumping them into streams and lakes, fertilizing the plant life in the water and causing eutrophication—overgrowth of algae—the real scourge of moribund Lake Erie.

Commoner believes the system is the fixed point against which every variable must be considered and that sound analysis and planning can make our technology symbiotic with it. Pollution is his index of how far our current trend diverges from the ideal, of how much we have overstressed the ecosystem. He is a stern pragmatist who plays neither of the two most popular ecology games—fingering villains and prophesying cataclysm. Solutions are available, he says—

tough and expensive, but available. He spends a great deal of time testifying before Senate committees.

While Commoner gave the press his short course in ecology, attorney Victor Yannacone (*On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, November 1969) told the kids, "The time has come to housebreak industry." They were with him; nothing scores with them like sticking it to the corporations. He went on with his imagery: "The way you housebreak a pet is with a rolled-up newspaper, and the way you housebreak industry is with the complaint and summons." Right on. Yannacone is belligerent, crude and thoroughly charming. His war cry is "Sue the bastards." He has done it and won against some very tough corporate opposition.

He said things that would normally have outraged idealistic youth. One long description of the methods he used to make news and influence the press displayed a kind of cynicism that would usually get people in trouble on campuses. But it worked to Yannacone's advantage, not only because he's on the right side but also because he doesn't stand to gain personally from his manipulative efforts. You could tell that by looking at the suit he wore. He is selfless

to a degree that almost embarrassed some of the kids, so he could get away with lecturing them. When one young man wailed that there just wasn't enough money available to carry on the kind of legal battles they were talking about, Yannacone pointed a finger at him and said, "There's more money walking around this campus in the form of loose change than we had during the three years of the DDT case. We got DDT outlawed in Wisconsin for \$78,000. If the people around Lake Michigan can't raise that kind of money to save the lake, then I say they deserve what they get."

Yannacone's was the last speech, and at midnight, a sing-out began. Folk singer Tom Paxton was onstage and a few of the kids went to the auditorium to listen. He sang a sad number about the vanishing beauties of nature, and young girls, long straight hair parted symmetrically around their faces, sat humming with the music. The sing-out was a pleasant interlude, a tranquil moment, but most of the kids have gone beyond the naïveté that finds comfort in collective singing. During the break, they clustered in groups, talked and gesticulated earnestly and slipped out for whatever refreshment they craved. A few people went off into corners and curled up in sleeping bags—there were some who had come from other campuses and most of them weren't prepared for lodging any more elaborate than that. There was a blackboard on which people who had space at home for these nomads could put their names, but it never saw much use.

After the folk singing, seminars began. They covered the entire technology building and the whole spectrum of issues. There were professors prepared to chair discussions on subjects such as: "Life or Death for the Oceans," "Surplus People and Instant War," "Psychological Problems of Overcrowding," "Ethics of Ecology—Philosophical Considerations in the Preservation of Man and His Environment." Academic language is wonderfully versatile. But the titles didn't make much difference. The kids had been talked to for over four hours and they were ready to say some things themselves.

There were three recurring themes in each of these discussion-seminars: the immediacy of the crisis, the necessity for strong action and the importance of students in the effort. But this was a sort of vague agreement on the general nature of things; fighting over the moral posture students should assume, however, was intense. Sometimes they sounded like Jesuits on a lunch break. They seemed to need to define their position, as an exercise in ontological reasoning, to go beyond simple decisions of whether or not to work from within the system.

Early in the evening, the technology

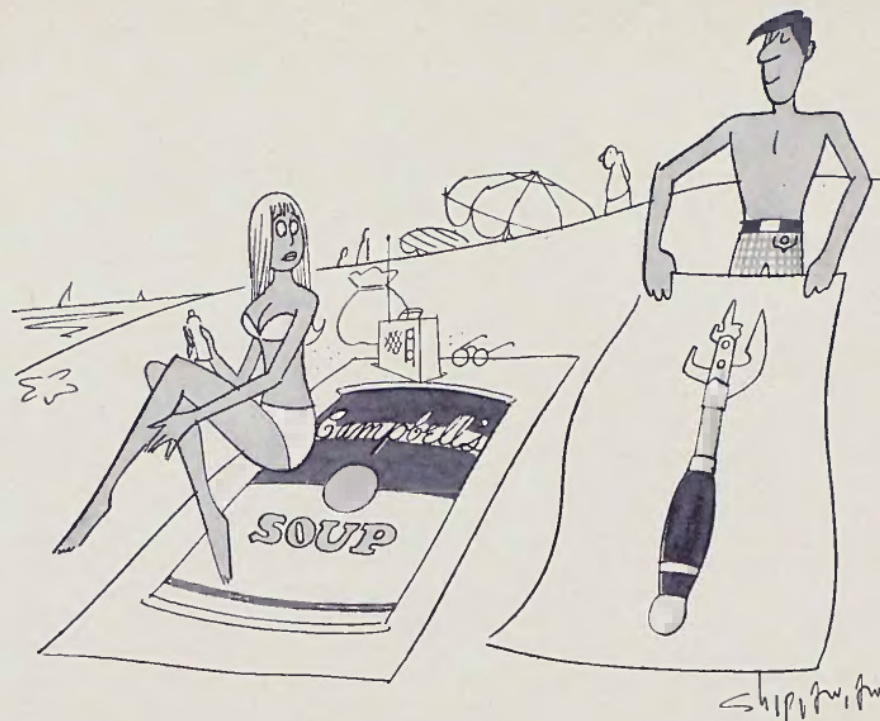


"I thought I was tired of war movies."

building had begun to suffer under the weight of all this use of its resources. Programs, Styrofoam cups, cigarette butts and posters carelessly knocked off walls had accumulated in the passageways until university janitors were called in to clean up. It took all night. This was an irony too good for a lot of people to pass up. Those idealistic kids getting together to talk about pollution and blame the establishment: They can't even keep *one* building clean, can't even use the trash cans.

Around three or four in the morning, people stayed on from sheer inertia. In the classrooms, there was redundant moral discussion and scattered radical activity. One kid demanded a "John Brown of the ecology movement." Another protested that Yannacone and other lawyers, who were holding a seminar on legal questions involved in pollution, were simply part of the whole stinking system that had brought all of this down on us. They deserve no better treatment than any of the rest of the guilty when the time comes. In the same seminar, another lawyer tried to define a "low-profile" opposition to the establishment that he thought would be effective without galvanizing resistance from the other side. He talked about the way Europeans put low-key pressure on government. Yannacone backed him up by describing the effect of a roomful of grim-looking citizens at a licensing hearing. But these kids had cut their activist teeth on stronger stuff and mannerly, insidious protest simply bores them. It may be a sad fact that our brightest generation is still not as politically sophisticated, at least in terms of tactics, as the European proletariat.

In one large lecture room, they debated the sainthood question under floodlights and TV cameras. The most eloquent purists naturally gravitated to this arena. The question was pretty basic: The FWPCA (Federal Water Pollution Control Administration) had sponsored a group called SCOPE (Student Committee on Pollution and the Environment) to elicit student recommendations on environmental questions; five members of SCOPE had been selected and five more were needed, so the original five wanted suggestions for names to fill the roster. That seemed pretty straightforward. Not so; there was immediately the question of financing. Ever since the CIA funding of the National Student Association, student groups have lived in fear of Federal subsidies, which lead to co-option, the ultimate degradation. As it turned out, the Government was, indeed, funding SCOPE, and the fight was on. The pro-SCOPE position held that while Government financing may not be good, perhaps it could ultimately be used against the Feds. Anyway, it didn't seal



off all other routes. The purists wouldn't tolerate any alliance with the Government, no matter how slender. One stern-looking young man in a buckskin jacket climbed over three rows of seats to get at a microphone and vowed to the SCOPE leader, "We won't let you get away with this."

"Why do we always have to start fighting among ourselves?" a girl asked.

That's the question everyone phrased one way or another that morning. If they could just "get it together" at a tactical level, things might start happening. But they still haven't defined their position. They worry too much about purity. Every moral question has to be resolved before they can begin to act. The enthusiasm that Commoner, Cole, Yannacone and, especially, Ehrlich aroused early in the evening was dissipated through the long night in weighty debates over moral issues that are ultimately trivial. The same flaw that existed in the McCarthy kids exists in these; probably a lot of them are the same people. Somehow, working for a goal at the level of the possible, the attainable, tarnishes the goal and makes it unworthy of the effort. Too much paradox for most people, but the kids understand it perfectly.

The night ended on a weak note: a dawn sing-out at 6:30. For the first time, there were surplus seats. A folk group did some old Baez numbers without much response. Back in the civil rights days, people used to sing out, clap hands and feel the glow when they did *This Land Is Your Land*. Not tonight. It all

ended with coverage in the papers; some people turned on to the issue, and old-line commentator Paul Harvey scolded the kids for littering the building, that awful irony he seemed to think he'd discovered.

But the fact remained: Pollution, ecology—whatever you call it—is *the* issue. The Northwestern meeting was a rehearsal for the April 22nd nationwide teach-out on the environment and there will be many more such gatherings. Action will be slowly generated as leaders emerge to direct the energy. It's spreading out beyond the campuses; people are forming anti-pollution committees and action groups. As Ehrlich pointed out, "When Ronald Reagan starts talking about a problem, you know *everyone* is alerted."

It's an issue that literally cannot be blown away by gusts of political wind. It's possible to detour around a ghetto or to forget about the war if you're not draft age, but burning eyes or stench from a sewage-saturated lake is not easily ignored. The solutions are not as simple as some people like to think. A satisfactory environment may not be something we can buy. But the kids at Northwestern had a gut feeling for this simple but elusive truth: Some—like the girl who stood regally in the halls in her leopard-skin coat—are tied too tightly to the waste cycle, but most of them are only slightly tainted. If they don't become part of the problem—by turning into compulsive consumers—they may be part of the solution.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 136)

studying nonviolence where they are—in schools or wherever.

PLAYBOY: But there are still so few of you, and it's the majority view that keeps being buttressed by all the claims that man is inherently and unalterably aggressive. What argument do you have against those who point to history as proof that human nature is violent and cannot be fundamentally changed?

BAEZ: All the examples in history are not on that side. Anthropologists can tell you of societies in which nonviolence is the norm. I can think of one tribe in Africa to whom it never occurred *not* to be civil to anyone who wandered in off the desert. There were about 2000 in that tribe, and once, after a flood, they were overwhelmed by about 40,000 outsiders. This tribe fed and clothed them all for as long as was necessary and didn't grumble about it or worry about whether they'd replenish their supplies. This was just their way of thinking, their human nature.

PLAYBOY: But that kind of behavior is very much an exception in human history.

BAEZ: Oh, I'll grant that the statistics, if you want to argue that way, are certainly in favor of the other side. But I'm not interested in that kind of argument. I tell you that I keep seeing people making changes in themselves that I didn't think they could make. I've seen it in myself—changes I didn't think were possible.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

BAEZ: Living style, for one. In spite of the fact that I was probably more radical than any other entertainer I've met, I was living like a star before I met David. Not so much in terms of opulence, although things were comfortable, but with regard to the atmosphere. Like, I didn't have people up to the house and there were PRIVATE signs all over the place. And then there was the income I was making. I never liked having the ticket prices high, but I never fought to get them down. You believe what people around you tell you: "You're an entertainer, my dear, and you're so good you deserve \$10,000 a night." Well, nobody deserves \$10,000 a night. But with the help of David, I began to see the absurdity of some of these things—like the prices and the "star" scene.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to change?

BAEZ: I fought at first. I fought before he ever opened his mouth. I'd say, "I won't ever have to leave this house, will I, David?" And he'd say, "Of course not"; but a week later, he said, "I think I'll get a little place near Palo Alto, where I can stay a couple of days a week to work with Resistance." I asked if I could come, and within a month, I'd put the big house up for sale. If a year ago

someone had suggested to me that I live with other people, I would have been outraged. "Me—share my kitchen, share my things?" But the way things developed, about two months before David went to jail, there were five of us living around the place in Palo Alto, sharing the kitchen and the bathroom. Along with David and me were a man David had met in the Resistance and Robert and Christy, whom he had known when he was living in a commune in East Palo Alto. When David went to jail, I wanted to have my own base, but I knew I couldn't do that alone with a newborn baby. So it was a natural thing for us to live together.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that raising children in this kind of communal environment may have decided advantages over traditional family life?

BAEZ: That's one of the things I'm terribly excited about. I know that I suffered from the insularity of family; we were much too close to my mother and my mother was much too close to us. And I know that my tendency will be to act the same way with my kid. But he will have the advantage of being part of an extended family. There are other adults there, and since Christy is pregnant, he'll be growing up with another little kid. I think this is important for a child—not to be closed into a narrow concept of the family. There's another thing I like about our situation for a child. There's not much wearing of clothes where we are.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BAEZ: The fact is that Robert and Christy do not naturally wear clothes. I mean, when they work and they're outside and up in the hills, they don't bother to get dressed. They're really beautiful, because they don't make a thing out of it. It was really hard for me at first, but eventually I was into the same thing. It's still a little harder for me, because I never know when *Time* is going to pop in, so I'm not as free about it as they are. But what a magnificent thing it is for a child to grow up not having to call various parts of the body by giggly names because they're covered up all the time. I think that's certainly going to help create a healthier environment for any child growing up there.

PLAYBOY: Since you started living with your friends, you've cut your hair short. Was that some kind of symbolic action, or were you just tired of having it long?

BAEZ: It was funny. When I did it, people started saying I was square because I'd cut my hair, but I'm more radical than ever. Yet I think that when you've had long hair for a long time and then cut it short, the reason must go a little deeper than just wanting a new style. I'm not sure what that deeper

reason is, but I do know I had wanted to do it for a long time. When I finally got up the nerve, it was in part because of David and the kind of person he is. All he said was, "Cut it if you want to. What the hell." And when I'd done it, he said he thought it made me look more revolutionary. And that made it fun for me. But my, how serious some people got about it. There was a furious letter from a girl who said I must have really needed an image change to go and do something as outrageous as that. I don't know why she was so indignant. All I can tell you is that I'm glad I did it, because it's the way I want to look and because David likes it.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet David?

BAEZ: Well, he resigned as president of the student body at Stanford in April of 1967 to go around the country talking about the war and the draft and to organize the Resistance. And maybe six months or so after that, one afternoon he pulled in at the Institute for the Study of Nonviolence. He was a frazzled, bearded wreck. He sat around for a while and he couldn't figure out what the hell we were doing. He wanted to know where all the action was and he got sort of bored. But he did confess later that he was kind of interested in what I was up to and what I was all about. He came down twice like that, but I didn't really spend any time with him. Then, in October of that year, I ran into him when I sat in for the first time at the entrance to the induction center in Oakland. It was the same day David refused induction into the Army. That happened a little distance away and I didn't see it take place. Those of us sitting in were arrested for refusing to disperse and he was arrested at the same time and taken to the same jail I was in.

And then, between jail terms—I was arrested again in December on a similar charge—I saw him once or twice again. The second time I was in jail, he came to visit me, and that's when I began thinking that maybe this guy had something on the ball. I realized he was the only visitor I really cared about seeing. A month after that, we went on the road together to talk about the draft and get support for the Resistance. I gave concerts and the two of us would speak at colleges and other places. In the middle of that tour—toward the end of March 1968—we decided to get married.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult for both of you after he'd been convicted for refusing induction and you knew it was only a matter of time before he'd be sent to prison?

BAEZ: The only time it was rough was near the end. We were never quite sure exactly when it was going to be. But when we thought it was coming, we'd begin living in a certain way—we'd give



"You Gordons would do anything to win a bet, wouldn't you?"

a little more—and then we'd find out it wouldn't be for maybe another two months. It was hard to adjust to that—being keyed up and then going back to waiting again. We'd be having a million fights and we couldn't figure out why, but that's what caused it—the uncertainty, the tension. Probably the most glorious days we spent were those when we finally knew it was about to happen. David was just elated. But then he started getting mad because they didn't show up. We suddenly realized that they were waiting for the Apollo 11 moon shot. They wanted to obscure the whole thing while everybody's attention was on that. And we were right. They picked David up on July 16, the day of the lift-off.

PLAYBOY: Have you resigned yourself successfully to waiting out his sentence?

BAEZ: There's a song I often sing at concerts. It's called *One Day at a Time*, and part of it goes: "I live one day at a time./I dream one dream at a time./Yesterday's dead and tomorrow's blind." That, really, is the only way for me to live now. Three years is nothing that I can comprehend, but I can get through a day easily enough. Also, I may be wrong about this, but I think a lot of the unhappiness people go through when

they're separated is due in large part to feelings of guilt. "Why didn't I do so-and-so when we were together? Why didn't I try harder?" But I don't have those feelings. What I do have, since he's been gone, is a feeling of being very close to him. And, of course, having the baby is just a blessing.

PLAYBOY: With all your work in the Resistance and at the institute, do you feel you've neglected your music? As we mentioned earlier, you've said you feel politically ahead but musically behind. How far behind do you think you are?

BAEZ: I'm not sure. Maybe I shouldn't have used that term, because, thinking about it, I don't know whether there's a behind and an in front. Some of the stuff that might now seem the most far out and avant-garde may turn out to be very short-lived and without much meaning at all. I've decided that the thing to do is stay fresh within whatever context you're working. If you do that, you can use the oldest song in the world and it'll still have meaning. And look at the way country music has become part of the so-called new music. I feel very comfortable recording in Nashville.

PLAYBOY: But you were quoted as saying of the Nashville musicians, "These guys

are fascists. In a different situation, they would have lynched me in a minute."

BAEZ: Oh. God, I was joking. Why, the feeling there was unlike anything I've had with musicians in years. It took a couple of days for that Southern skepticism to wear off, but after that, there was not only a musical closeness but we'd begun to really love one another. We had the tightest thing going. I did make wisecracks about the George Wallace posters they had all over the building, but that was because we had gotten to know each other well enough by then to kid each other.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to talk seriously with them about your political convictions?

BAEZ: No, I didn't talk about any of that while I was there. I didn't feel I had to. That was the first time in probably five years that I've been through five days without talking about draft resistance. There was no point arguing, when we were there to make music. But my secretary is more blatant about that sort of thing. At one point, she asked one of the musicians, "Have you heard of Resistance?" "What's that, a new group?" he asked. "Yeah, as a matter of fact, it is kind of new," she said and tried to describe it. Then she asked, "What do kids here in Nashville do when they get drafted?" "Oh, they go." "Don't any of them *not* go?" she went on. And the answer was, "Well, every town's got one or two draft-card burners. You can't blame Nashville for that."

PLAYBOY: In the LPs you've recorded in Nashville—and everywhere else, for that matter—there have been very few songs of your own. Why don't you write more of your own material?

BAEZ: I'm just not particularly talented at it. I still try to write every once in a while, but I despise mediocrity and I see it all over my work when I try to write. So I usually just dump it out before I get half done.

PLAYBOY: Have you been listening much to what other people are writing, now that nearly all the new performers and groups are creating their own material?

BAEZ: No, I'm not really into the world of music that much. I do listen a little more to the new things now than I used to, but I can't pretend to be all that knowledgeable about what's happening.

PLAYBOY: What do you hear that you especially like?

BAEZ: Johnny Cash. His voice continues to deteriorate, but his soul is there. And The Band—which was first called the band from Big Pink—is phenomenal. The Rolling Stones' *Beggars' Banquet* was magnificent. And, of course, the Beatles—not so much some of the recent stuff but certainly *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. I can't put into words why that affected me so, except to



"And the white man wonders why
we never attack at night!"

say it was like a whole picture, everything coming together. I also like Joe Cocker, except that he sweats too much for me to be able to watch.

PLAYBOY: What about Janis Joplin?

BAEZ: There's something about her I appreciate very much. And it's probably the same reason other people are drawn to what she does: They know they'll never be able to cut loose like that. At the same time, I see her destroying herself and that makes me sad. I mean, boozing all the time and the people around her not challenging that. They just buy her another bottle. But I do like her voice—if you can call it a voice—and there's something about her style that makes me stand back and clap for her.

PLAYBOY: You haven't mentioned Bob Dylan. Do you still feel, as you once said, that whether or not he decides to join the human race, he's a genius and that something of him will survive in history?

BAEZ: Yes, I do still feel that, and from what I hear, he is quite happy now in the human race. At least I hope so.

PLAYBOY: Much of the audience for rock, folk, jazz and blues today—including yours and Dylan's—seems to consider drug taking integral to the listening experience. Does that bother you?

BAEZ: I think people should be able to smoke pot the way other people take drinks. When we get over this dumb prohibition of pot, it will be a very healthy thing for everybody. The other drugs frighten me. There are levels of drugs, of course, and some are scarier than others. I've seen people on acid and speed who look destroyed. Some say it's only temporary, but I can't help thinking, "Is that person *ever* going to get grounded again?" Or, "What would it take for him to *want* to get grounded again?" And I can't sympathize with somebody who sells them stuff like that. It's too unpredictable and it can do great violence to the spirit. Like, someone in Haight-Ashbury once came up to me and said that this nonviolence thing is really for him, but I asked him, "Then how come you're still pushing acid?" It's worthless, I guess, to talk like that, but I get angry when I see it.

PLAYBOY: Along with a more permissive attitude toward drugs, there has also been a loosening of sexual restrictions among the young. Do you have reservations about this, too?

BAEZ: I feel very unresolved in my own head about what makes sense and what doesn't and about how young it ought to start. A. S. Neill, for instance, told about a very young teenage couple who had been at Summerhill and seemed very close and sort of in love with each other. They came to him and said they wanted to share a room. He said he would have loved to be able to let them, but he couldn't. His explanation was that he had to think of Summerhill and

what would happen to the school if the girl got pregnant. Nor could he just hand her some pills, because that would have put the school in jeopardy, too. It was instructive to me, however, that otherwise he would have said, "Go ahead." I don't think that would necessarily be healthy at all for a lot of 14-year-olds in America. But at a place like Summerhill, where you've been allowed to be real all those years, you have a genuine sense of caring by the time you're 14. I imagine the approach to sex there would be the realest you could find anywhere. It wouldn't be the titillating and unreal approach to sex we have in this country: frantic make-up, deodorants, breath sweeteners. A 14-year-old in this country who's just hysterical to get into bed with somebody will probably wind up being just a sexual athlete—and that's not healthy.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that there hasn't been much significant sexual liberation in this country?

BAEZ: So much of it still seems connected with repressed desires that I question how real some of the liberation is. There was a book in a bookstore window in California and the title was *Sex Without Guilt*. Nobody bought it, at least not there. It was like, "Phooey! What fun would sex be without guilt?" I feel there's still a great deal of sexual repression. I mean, look at the way sexual feelings continue to be repressed in the public schools. You're not allowed to talk about sex, you're told that masturbation is a dreadful thing. But nearly all of what happens in school is repressive in this country. That's why I say again that school does so much harm in almost every way, in cutting off people's

vision, in limiting their capacities.

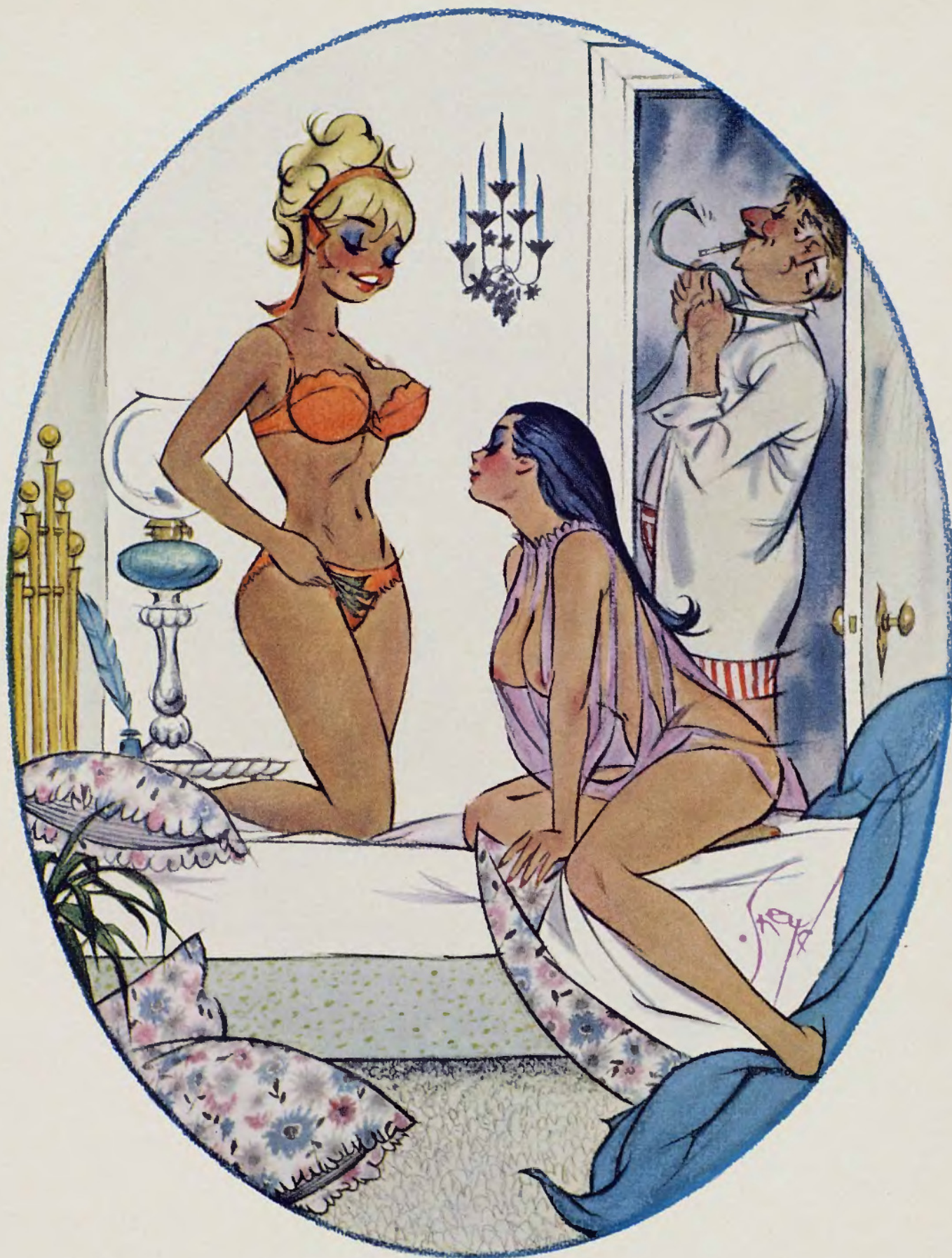
PLAYBOY: Would you contend that unless the society itself is liberated, it may be delusory to speak of sexual liberation?

BAEZ: Yes. Sex isn't an isolated phenomenon; it's part of the whole personality. And how many people are whole? How many really have vision? Let me go back to the school situation. A little kid starts talking wildly about what he's going to be when he grows up. He's waving his arms around, his eyes are sparkling. "I'm going to do this; I'm going to do that." And the adults say, "It's impossible, impossible, impossible." But he's little and doesn't know any better and goes on dreaming and refusing to believe he can't do what he wants to. But before he's been in school very long, he's given those placement tests and the adults insist they know what he can do best. He's still saying, "I want to go to Africa, I want to be a doctor, I want to learn eight languages." But the teacher says, "Well, your test says you'd be a better tree surgeon or mechanic." And eventually, the child begins to believe what he's told. You see, we're not going to be really free unless, in a sense, we can get back to when we were four and were able to dream of all kinds of possibilities and believe in them. We have to get back to a recognition that each of us is unique, that any possibility is real. The crudest way to put it is that people have to get their balls back, balls that have been sliced off bit by bit. And, of course, they have to do it for themselves. Nobody is going to hand them back on a big tray.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the argument that women in particular have had their "vision" taken away from



"Please, Arthur . . . come back to me."



"Remember that rubbish we learned in high school about the human body being worth only ninety-seven cents?"

them, that their options are much more limited than those of men because this remains basically a male-supremacist society? Are you involved in women's liberation groups?

BAEZ: I'm not, but I feel I should take a closer look. I've been turned off so far because I live near Berkeley and most of the stuff I've seen came out of there and I didn't like it at all. It seemed to be saying, "I'm a woman. I demand my rights. I can be as good a soldier or a competitor as any man." You're not going to have a new kind of society, a real sense of brotherhood, that way. On the other hand, I've heard of some good, less flashy things coming out of women's liberation activities—like cooperative nurseries, so that women who've been stuck in a house for ten years can get out. I expect there are other things going on that I should know about. But it's going to take a big effort for me, partly because I've spent the last year and a half trying to be less aggressive, trying to play less of a man's role. All those years before, I was by myself as an entertainer on a stage, and that's a very odd position. It's doing what a man usually does—learning how to project to a lot of people. But being married to David, I wanted to get away from that kind of aggressiveness—and in the process, by the way, I've learned how to cook and I love it. No women's liberation front is going to take that away from me.

PLAYBOY: Have they tried?

BAEZ: Well, toward the end, when David's arrest was coming up, the place was flooded with people and Christy and I just cooked all the time; and one day, I was confronted by a couple of women who were so hostile to that sort of thing that they made me begin to feel uncomfortable. I asked them if they wanted some dinner and they said, "Well, if you feel like cooking it." The way they said it, I thought, "Oh, am I going to look funny having an apron on?" And I started horsing around, clapping my hands and trilling, "David, dear, dinner!" You know, the housewife routine. They got so mad that one of them still refuses to speak to me.

PLAYBOY: Whatever your personal feelings about some of its more militant exponents, do you feel there is a necessity for the liberation of women as people?

BAEZ: I see very, very clearly the need for women to free themselves of many things—having to wear brassieres and make-up and take all those pains to fit into a stereotypical pattern of how you're supposed to look in order to be a sex object. And how you're supposed to act. And beyond that, the still-prevalent concept in this country that the woman's place is in the home. Well, it isn't or shouldn't be for many women. And even for those who refuse to accept that role, the jobs open to them are equally stereotyped and limited and they earn about

half what a man does for the same work. But as to how to go about changing all that, it boils down again to means and ends. And when the means are as crazy as some of them are now, the end result isn't going to be real.

PLAYBOY: As you pointed out earlier, the identity of means and ends is central to your thinking. But are you an absolutist on the question? Can't a particularly desirable end ever justify bending the means to reach it?

BAEZ: Absolutist is a pretty rigid term. I prefer to say that I don't think there's any difference between ends and means, because what you do always determines what you get. We have all of human history to prove that. Men have always said, "We want peace; we want brotherhood; we want tranquillity. Just one more war and we'll have it." But after just one more war, you've laid the whole groundwork for the next war. To be more specific, take the Cuban revolution. There are some beautiful things about that revolution that I refuse to knock—like ending the system of economic privilege. But at the same time, a certain mentality grew out of the way that revolution was fought. I know that children in Cuba now start the day saluting the Cuban flag, singing nationalist songs, and that by the age of ten, they're carrying rifles. That doesn't seem to me like a very sturdy groundwork for anything but another nation-state and the dependence on violence that goes with protecting the nation-state.

PLAYBOY: Young people in Cuba say there is no alternative to keeping the country militarily alert with the American colossus only 90 miles away. Without cultivating nationalism and without a citizenry that knows how to handle guns, they insist "the revolution" couldn't be preserved.

BAEZ: My answer is what it always is: How do you think you're going to preserve any revolution in that way, particularly when there's a colossus right over your heads? Being a bristling, armed nation-state is going to make it that much more tempting for the colossus to want to crush you. The one alternative is to do something very different from what any nation-state has done in the past. I mean, the development of a nonviolent society. But you can't do that if your primary concern is preserving the nation-state rather than the people in it. So I would say that the Cuban revolution hasn't been revolutionary *enough*.

PLAYBOY: Given the odds against you—and the lessons of history—how do you sustain a belief that your way will work, in Cuba or anywhere else?

BAEZ: It's not easy, because one can never tell how much he's fooling himself. Sometimes I get very encouraged through the people I work with and the context in which I work. But then I get brought down. I meet someone like a

woman who interviewed me recently. She's very much into Black Pantherism and she told me, "You're all by yourself. How do you go on thinking that way when nobody else does?" I kept saying, "But there *are* others. If you're interested, get out of New York City and look around outside the context you're operating in. We do exist. There *are* people who believe that blowing other people's heads off is a dumb idea. I'm not the only one on earth who thinks as I do." But then, when she'd left, I thought of the reality of her own experience to her. She really hasn't known anyone else who thinks as I do. Maybe I *do* overestimate the numbers and the force on our side, because I surround myself with people who more or less believe as I do. We do exist, but it may be that there won't ever be enough of us.

PLAYBOY: When you get discouraged, what lifts you out of it and gets you going again?

BAEZ: The thing that keeps me doing the things I do and makes me think they may work, in spite of everybody's arguments about human nature and in spite of the wars and the exploitation, is that I've never in my travels met a person who didn't want to love and be loved by other people. I think that need can be as powerful a force as any of the forces we've been talking about. That's the force I try to work with. It's *there*. The makings for the revolution I'm talking about are there. Oh, you often talk to the guy down the street and he's sure *he* can do it, but he adds that first you've got to get that *other* guy out of the way, because he might start after us with a machine gun. Everybody feels *he's* capable of being part of that real change I call revolution; but so far, only a few have gotten over that frenzy about the other person. That's what we have to work on, but we do have a base: that need everybody has to love and be loved.

PLAYBOY: Are there times when you feel there is no real hope at all, even with that base?

BAEZ: I'm acquainted with that feeling. It usually goes away fairly fast, but I have it once in a while. I can't pretend not to have had it. It's then I think: What if the revolution never happens? Well, I want to have lived my life in such a way that I won't regret any of the things I've done. So even if we never reach the goal, I'll at least have attempted to live a decent life all the way through. I'll have kept on trying to reach people, trying to keep myself open, so that *I* can be reached, trying to be kind, trying to learn about love. In my most down moments, I think maybe that will be the most we'll be able to do—to live a life of *trying* to do those things. And if it comes to that, it will, after all, have been quite a lot to have done.



about television

(continued from page 117)

couples even like it in the dining room, right on the tabletop.

Q. While they're eating?

A. Sometimes.

Q. Is that healthy?

A. Yes, as long as such oral gratification is followed by normal viewing.

Q. Is there any way a man can tell if a woman is really enjoying this activity?

A. Yes. By her eyes. If they are open, she is enjoying it. If they are closed, she is not.

Q. Should a woman ever initiate television viewing?

A. Certainly. There's no reason why the man should always be the aggressor. She might let him know she's in the mood by mentioning some exciting new show she thinks he'd enjoy watching. If he doesn't get the hint, she could try a more direct approach, saying something like, "Let's look at TV, lover." If that doesn't work, some women simply take the bull by the horns and start fiddling with the master control, turning it on manually and then assuming their favorite position while they wait for the set to warm up.

Q. How long should viewing last for maximum satisfaction?

A. That varies with the individual. Some turn on their sets, discover that they're watching a rerun and ruin the enjoyment of their partners by prematurely ejaculating the climax of the show after only two or three minutes of viewing. Others are able to enjoy continuous viewing—no matter how familiar the plot line—for as long as two or three hours a night.

Q. How often should viewing take place?

A. Most couples watch television almost every night, but some are content to turn the set on only two or three times a week. And, surprising as it may seem, there are a few people who manage to get along perfectly well without watching TV at all. Most of these nonviewers are unfortunate enough not to own sets—though they claim to consider themselves better off—but a few have functioning sets that, for deep-seated psychological reasons, they simply choose not to use.

Q. Not ever?

A. Well, hardly ever. They do watch an occasional educational program, but more for pregnant messages than for any pleasure they might derive from it. In fact, they tend to feel that it can't be good for them if they actually enjoy it.

Q. Should television viewing be engaged in primarily for entertainment, then?

A. Not necessarily. Without television, many people would have no other source of information and education. But without television, even more people would have no stimulating diversions to occupy their time, and there's no reason they

should feel guilty about watching purely for the fun of it.

Q. What can a couple use to protect themselves if they don't want to run the risk of getting informed?

A. They can refrain from viewing on nights when cultural shows are scheduled; but this has proved to be an unreliable method, since one can't be sure that some pregnant message won't find its way even into an entertainment program. Some couples who can't be bothered to keep track of the TV schedule prefer the equally perilous technique of leaping up and turning off the set when they feel an educational message coming on; but they may not reach the set in time. A more reliable method is to wear a blindfold and earplugs; but few are well enough made to guarantee more than 78-percent safety from educational impregnation. The only 100-percent-effective safeguard yet developed is cordectomy—severing of the cord connecting the man's set to its power source. But this procedure has the disadvantage of being irreversible and it has the effect of cutting off the viewer, in a very literal sense, not only from educational programming but from entertainment shows as well.

Q. What do you suggest, then?

A. The pill, a sedative ingestible in capsule or tablet form, which renders the viewer impregnable even to a three-hour documentary on Vietnamization or environmental pollution. Certain disturbing side effects have been reported—a feeling of limpness, stiff necks, missed appointments and the like—but clinical studies show that it's safer to take the pill than to take nothing and run the risk of being inadvertently informed.

Q. Is there anything you can take to increase the pleasure of TV watching?

A. Well, alcohol is the most widely used TV stimulant, and there's no doubt that it can lower inhibitions about trying offbeat new shows or that it can induce a lightheaded euphoria that distinctly enhances the viewing appetite. But it often has a deterrent effect on the viewer's ability to concentrate, or even focus on the screen, and sometimes even to turn on the set.

Q. How about marijuana?

A. There's little doubt that whiskey-drinking Federal narcotics authorities have outlawed the use of marijuana at least in part because of its underground reputation as a viewing stimulant, which they've alleged is a popular myth. Don't you believe it. The fact is that grass is one of the most powerful TV turn-ons a set owner could hope for in his wildest fantasies. A few puffs of pot can turn the

NBC peacock into the cock of the walk, make the CBS eye wink enticingly, even enable viewers with delicate stomachs to sit through an entire episode of *Big Valley* not only without boredom but in a hallucinatory state approaching rapture. And many viewers report greatly increased staying powers under the influence of pot; some who can normally endure only 15 minutes or a half hour of TV can continue watching—with undiminished vigor and enthusiasm—for as long as three or four hours at a time.

Q. What can be done for those who can't watch TV at all—with or without drugs?

A. A great deal. But it's important to understand that this problem affects not only those who can't get their sets to work at all. Many people who can turn on their sets without difficulty often lose their picture before the end of the first show, thus denying satisfaction to themselves and their partners. In both cases, however, it's almost always a functional disorder that can be treated successfully by a qualified TV repairman.

Q. Is this treatment painful?

A. Only to the bankbook. But surely the joy of being able to experience total viewing pleasure—and to bestow it on your mate—is worth whatever it costs, even with handling charges.

Q. Is it abnormal to watch TV alone?

A. Not at all. Statistics show that almost everyone past the age of puberty has engaged in solitary viewing at one time or another, whether they're willing to admit it or not. But it's certainly nothing to be ashamed of and, contrary to rumor, it has never been known to cause blindness—though eyestrain is not uncommon in some cases of overindulgence. For most viewers, it's a healthy and even beneficial outlet—especially for those separated from their partners for long periods and for those too shy or unattractive to seek out a viewing companion. In short: Better TV alone than no TV at all.

Q. How about TV viewing with a member of the same sex?

A. Is that an invitation, sweetie?

Q. It's just a practice we've heard about in boys' schools, Y.M.C.A. lobbies and certain kinds of bars for specialized clientele.

A. Well, there's no question that males who engage in TV with another man or women with another woman are missing out on the far more gratifying rewards of heterosexual viewing. They're more to be pitied than censured for their proclivities, since their relationships tend to be rather impersonal and of short duration; they seldom watch TV more than a few times with the same partner. But as long as they conduct their viewing in private with consenting adults, it should be



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regarded as a personal preference, rather than a social menace.

Q. Is the same true of married couples who like to watch TV with broad-minded friends and neighbors?

A. Yes, as long as the multiple viewing experience doesn't induce guilt feelings, jealousies or competitions—over which channel to watch, how late to stay up, etc.—which could seriously jeopardize the friendships and marriages involved. But many couples claim that mixed-doubles TV has added a spice of variety to their viewing habits that has enriched and renewed their own viewing relationships at home. The only point on which both exponents and critics are agreed is that before deciding to make the group-TV

scene, the children should be put to bed.

Q. How about premarital viewing?

A. It's all right as long as it doesn't hold up the ceremony.

Q. One last question: What are your views about television watching for the elderly? Aren't they a little old for that sort of thing?

A. Well, what else do they have to do with themselves at that age? After all, they're too old to cut the mustard anymore. Of course, they can always continue to enjoy themselves vicariously.

Q. How?

A. By reading my next book: *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Cutting Mustard*.



on location

(continued from page 132)

the door. I go down to the basement and check the courtyard door. I pull down all the blinds and return to the living room, where Edie is seated on my leather couch, trying to undo her zipper. My living room looks suddenly so incriminating: the pictures of myself on the walls, stills from various commercials and my two Clios from the American TV and Radio Commercials Festival on the mantelpiece. I recoil in fastidious horror, as though I had wandered by mistake into a Ripley's Believe It or Not museum. It is not my house. I never meant to live like this. Should I hide my picture? Or will the cops have things under control in a few hours? The clock on my coffee table reads 1:30. Maybe all we have to do is hold out, by tomorrow everything will be normal again, better than normal, because now the enemy has exposed itself and can be exterminated. I am very excited. I go over to help Edie, who is still cursing at her mermaid zipper, and thrust my hand between the couch and her scaly, sequined leg. As soon as I touch her costume, I feel everything is going to be all right. I peel it down and pry into her popliteal fossa, firm pad defined by photogenic tendons, the supple, moist flesh, while Edie sits there smiling, excited, as bewildered as I am that we can be making love in the midst of possible disaster, yet letting me know with a smile that she, too, has decided this is what people everywhere have always done. Her head goes back, her body slips gently down, her nostrils widen as I bare her hips to the light and kiss her mouth, tasting a thick, molten bubble, like the center of a clay spring, which breaks, spreading its flavor over my lips.

She starts to murmur, then twists her head in alarm. A second light has just gone on in my living room. A footstep hooks us like two fish. Jerking up, we see a figure in the doorway.

It is the man from the boat pond. One of the two leaders who tried to carry Edie off. He has followed us here. He is fiercely calm and is pointing his gun at us. Here. In my living room. But if a man is in your house, how can he be your enemy? And now, with a sweep of the gun barrel, he knocks all the items off my mantelpiece, including my two Clios. My face goes hot. I am going to cry. Edie is clutching my arm. I try to open my mouth to say something, but I can't find the words and my jaw starts to tremble. "You stupid bastard," he says, raising the gun to shoot. I push Edie to one side and duck. The gun goes off. Something enters my shoulder. I dive at



the attacker. The gun goes off again. into the ceiling. The man is on his back. I step on his face and wrench the gun from his hands, slamming the butt against the side of his head. I hit him again, again, digging at his skull with a hoelike motion until my arms go weak and I can hardly see through my tears. It feels as though I have been hitting him for hours. I look at his head—he is bleeding freely from the ear—and sickness engulfs me. Edie is shouting my name. A numbness crawls up my arm, burrows inside my shirt like a small animal. I feel my shoulder, wincing at a pain no larger than a tooth, wondering if there is a bullet there beneath the blood and what must be done about that and how soon. My lung has been punctured, I think, and test this hypothesis with the next few breaths. The childish fears are much worse than the pain, worse even than the sight of a murdered man lying on my living-room floor. I must get myself to a hospital. I go to the door. Edie takes a raincoat from my closet to cover herself and follows. In the midst of everything, the sensation is like emerging from a double feature to find the weather has changed. The East Side is now swarming with attackers. We walk toward the river. A captured camera car is going along First Avenue and two men, knee deep in photographic equipment, are tossing cameras and lenses and film stock onto the sidewalk, cheered on by a crowd standing in front of Bellevue. We cross the street. Fires have broken out all along First Avenue. All the locations have been sacked except the vital services. They are treating their own wounded at the hospital. "Our own wounded," I say aloud. Edie winces. My wound is starting to throb. In the Bellevue parking lot, guns are being distributed. We walk toward the entrance. Medics are watching from the doorway. I go over, clutching the gun. A medic peels off my shirt. "Death to the image makers," I say. The medic nods. There are many people tightly packed in the parking lot, camera cars and ambulances coming and going, men with rifles climbing onto trucks, dismounting, new shifts of attackers being dispatched in camera cars to new locations. I look around for Edie, lost somewhere in the crowd. The medic is bandaging my shoulder. "You're needed," he says, acknowledging the gun I hold and pointing to a car about to leave for somewhere.

"The girl I was with——"

"Has been sent to Central Park."

I suppress a shudder. "To mop up?"

"Exactly."

Oh, God, I think, but they have won and I am in the car, pulling away from

the hospital onto First Avenue. The streets are filled with broken glass. Across First, at the Kips Bay apartments, gunfire is coming from the roof. I want to roll down the window, call out, tell everyone to give up. We should have known. To tie up public property is evil. A camera car is going by. They must have salvaged some equipment, because they have a camera pointed at us and running. The barbarians donning Roman finery, I think, feeling the car slow up. It is my house we are stopping at. Oh, God. They don't realize a man has already come here. They will find him on my living-room floor with his skull crushed in. They'll see my picture on the wall. Oh, God.

I wonder if I can make a run for it. I have left my rifle in the car and now they are forcing me up the stairs into my own house. I shake myself free and rush into my living room.

There is no one lying on my floor. I

look up and see the dead man giving me a wink. A make-up man is wiping his temple clean of blood. I turn around and see the cameras and lights being moved in and a propman replacing my Clios on the mantelpiece. Another propman is setting back the clock on my coffee table. He leaves it at ten o'clock, then unwinds the bloody bandage from my shoulder and discards it. A third propman places a script face down next to the clock. Turning, I can see the director seated in a canvas chair, the cameraman stepping behind his camera and, behind them, a crowd of onlookers being kept at a distance by several policemen. I am told to lie back on my white-leather couch and pretend to be waking up. I close my eyes and lights come on and a camera hums as the horror of it strikes me: They are going to do this until they get it right.



"Oh, here you are, Gloria! I said we'd meet you under the big clock!"

SUPERDRIVER U (continued from page 84)

himself: His motor reactions are somewhere between quick and slow; he is reasonably courageous or wholly cowardly or something between; he is intent on learning to drive well, in order really to drive well or in order to convince someone, honestly or not, that he drives well; and so on.

Typically: A student on his last day is running the road course. His instruction is to run as fast as he can within the limits of consistency and safety and his own ability. Mizejewski is timing him and Bondurant comes by to watch.

Mizejewski says, "This is very interesting. He's chicken, you see. He'll improve his lap time by a couple of seconds for four or five laps, then, when he has cut one about as fast as he can, he'll scare himself and back off. Watch."

And so it turns out. The clock drops two seconds a lap and then rises. As the student comes by, he's pointing to the engine. Something is wrong, he's saying. But nobody believes him. The record of people who have gone through the school shows that the lap times of 100 students will vary by three to four seconds—no more. It's no use trying to fool the clock and drama doesn't count.

Enjoyment in driving is based, above all, on smoothness, the easy flow of the vehicle along the road, gently swinging through the curves, accelerating and braking almost imperceptibly. This sense of secure passage, similar to a steel ball rolling in a glass chute, is the hallmark of the expert. The driver may be going quickly or slowly, but a perceptive passenger will feel that he could hold a bowl of goldfish on his lap.

Graduates of the old Rolls-Royce chauffeurs' school drove like that, drifting from lane to lane, shifting gears absolutely imperceptibly, anticipating conditions so far ahead that the car never seemed to be braked, it seemed to slow by itself—and a split second before it stopped, the brake was released completely, to eliminate the possibility of even the slightest jerk.

Smoothness is the obsession of the Bondurant school. I'm not sure it's possible to do an entire lap of a twisting road circuit, fast, with Bondurant and be told that the whole lap, all nine turns of it, was perfectly smooth, but it's exhilarating and rewarding to try.

For smoothness, control is essential; and for control, the driver must be sitting upright, buttocks hard against the back of the seat, hands at nine and three o'clock, with each thumb over a spoke, the knees not held upright but allowed to fall naturally to each side, this for relaxation and to clear the bottom of the steering wheel in a tight turn. (The hand position is particularly important: All other grips are faulty, up to, or down to, the American standard freeway stance,

the right wrist draped over the top of the wheel, the left idle.) No other grip will enable the driver to hold the wheel in the case of a front-tire blowout or to make an instantaneous change in direction.

The beginning student's first exercise is to drive around an oval course perhaps 150 yards in length, around and around, in second gear, the car a Datsun 1600 sedan or a Porsche 914, trying to follow the correct line through the wide hairpin bends at each end, in close down the straight, out in a gentle arc that will just touch the apex of the curve, which is nearly always two thirds of the way through, and gently in again. That there is a correct line through every corner, and a different one for almost every corner, comes as a revelation to most students, long used to going in, cranking the wheel around, feeding gas and getting out somehow. On the mathematically pure line, the car will go around almost by itself; when a car is correctly taken through a constant-radius bend, the wheel can be set at the entrance and not moved again, even fractionally, until the exit. You can spend all morning learning to take a little sedan smoothly around Bondurant's oval—and you're still not concerned with anything but steering; there is no distraction. It's at this point that the fascination of the exercise begins to flicker in the mind: Nothing could be easier than driving through a simple curve; yet it begins to appear that one can't do it perfectly three times in succession. The line may be wrong by only six inches, but it's wrong, nevertheless. At 35 mph, it mars the effort only aesthetically; but at 70, it could kill you.

Now try it going to third gear on the straight, shifting to second just before the corner. Brake with the ball of the foot, lightly; roll the side of the foot onto the accelerator with just enough pressure to raise the engine speed to accommodate second gear; in clutch, out clutch, roll the foot off the accelerator, the brake pedal has been down all the time, put a very little more weight on it, off it, lightly on the accelerator, harder, all the way down coming out of the turn, pick up third gear, gently, just wishing the gear lever through, and start over again. Meanwhile, watch the line, don't go into the corner early or late, just clip the apex, let the car run out to the edge of the straight; if you move the wheel, you've done something wrong—and Bondurant will tell you so.

"That's pretty good, except at the last minute, you jerked the wheel, you caught yourself off the line. . . . You're coming in too early, you're in, you should be outside, brings you too wide here. . . . You're off the brake too early and on the throttle too soon, which pushes it down out the bottom of the turn. . . . You're braking too hard . . .

light, light braking, what you're doing with the brakes, you want to balance the chassis on the wheels, set it up, get a nice patch of rubber on each wheel. Brake too hard, you'll pitch the chassis forward, unload the rear wheels, you'll have oversteer, the rear end will try to come around on you. Accelerate too hard coming out, you'll unload the front wheels, you'll get understeer. . . . Now you're braking too soon. . . . Pick up the throttle earlier, because the throttle has to steer you around the corner. . . . That was nice, that was very good, didn't that feel good to you? Light braking, light, just drag the calipers across the disks, don't stab it. . . . Man, you blew that one, you were two feet off the apex, what happened to you? . . . You weren't thinking. . . . All right, now, here, go; anyway, your upshifts are very nice, practically perfect, and I like the way you get right on the throttle coming out, that's right, good, stand on it, lot of people won't do that on this short straight, they're afraid the car will go off. . . . Beautiful, beautiful, keep it going, that was very nice. . . . See how good that felt, everything balanced. . . . Nice, good clean line through that one, too, you came in a hair too early, but you cleaned it up; you had to crank in a little more wheel, but you came out OK. . . . You've got one thing going for you, you're quick, you have quick reactions and good control; like back there, a lot of people, correcting that turn, they'd have cranked on just that little bit too much wheel. . . . Now you're braking too hard again, maybe you're going a little too fast, you let the clutch out before you'd fully picked up the throttle, you're blipping it instead of just picking it up lightly; Jesus, you still had the brake on coming out there, did you know that? Back off a little; here we go again, stay on the throttle just to the tree, off, brake, light, second, brake, let it run out. . . ."

Years of manhandling cars and their controls and years of driving without really thinking about it are the two heaviest handicaps students carry into the Bondurant school. And these are not new boys: Nearly every student is better than average on a national standard and many have done some competitive driving. Still, it may be a day before they can shift gears properly, never grabbing the stick but pushing it lightly with the ball of the hand, pulling it gently with the finger tips, braking lightly and progressively and all the rest of it.

As for concentration—Bondurant has a short road course, under a mile, with nine turns, all different, and two short straights. To run on it fast, the driver must memorize aiming points for each curve and shutoff points; otherwise, running fast, they'll come up too quickly. The aiming point for one bend at the end of a straight is a tree. Just coming



"Beastly sorry about all these interruptions."

into this straight, Bondurant, sitting beside me, said something. Apparently, I hadn't been concentrating, because the remark distracted me and, suddenly, for what seemed a long time and was probably a second, I couldn't find the tree. I couldn't pick it out from the others. I went into the corner off the line, braked late and blew the next turn as well. Another time, I was alone, in one of the competition Datsuns, going about as fast as I could make it go, with Bondurant following me. When he signaled me in, he said, "You started to get tired two laps back and your concentration fell off. Right?"

Right. As I had known, objectively, for a long time, that one *must* concentrate in driving, I had also known that the inept selection of the wrong line going into one corner would, absolutely, inevitably, put car and driver hopelessly into the wrong line not only on the *next* corner but on the one after that. But I did not truly understand this simple maxim until I ran a few times through the four-bend chicane on Bondurant's course. If you're six inches off the mathematically correct line on the first bend, you're off a foot on the second, three on the third and, as for the fourth—forget it.

The Bondurant curriculum is elastic, to say the least. There's a one-day course designed to show a pretty well unclued driver how to manage on the streets and the freeways. A two-day defensive-driving course takes this farther, into hard stops, spins and skids. The high-performance course is meant to teach competence in high-speed road driving in 125-plus-mph automobiles; and the five-day competition course turns out drivers who can

begin racing on the amateur-club level. Cost is \$100 a day basic and \$800 for the competition course, using school cars. The garage count varies. On a recent day, there were three Datsuns, three Formula Fords, two Formula Vees, two Porsche 914s, two Audi sedans, a Lola T 70 Group 7 sports car and a Ford GT 40.

Considering that he teaches such advanced techniques as correcting a skid by spinning the car 180 degrees in its own width and then steering it straight backward (a maneuver requiring such fast wheel handling that the school cars have red-and-green taped identifiers on the left and right spokes), Bondurant's curriculum sounds a bit hairy; but in the two years the school has been running, no one has been hurt. The cars are rigorously maintained, heavily roll-barred; students wear shoulder belts and Bell helmets. Most of them graduate. The occasional washouts are casualties of the competition course. Shaw or Mizejewski will decide that a man will never make a competent race driver; Bondurant will check him out; if he agrees, the student gets a prorata fee refund and is bade to go and sin no more.

The others go home happy, for the most part, impressed with their new skills or even overimpressed. Returning to his East Coast home at midnight, a recent graduate amused the lady who opened the door for him: He was wearing the school's Day-Glo orange helmet, complete with visor. "I'm going to wear it all the time," he said. He got the laugh he was trying for, but he was really only half joking.



"UP THE ORGANIZATION"

(continued from page 90)

This concept is even more important in the present era of instant disclosure. When you walk out of a locked-door closing, you announce that a deal was done. Let your lazy lawyers talk you into a memorandum of intent and all you announce to the world is that if anybody wants to queer this agreement, he'd better get moving.

Don't forget the corporate seals, round-the-clock typists and a notary public. You can't go home until that document is signed, witnessed and notarized.

BREVITY

The usual way to sell an idea to a board of directors is to produce a stack of bulky reports in brown, red, black or gray leatherette binders and hand them out to anyone who might be concerned. Days later, when the subject comes up for discussion, one third of those present won't have read the report, one third will have read enough to induce merciful black-out and the remaining third, those opposed to the project, will have read carefully and assembled enough arguments to kill it outright or delay it indefinitely.

The next time you have to make a pitch in a board room, try it without notes, charts, handouts or assistants. Remember:

1. Most people with power would like to use it wisely, if someone believable would tell them how.

2. They know that any proposal having to do with their business can be stated clearly and completely in less than one minute.

Why not help them out? When you know your subject cold and have a conviction, make the pitch orally. Stay under a minute. Avoid all props and end with a request for action.

NO-NOS; PISSING IN THE SOUP

- Pension plans for top people. Security is for people who don't have a chance to make it big. Above a certain level (you pick it out), don't have pensions. Encourage your people to build their own security by building the company they own a piece of.

- Taking phone calls in meetings: "Look at me, I'm busy!" If you get a phone call from Nixon, how much more impressive to *not* take it. Besides, your refusal will strike panic into those 19 Medusas on the White House switchboard, who believe they have the divine right to interrupt anybody, anywhere, any time.

- Tax dodges. Encouraging your people—with company cars and company



"She was a great model!"

apartments—to take their eyes off profit building and focus on tax-saving schemes instead.

- Synergism, a business fad like hula hoops, holds that two and two makes five. Horseshit. Two and two usually makes three, and you know it. Because divisions forced to deal with one another learn to hate with a passion—and find ways to take it out on one another.

- Consistency is something you have to be inconsistent about. With a nationwide franchise agreement, be consistent; if you permit one variation, the finger is out of the dike. But where the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages—such as letting people set their own office hours and firing those who consistently abuse that freedom—you must be consistently inconsistent.

- Jet set. There may come a time when your corporate fame is such that the beautiful people honor you with offers of their services. Decline.

- Liquor and drugs. Don't try to tell people how to conduct themselves at home. But if someone comes to the office zonked a third time, fire him without bothering to find out what he's using.

DO IT NOW

The telephone is still underused. How many times have you read something and said to yourself: "I need to *talk* to him"? You may never meet him, but chances are you *can* talk to him. Pick up the phone. Now.

You'll discover that, in this respect, the world is divided into self-important asses and authentic humans. You won't be able to get through to the former, and that's a pretty good indication they're not worth talking to. The others will be surprisingly easy to reach—and happy you called. Who isn't pleased to learn that somebody out there cares?

But call him now. While the urge is on you. Otherwise, you'll just be adding to that giant trash can of good ideas you once had but never acted on.

POLAROID POWER

If you're responsible for a group of hamburger stands, service stations, banks, nursing homes or supermarkets, where appearance is critical, take a Polaroid camera along on your trips. If you see an obsolete sign, a dirty counter or a slovenly employee, take a picture. Show it to the manager. Tell him it will be prominently featured in your rogues' gallery back home until he sends you a picture of the new look.

Worth a thousand words? More like a million.

MERCY MISPLACED

The average leader avoids prescribing corporate euthanasia for a limping



How could you do this to her?

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7-oz., MM334, \$5;
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company operation. Why? Not because he can't read the numbers—he's sharp enough with those. Because he came up through a system that excessively rewards the ability to get along with other people.

Mercy may help him get along for the moment. But misplaced mercy is seldom merciful. As a result of his soft-headed decision, bright, able people get trapped in an obsolete division. They bust their humps fighting to salvage a lost cause.

The standard performance-appraisal sheet offers a constant reminder of how far off the track we are with respect to the qualities we need in our leaders. It emphasizes the self-serving skills of the corporate politician who can't come up with hard decisions that are *truly* merciful in the long run.

"Flexibility," "Adaptability," "Gets along well with others." I don't believe they're what's needed today if we're going to force our institutions to adapt to *us*—which is our central problem.

The Ottoman Turks for over six centuries produced an unbroken succession of able leaders. Their performance-appraisal sheet would have looked like this:

Adaptability	0
Adventuresomeness	100
Cruelty	100
Energy	100
Flexibility	0
Intelligence	100
Justice	100
Gets along well with others	0

Please note—justice, 100. Without that, they would have been nothing.

May I suggest that if you don't start developing your own Ottoman Turks, pretty soon they'll be coming over the walls?

SWING LOW, SWEET SUPPLICANT

1. John Bigdeal, senior vice-president, when he needs an important approval from a regulatory agency, calls someone at or near the top, takes him to lunch explains in detail and hands him his written application with a friendly request for expedition. The application goes down to Bill Overworked, dedicated staffer, who is enraged at having something jammed into his part of the pipeline. He takes one of two courses: (A) buries it; or (B) works all night building an airtight case against approval, or at least asking enough tough questions so that when the answers come back, he'll be able to ask twice as many more.

2. Fred Humble, senior vice-president, finds the appropriate *bottom* level in the regulatory-agency staff, takes Bill Overworked to lunch and gives him the application. Since Bill has never met a senior vice-president before, that application tends to get his top priority. Humble

can now needle it gracefully up the pipeline by calling Bill Overworked and asking whose desk it's on now and then taking *him* to lunch.

Who do you think gets the approval first?

This applies to working with all bureaucracies, inside and outside your company. I just picked regulatory agencies as an example.

A HEALTHY FEAR OF SUCCESS

People tend to learn from failure. When success arrives, however, they don't ask why and they don't try to learn from it. They go home and tell their wives how smart they are.

Take an unaccountable, unexplained and excessive run-up in the price of your stock.

For years, you've been wooing security analysts. Then one day, they all discover your stock. In a month, it runs up from 20 to 50 times earnings.

That's success! The ultimate pay-off! Wow!

What you should do, of course, instead of congratulating yourself, is call a press conference and tell the world you think the run-up is silly, that you don't know of anything to justify it and that you personally plan to sell some of your stock, if the price holds.

Instead, however, you'll probably accept the telephone congratulations of your directors, and then, in a panic, you'll look around for something—anything—that might justify the new price of the stock.

That new merger you didn't like now looks good.

That half-baked new product line might be the answer.

Maybe that big computerization program will cut costs.

Goodbye, baby.

Your successor will pick up the pieces. And all because you didn't have the guts to say you thought your own stock was overpriced.

CORPORATE IMAGE

Among the many serious blows American business has suffered, none was more devastating than that delivered by the public-relations man who first applied the word image to a corporation and its executives. The result has been a massive misapplication of national energy and assets roughly rivaling the cost of a moon shot. Grown men who should be engaged in more serious activities have been spending millions of dollars and whole careers on silly speeches, institutional advertising and annual reports that look like a Sunday supplement.

Repent, for the Day of Judgment is never far away. Whatever appeal may be created by a corporate-image campaign

will fade fast and sure. The only image you should care about is the smile on the face of your customer as he enjoys your product or service, or on the face of your stockholder as he scans the company profits.

VANITY, ALL IS VANITY: THE ANNUAL REPORT

Take away the words and numbers required by the SEC, N.Y.S.E. and the C.P.A. firm as the price of their clean certificate. What's left? A picture of chairman J. P. Bloat and president B. Lemuel Phat, faces twisted into unwonted grins, congratulating each other on having gotten away with it for another year.

Next come a few expensive pictures of "operations" with black employees on the job—both of them hauled out of the basement, dressed up in clean uniforms and placed prominently in the left foreground. The numbers and pictures float around a badly written, one-sided puff piece.

If all the U.S. dollars wasted in the past five years on this corporate flatulence had been devoted to rebuilding the ghettos, white businessmen would be lunching in Harlem and taking the wife and kids to Watts for vacations.

But, as William F. Buckley, Jr., must have said, altruism is not the corporate bag.

So here is a viable alternative: Let corporations give really creative support to the graphic arts. Suppose the Z Corporation, at the beginning of its fiscal year, hired a good struggling writer, a good struggling artist and a good struggling photographer and said to them, "We want a 25,000-word report to the stockholders, employees and customers of our company that will give them the absolute truth about us—the good, bad, sad and funny—and the real heroes and villains of the year just beginning. And if we catch you accepting threats or bribes from anyone, you will be summarily dismissed."

Think of it! The picture in front would show the tired but happy bunch of physicists who unlocked the secret of one-coat, quick-drying lifetime paint. And a little box on the page would note the early retirement of vice-president Harry ("Iron Duke") Kelly, who tried to bury the discovery because it would put the company paint division and all of its competitors out of business in three years.

Anybody got the guts to try it? If so, I urge you to make it a three-year project, with a different team each year.

And don't choke if you have a bad year. Your annual report may well be the best thing you produce.





"Haven't I raped you somewhere before?"

TORRID ITALIAN BEAUTY

(continued from page 92)

(43-inch-high), bobtailed speedster—with all-steel bodywork designed and built by Ghia, magnesium wheels and wide-tread radial tires—looks as if it will run comfortably at 150 mph, and it will, provided the U.S. driver can find a road on which to open it up. Its interior, on the other hand, offers the kind of futuristic niceties found on the sleekest auto-show dream car. Although it has air conditioning, AM/FM radio and five-speed transmission as standard equipment, the high point of the Pantera's space-age cockpit is its furniture: two fully adjustable bucket seats, based on formed aluminum shells, each of which supports 11 individually molded polyurethane pads, spaced to provide its occupant with maximum ventilation and comfort. Additional pads at the sides give lateral support.

Unlike the Corvair and other cars with power plants mounted aft of the rear wheels, the De Tomaso's 351-cubic-inch Ford Cleveland engine is positioned behind the cockpit yet forward of the axle. This gives the machine excellent weight distribution for high-speed motoring. The car's centrally located 24.5-gallon gasoline tank itself aids handling; and changes in the fuel load have little effect on the car's cornering attitude. If the Pantera's chassis layout is similar to that found on nearly all contemporary road-racing machinery, there's good reason; the sleek road machine's builder, Alessandro de Tomaso, has had over 20 years of experience with racing cars—primarily those with power plants located immediately behind the driver.

A few mid-engined high-performance cars were available in the U.S. prior to the advent of the Pantera, but their

numbers were strictly limited by their price tags. Such machines as the Lamborghini Miura (\$19,250) and the Pantera's older brother, the De Tomaso Mangusta (\$11,150), have been on the market for several years. Concurrent with the debut of the Pantera, American Motors unveiled a plastic prototype of its own mid-engined coupe, the 390-cubic-inch V8 AMX-3, and announced plans to build 24 of the rakish machines (two per month) at up-to-\$12,000 each. Preceding both this year in the mid-engine derby was the Porsche 914 (and its more powerful sister, the 914-6), whose price tag and performance put it in a different class.

The Pantera, which will probably sell for around \$9000, has its first year's production targeted at 5000—a not-inconsiderable number for such exotic machinery. Although the Pantera will come in at a few thousand dollars less than the Mangusta, it offers more for the money—thanks to engineering experience gained with the first car. In addition to a 15 percent increase in the size of the new car's power plant, better rearward vision, easier engine access (because of a hinged and recessed rear deck) and independent suspension and disk brakes on all four wheels, the Pantera has the same *haute couture* coachwork and all-steel *monocoque* construction that immediately distinguishes the Mangusta.

It is fortunate for the future of mid-engined automobiles that the De Tomaso Pantera—a luxury grand-touring machine with awesome performance potential and stunning good looks—is the vehicle by which significant numbers of American car buyers will become aware of the genre, for it is a fine example of the state of the art.



"I ask you—would I be doing this to you if I didn't have an airtight case?"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 50)

many couples have had their children by the time the woman is 25. Yet she still has 20 or more childbearing years left. If a man compares a day or two of discomfort against 20 years of continual anxiety, wondering each month if they were careful enough—and then, perhaps, failing in the woman's 40th year—sterilization seems the preferable course.

The Rev. David L. Higgs
West Baptist Church
Oswego, New York

A "LOW-DOWN STINKING ACT"

The Berkshire Eagle, describing the debate on abortion reform in the Massachusetts legislature, contained the following paragraph:

Representative William E. Carey (Democrat, Boston) termed abortion "outright murder of helpless infants" and asserted that intercourse without plans for children is a "low-down stinking act."

Jack Atwater
Dalton, Massachusetts

THE BAIRD CASE CONTINUES

It was a shameful moment in the history of American jurisprudence when birth-control and abortion crusader Bill Baird was jailed last winter. Appeal efforts failed in his case testing Massachusetts' 125-year-old "crimes against chastity" law. Baird then spent 36 days in an ancient prison (reputed to be one of the worst on the Eastern Seaboard). Pleas and telegrams poured in from across the nation calling for his immediate parole, the largest mail and telephone protest that Governor Francis W. Sargent has received since taking office. Eventually, the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals released Baird on bail pending the outcome of a new appeal to the Federal courts, challenging the constitutionality of this law.

Baird was originally arrested and convicted of a felony for exhibiting contraceptives at a lecture and giving one package of contraceptive foam to a 22-year-old woman in the audience who had requested it. Baird and his brilliant Boston attorney, Joseph J. Balliro, got half the law declared unconstitutional in the Massachusetts supreme court and it is now legal in Massachusetts to disseminate birth-control information. However, the state supreme court upheld that part of the law requiring that all contraceptives be dispensed only by prescription and only to married people. It was for violating this half of the law that Baird began serving a three-month sentence.

It is utterly hypocritical for Massachusetts to have punished Baird for this so-called crime, because stores throughout

the state sell birth-control items without prescriptions every day and a tax is collected on every one of these illegal sales. The law is enforced only against the poor, who are denied help in city clinics—and against Bill Baird.

It's conceivable that Baird may have to go back to jail in several months if he loses his appeal. History will view Bill Baird as one of the great social reformers of his time. He established the country's first birth-control and abortion-counseling clinic designed to help anyone regardless of age or marital status. He set up the first mobile clinic to go into ghetto areas to counsel women. He has been arrested on charges of violating birth-control laws in four states—New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Wisconsin. This summer, he will be tried in Wisconsin for displaying abortion and birth-control instruments at a Northland College lecture.

Baird's only sources of income to finance his work and struggles are donations and lecture fees. Unfortunately, he had to cancel a number of lecture dates because of his imprisonment, but he is once again going out to spread his message across the country. His work must continue. The problems of overpopulation, environmental pollution and individual sexual freedom will never be solved unless we remove legal restrictions on contraception and abortion.

Susan Vogel
Parents' Aid Society
Boston, Massachusetts

PREGNANT BY ANOTHER MAN

I am pregnant as a result of an extra-marital affair, which was a dreadful mistake on my part. My husband and I cannot keep the baby I will bear. We've had terrible mental and emotional problems adjusting to this situation and only our love for each other, a slender thread, holds our marriage together. We tried to get an abortion but failed; and now it's too late. Because of this, a child will be born to me and given to someone else. This is horrible in itself, but it's also my first pregnancy. I feel like a freak, not a happy pregnant woman. Abortion should be available to any woman, on her own terms.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

PREGNANCY TERMINATION

Several months ago, I found myself pregnant for the eighth time. I have had four children and three miscarriages. One child died of pneumonia at the age of two. This has taught me the value of life—all the more precious because it can be snuffed out so easily. But to have given birth to another child would have meant wrecking the lives of my family and others dependent on us. My choice was either to change the lives of these living human beings or to remove a group of cells—a potential human being



"Thar she blows."

—from my body. I'm not sorry that I had the abortion and I don't feel that I committed a murder. I am only sorry that it cost my husband so much money and that I had to become a criminal in the eyes of the law in order to do what I felt necessary.

(Name withheld by request)
Inglewood, California

FETICIDE

Several of us were discussing the Sharon Tate killings and a question came up about abortion and murder. If the fetus (in this case, Sharon Tate's unborn baby) has rights and is considered a living human being, why is it regarded as murder when an abortion is performed, but not when the mother is murdered and the fetus dies as a result? This question arose because the group accused of the Tate slayings has not been charged with murdering the fetus in Sharon Tate's body. What does the law actually say about this?

David K. Foy
FPO Seattle, Washington

Although abortion has long been a felony in all of our states (and is only now achieving legal status in some of them), it has never been classified as murder under American law. The idea that abortion is murder is held by some Roman Catholic theologians (and a few clergymen of other religions), but it is strictly a religious doctrine, not an American law. The case that most resem-

bles the Tate tragedy legally was a bizarre incident in Washington, D. C., over two years ago, in which a man shot his pregnant wife—only wounding her but killing the eight-month fetus in her womb ("Forum Newsfront," March 1968). The U. S. Attorney's office decided to prosecute him for assault with a deadly weapon (against his wife) but not for homicide (against the fetus), on the ground that no American law declares the fetus to be a legal person.

ABORTION AND ADOPTION

The hypocrisy of our society regarding the "welfare of children"—supposedly, the reason why abortion is discouraged—can be seen clearly when we contrast our abortion laws with our adoption policies. It is extremely difficult to adopt a child from a public agency. If adoption is finally granted, the privacy of the family is frequently intruded upon by uninvited social workers. I know a professor who became so disgusted with public adoption agencies after having adopted his first child that when he decided to adopt a second, he turned to the black market; he found this arrangement more suitable.

And yet our abortion laws force women to bear children they don't want. In these cases, there is no prolonged investigation of "fitness for parenthood," nor is there a nosy social worker coming round to see that the child is comfy in his new home. The unwanted child may

be hated and neglected—or turn up at a hospital with multiple lacerations as one of America's more than 10,000 annual reported cases of "battered-child syndrome." The child's mental and emotional health may be irreparably damaged as a consequence of such parental hostility. The present abortion laws, which create such family situations, prove that we are *not* really concerned about child welfare.

Brian G. Gilmartin
Department of Sociology
State University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

ABORTION AND THE CHURCH

One of the principal obstructions to the legalization of abortion is the Catholic Church. It seems to me that in evaluating the influence this body has on American legislation, we should remember that its Popes and bishops once persecuted scientists who taught the earth's rotation on its axis and its revolution around the sun.

The Church's current philosophy on abortion shows the same unwillingness to accept scientific facts. It says that human life is present in the fetus from the moment of conception; but this is a vast oversimplification. Of course life is present in the fetus—just as it is present in the tonsils or the appendix. Destroying the fetus is destroying life—but so is a tonsillectomy or an appendectomy.

The Church also argues that the fetus has a soul. Science finds no evidence of a soul in any form of life; furthermore, the Church contradicts itself by this claim. According to the best theologians, the soul (and not, as scientists think, the brain) is responsible for reasoning. There is no evidence that a fetus does any reasoning whatsoever; therefore, it does not have a soul.

Willard E. Edwards, Ph.D.
Honolulu, Hawaii

ABORTION REFERENDUM

This November, in Washington state, abortion reform will be subject to citizen vote, perhaps for the first time in the United States. The referendum provides that any woman, given the approval of her physician, may be aborted in a hospital setting, subject to medical rules, provided that: (1) her pregnancy is not beyond the fourth month; (2) she has been a citizen of the state for 90 days; (3) if unmarried and under 18, she has obtained her parents' approval; and (4) if married and living with her husband, she has his approval.

This referendum emerged from the state legislature after a bill backed by the Washington Citizens for Abortion Reform collided with strong Catholic opposition in the senate. As a result, the public at large will now be given a chance to decide the issue of abortion reform in Washington. National atten-

tion certainly will be focused on this election; anyone who wishes to help the cause of liberalized abortion can write to us directly.

Peter S. Raible, Chairman
Publicity Committee
Washington Citizens for
Abortion Reform
2005 Fifth Avenue, Room 206
Seattle, Washington 98121

ABORTION COUNSELING

To get right to the point, I need reliable information about the availability of legal abortions. I am a clergyman and I'm frequently asked to counsel women with unwanted pregnancies. Where can I advise these women to go so that they'll be reasonably certain they're in the hands of a trained physician—not a butcher? Thanks for your help.

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

New York State has enacted the most liberal abortion law in the nation (effective July 1)—one that permits abortion as a private decision between physician and patient. The legislature in Alaska has overturned the governor's veto of a bill allowing abortion by request, with a 30-day-residency requirement. Hawaii has a similar statute, but restricts such surgery to an accredited hospital and requires that the patient be a resident of the state for 90 days prior to the operation. A law like New York's has been passed by the Maryland general assembly and sent to the governor for his signature. (See this month's "Forum Newsfront.")

Until recently, abortion was allowed in the United States only if the life of the woman was actually endangered by continuing the pregnancy. "Liberalized" abortion laws have now been passed in several states. They vary in their provisions, but, in general, follow the guidelines of the Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute, which allow abortion if the pregnancy endangers the woman's physical or mental health, or if there is a chance that the child may be born with a grave physical or mental defect, or if the pregnancy resulted from rape, statutory rape, incest or other felonious intercourse.

States that follow this reformed abortion policy are Colorado, North Carolina, South Carolina, Oregon, New Mexico, California, Georgia, Delaware, Arkansas, Maryland, Kansas and Virginia. All of these states require approval of the abortion by one or more consultants and, sometimes, by a hospital review board; Maryland (under its present law) requires only a hospital review authority and Oregon requires only one consultant. In addition, recent court rulings in Washington, D.C., South Dakota and Wisconsin have voided existing abortion laws, but these rulings can be overturned by higher-court action. Meanwhile, the

constitutionality of abortion laws is being tested in many states.

In some cases, a woman may wish to leave the country for an abortion. The Women's Assistance Tour in New York City, (212) 245-2569, can arrange an air tour to a city in eastern Europe, where the woman stays at a first-class hotel, is met and escorted by an English-speaking woman and receives competent medical service. The total cost is \$900, plus transportation to the port of debarkation. Abortion is also legal in England; flights to London and payment of all fees are arranged by the British Referral Service and Travel Agency, Inc., 160 West 86th Street, New York, New York, for a total cost of \$1175. It is not wise for a woman to invest in a trip to Sweden or Denmark; the reputation these nations have as abortion meccas is exaggerated, and she might be refused. Hungary is more liberal but more difficult to enter. Japan is ideal, in that abortion is allowed on request and costs \$100 or less—but the transportation cost is high.

Since the laws are changing rapidly and since the regulations governing therapeutic-abortion laws vary from state to state, the best way to get exact and up-to-date information is to call one of the following Clergy Consultation Services, which will provide counseling and assistance to any person who asks:

California	
(Los Angeles)	(213) 666-7600
California	
(Sacramento)	(916) 662-9515
Connecticut	
(New Haven)	(203) 624-8646
Illinois (Chicago)	(312) 667-6015
Iowa (Des Moines)	(515) 282-1738
Massachusetts	
(Boston)	(617) 527-7188
Michigan (Detroit)	(313) 964-0838
New Jersey	
(northern)	(201) 933-2937
New York City & suburbs	(212) 477-0034
New York State	
(Buffalo)	(716) 632-0441
New York State	
(Ithaca)	(607) 272-7172
Ohio (Cleveland)	(216) 229-7423
Pennsylvania	
(Philadelphia)	(215) 923-5141

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.





"I just hate the way men undress you with their eyes."

rich man's weather

(continued from page 70)

Falconetti continued his whistling and, in his trips across the room, stopped to look over Thomas' shoulder at the charts he was studying. The man unnerved him and he couldn't concentrate. He swung around on his chair. "Listen, Falconetti," he said, "you going to hang around all day?"

"There's a good possibility I will, man," Falconetti said. "A very good possibility. It's cozy in here."

Thomas began to put the papers together. "Come on," he said to Dwyer. "Work's over for the day."

As they went out, Falconetti grinned victoriously at them. He had gained another piece of territory.

• • •

It was in Marseilles that the idea hit Thomas. It was nearly midnight and he and Dwyer had had dinner together at a seafood place on the Vieux Port. Thomas remembered that this was the south coast of France and they had drunk three bottles of pink wine because they were on the south coast of France, even though Marseilles hardly could be considered a tourist resort. The Elga Andersen was due to lift anchor at five A.M. and as long as they got back on board before that, they were OK.

After dinner, they had walked around, stopping in several bars, and now they were at what was going to be their last stop, a small dark bar off the Canebière. A jukebox was playing and a few fat

whores at the bar were waiting to be asked if they wanted a drink. Thomas wouldn't have minded having a girl, but the whores were sleazy and probably had the clap and didn't go with his idea of the kind of lady you ought to have on the south coast of France.

Drinking, a little blearily, at a table along the wall, looking at the girls with their fat legs showing under loud, imitation-silk dresses, Thomas remembered the ten best days in his life, the time in Cannes with the wild English girl who liked jewelry.

"Say," he said to Dwyer, sitting across from him, drinking beer, "I got an idea."

"What's that?" Dwyer was keeping a wary eye on the girls, fearful that one of them would come over and sit down next to him and put her hand on his knee. He had offered earlier in the evening to pick up a prostitute to prove to Thomas, once and for all, that he wasn't a fag; but Thomas had said it wasn't necessary, he didn't care whether he was a fag or not and, anyway, it wouldn't prove anything, because he knew plenty of fags who also screwed.

"What's what?" Thomas asked.

"You said you had an idea."

"An idea. Yeah. An idea. Let's skip the fucking ship."

"You're crazy," Dwyer said. "What the hell'll we do in Marseilles without a ship? They'll put us in jail."

"Nobody'll put us in jail," Thomas

said. "I didn't say for good. Where's the next port she puts into? Genoa. Am I right?"

"OK, Genoa," Dwyer said reluctantly.

"We pick her up in Genoa," Thomas said. "We say we got drunk and we didn't wake up until she was out of the harbor. Then we pick her up in Genoa. What can they do to us? Dock us a few days' pay, that's all. They're shorthanded, as it is. After Genoa, the ship goes straight back to Hoboken, right?"

"Yeah."

"So we don't lose any shore time, them keeping us on board in a port. I don't want to sail on that lousy tub anymore, anyway. We can always pick up something better in New York."

"But what'll we do between now and Genoa?" Dwyer asked worriedly.

"We tour. We make the grand tour," Thomas said. "We get on the train and we go to Cannes. Haunt of millionaires. I been there. Time of my life. We lay on the beach, we find ourselves some dames. We got our pay in our pocket—"

"I'm saving my money," Dwyer said.

"Live a little, live a little," Thomas said impatiently. By now, it was inconceivable to him that he could go back to the gloom of the ship, stand watches, chip paint, eat the garbage they handed out, with Cannes so close by, available, waiting.

"I don't even have my toothbrush on me," Dwyer said.

"I'll buy you a toothbrush," Thomas said. "Say, you're always telling me what a great sailor you are, how you sailed a dory all over Lake Superior when you were a kid—"

"What's Lake Superior got to do with Cannes?"

"Sailor boy. . . ." It was one of the whores from the bar, in a spangled dress showing most of her bosom. "Sailor boy, want to buy nize lady nize little drink, have good time, wiz ozzer lady later?" She smiled, showing gold teeth.

"Get outa here," Thomas said.

"Salud," the woman said amiably and spangled over to the jukebox.

"What's Lake Superior got to do with Cannes?" Thomas said. "I'll tell you what Lake Superior's got to do with Cannes. You're a hot small-boat sailor on Lake Superior—"

"Well, I—"

"Are you or aren't you?"

"For Christ's sake, Tommy," Dwyer said, "I never said I was Christopher Columbus or anybody like that. I said I sailed a dory when I was a kid and—"

"You know how to handle boats. Am I right in supposing that or ain't I right?" By now, Thomas was set on going to Cannes and he was going to get Dwyer to go with him.



"That's it? A two-minute mating season?"

"Sure, I can handle small boats," Dwyer admitted. "I still don't see—"

"On the beach at Cannes," Thomas said, "they got sailboats you can rent by the hour. I want to see with my own eyes how you rate. You're big on theory, with charts and books. All right, I want to see you actually get a boat in and out of someplace. Or do I have to take that on faith, too, like your not being a fag?"

"Tommy!" Dwyer said, hurt.

"You can teach me," Thomas said. "I want to learn from an expert. Ah—the hell with it—if you're too yellow to come with me, I'll do it myself. Go on back to the boat, like a nice little boy."

"OK," Dwyer said. "I never did anything like this before. But I'll do it. The hell with the ship." He drained his beer.

"The grand tour," Thomas said.

• • •

It wasn't as good as he'd remembered it, because he had Dwyer with him, not that wild English girl. But it was good enough. And it certainly was a lot better than standing watch on the Elga Andersen and eating that slop and sleeping in the same stinking hole with two snoring Moroccans.

They found a cheap little hotel that wasn't too bad behind the Rue d'Antibes and went swimming off the beach, although it was springtime and the water was so cold you could only stay in a little while. But the white buildings were the same, the pink wine was the same, the blue sky was the same, the great yachts lying in the harbor were the same. And he didn't have to worry about his weight or fighting some murderous Frenchman when the holiday was over.

They rented a little sailboat by the hour and Dwyer hadn't been lying, he really knew how to handle small boats. In two days, he had taught Thomas a great deal and Thomas could slip a mooring and come up to it dead, with the sail rattling down, nine times out of ten.

But most of the time they spent around the harbor, walking slowly around the quays, silently admiring the sloops, the schooners, the big yachts, the motor cruisers, all still in the harbor and being sanded down and varnished and polished up for the season ahead.

"Christ," Thomas said, "would you believe there's so much money in the world and we don't have any of it?"

They found a bar on the Quai St.-Pierre frequented by the sailors and captains working on the pleasure craft. Some of them were English and many of the others could speak a little English and they got into conversations with them whenever they could. None of the men seemed to work very hard and the bar was at least half full at all hours of the

day. They learned to drink *pastis*, because that was what everybody else drank because it was cheap. They hadn't found any girls and the ones who accosted them from cars on the Croisette or back behind the port asked too much money. But for once in his life, Thomas didn't mind going without a woman. The harbor was enough for him, the vision of the life based on it, of grown men living year in and year out on beautiful ships was enough for him. No boss to bother about nine months of the year, and then, in the summer, being a big shot at the wheel of a \$100,000 craft, going to places like St.-Tropez and Monte Carlo and Capri, coming into harbor with girls in bathing suits draped all over the decks. And they all seemed to have money. What they didn't earn in salary they got in kickbacks from ships' chandlers and boatyards and rigged expense accounts. They ate and drank like kings and some of the older ones weren't sober from one day to the next.

"These guys," Thomas said, after they had been in town for four days, "have solved the problems of the universe."

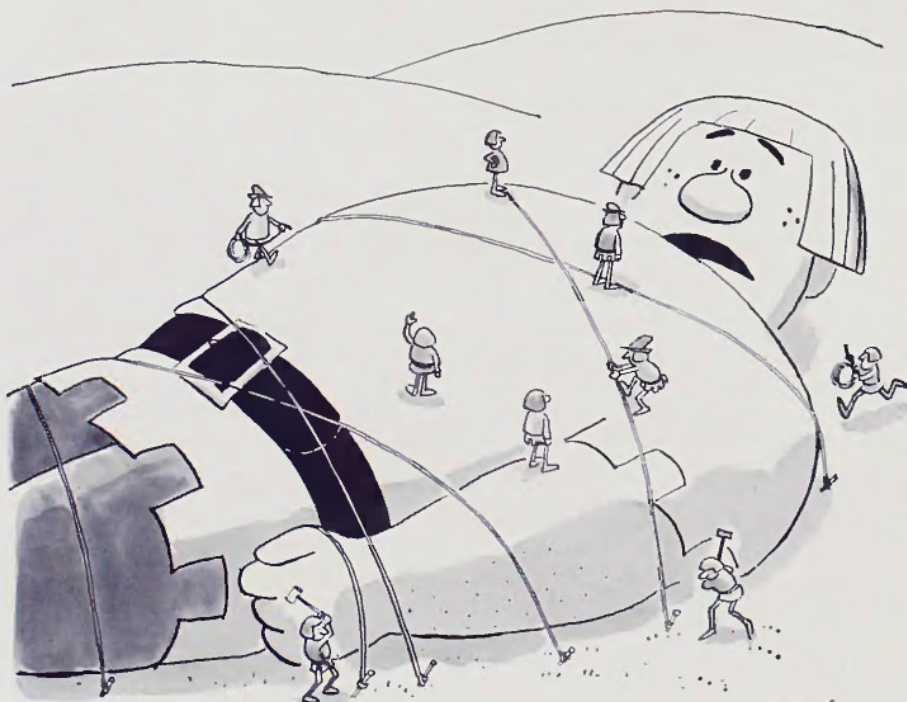
He even thought of skipping the Elga Andersen for good and trying to get a job on one of the yachts for the summer; but it turned out that unless you were a skipper, you most likely got hired for

only three or four months, at lousy pay, and you were let go for the rest of the year. Much as he liked Cannes, he couldn't see himself starving eight months a year just to be there.

Dwyer was just as much dazzled as he was. Maybe even more so. He had never been in Cannes before, but he had admired and been around boats ever since childhood, while it was something new with Thomas.

There was one Englishman in the bar, a dark, brown-colored little man with white hair, named Jennings, who had been in the British navy during the War and who owned, actually *owned*, his boat, a 60-footer with five cabins. It was old and cranky, the Englishman told them, but he knew it like his own mother, and he coaxed it all around the Med—Malta, Greece, Sicily, everywhere—as a charter captain during the summer. He had an agent in Cannes who booked his charters for him, for ten percent. He had been lucky, he said. The man who had owned the boat and for whom he had worked had hated his wife. When he died, out of spite, he had left the boat to Jennings. Well, you couldn't bank on things like that.

Jennings sipped complacently at his *pastis*. His motor yacht, the *Gerrude II*, stubby but clean and comfortable-looking,



"OK, I'll play for you guys, but I want a five-hundred-thousand-dollar bonus, a three-year, no-cut contract and fifteen percent of the gate receipts."

was moored across the street, just in front of the bar, and as he drank, Jennings could look fondly at it, all good things close at hand. "It's a lovely life," he said. "I fair have to admit it, Yanks. Instead of fighting for a couple of bob a day, hauling cargo on the docks of Liverpool or sweating blood oiling engines in some tub in the North Sea in a winter's gale. To say nothing of the climate and taxes." He waved largely toward the view of the harbor outside the bar, where the mild sun tipped the gently bobbing masts of the boats moored side by side at the quay. "Rich man's weather," Jennings said. "Rich man's weather."

"Let me ask you a question, Jennings," Thomas said. He was paying for the Englishman's drinks and he was entitled to a few questions. "How much would it cost to get a fair-sized boat, say one like yours, and get into business?"

Jennings lit a pipe and pulled at it reflectively. He never did anything quickly. Jennings. He was no longer in the British navy, nor on the docks; there was no foreman nor mate to snarl at him; he had time for everything. "Ah, that's a hard question to answer, Yank," he said. "Ships're like women—some come high and some come cheap, but the price you pay has little to do with the satisfaction you get from them." He laughed appreciatively at his own worldliness.

"The minimum," Thomas persisted, "the absolute minimum?"

Jennings scratched his head, finished his *pastis*. Thomas ordered another round.

"It's a matter of luck," Jennings said. "I know men put down a hundred thousand pounds, cash on the barrel-head, ships designed by the fanciest naval architects, built in the best shipyards in Holland or Britain, steel hulls, teak decks, every last little doodad on board, radar, electric toilets, air conditioning, automatic pilot, and they cursed the day the bloody thing was put into the water and they would have been glad to get rid of it for the price of a case of whiskey, and no takers."

"We don't have any hundred thousand pounds," Thomas said shortly.

"We?" Dwyer said bewilderedly. "What do you mean, 'we'?"

"Shut up," Thomas said. "Your boat never cost any hundred thousand pounds," he said to Jennings.

"No," Jennings said. "I don't pretend it ever did."

"I mean something *reasonable*," Thomas said.

"Reasonable aren't a word you use about boats," Jennings said. He was beginning to get on Thomas' nerves.

"What's reasonable for one man is pure

lunacy for another, if you get my meaning. It's a matter of luck, like I was saying. For example, a man has a nice snug little ship, cost him maybe twenty, thirty thousand pounds, but maybe his wife gets seasick all the time or he's had a bad year in business and his creditors are panting on his traces and it's been a stormy season for cruising and maybe the market's been down and it looks as though the Communists're going to take over in Italy or France or there's going to be a war or the tax people're after him for some hanky-panky; maybe he didn't tell them he paid for the ship with money he had stowed away quiet-like in some bank in Switzerland, so he's pressed, he's got to get out and get out fast and, suddenly, nobody wants to buy boats that week. . . . You get my drift, Yank?"

"Yeah," Thomas said. "You don't have to draw a map."

"So he's desperate," Jennings went on. "Maybe he needs five thousand guineas before Monday or the house falls in on his head. If you're there and you have the five thousand guineas—"

"What's a guinea?" Dwyer asked.

"Five thousand guineas is twenty-one thousand bucks," Thomas said. "Isn't it?"

"Give or take a few bob," Jennings said. "Or you hear about a naval vessel that's up for auction or a smuggler's vessel that the customs has confiscated. Of course, it needs refitting, but if you're clever with your hands and don't pay these pirates in the shipyards around here to do your work for you—never trust a Frenchman on the Côte, especially along the waterfront, he'll steal the eyes right out of your head—why, maybe, playing everything close and counting your money every night, maybe with luck, and getting some people to trust you till the end of the season for gear and provisions, you're in the water and ready for your first charter for as little as eight, ten thousand pounds."

"Eight, ten thousand pounds," Dwyer said. "It might as well be eight, ten million dollars."

"Shut up," Thomas said. "There're ways of making money."

"Yeah?" Dwyer said. "How?"

"There're ways. I once made six thousand bucks in one night."

Dwyer took in a deep breath. "How?"

It was the first time Thomas had given anybody a clue to his past since he had left the Hotel Aegean, and he was sorry he had spoken. "Never mind how," he said sharply. He turned to Jennings.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Anything within my power," Jennings said. "As long as it don't cost me no money." He chuckled softly; boat-owner, sitting on top of the system, canny graduate of the royal navy, survi-

vor of war and poverty, *pastis* drinker, wise old salt, nobody's fool.

"If you hear of anything," Thomas said, "something good, but cheap, get in touch with us, will you?"

"Happy to oblige, Yank," Jennings said. "Just write the address down."

Thomas hesitated. The only address he had was the Hotel Aegean.

"Just write the address down, lad," Jennings repeated.

"Give him your address," Thomas said to Dwyer. Dwyer got his mail at the headquarters of the National Maritime Union in New York. Nobody was looking for him.

Dwyer shrugged and wrote out his address and gave it to Jennings. His handwriting was clear and straight. He would keep a neat log, Third Mate Dwyer. If he ever got the chance.

The old man put the slip of paper into an old cracked leather wallet. "I'll keep my eyes peeled and my ears open," he promised.

Thomas paid the bill and he and Dwyer started along the quay, examining all the boats tied up there, as usual. They walked slowly and silently. Thomas could feel Dwyer glancing at him uneasily from time to time.

"How much money you got?" Thomas asked as they reached the foot of the harbor, where the fishing boats, with their acetylene lamps, were tied up, with the nets laid out along the pavement, drying.

"How much money I got?" Dwyer said querulously. "Not even a hundred bucks. Just enough to buy one millionth of an ocean liner."

"I don't mean how much money you got *on* you. I mean altogether. You keep telling me you save your dough."

"If you think I've got enough for a crazy scheme like—"

"I asked you how much money you got. In the bank."

"Twenty-two hundred dollars," Dwyer said reluctantly. "In the bank. Listen, Tommy, stop jerking off. We'll never—"

"Between us," Thomas said, "you and me, one day we're going to have our own boat. Right here. In this port. Rich man's weather, like the limey said. We'll get the money somehow."

There must have been something about the way Thomas said the last sentence. Dwyer stopped short and stared at him with panic in his face. "I'm not going to do anything criminal. I never got mixed up with anything like that in my life."

"Who said anything about committing a crime?" asked Thomas. But now he suddenly knew what Dwyer must have been suspecting about him—that he was a thug on the run.

So what? he thought. Thomas had



"Nonsense, Hank. I don't think teenagers are any more promiscuous today than when I was a kid."

never said anything about committing a crime, but he'd thought about it occasionally. During his years in the ring, he'd seen plenty of men in \$200 suits, fancy broads hanging onto their arms, everybody being polite to them. Cops, politicians, businessmen, movie stars—everybody seemed glad to see those guys, even though, by Dwyer's standards, they could be called criminals. Nobody cared except a few pissants like Dwyer. But he'd need Dwyer to handle the boat; he couldn't do that alone.

Suddenly, Dwyer was running out into the roadway, yelling, "Taxi! Taxi! The *gare*, pronto."

Thomas groaned to himself. He took one last look at the quayside, with the old men playing boules, the harbor behind them, that protected sheet of water with millions of dollars' worth of pleasure craft, shining in the sun. He swore to himself then that he'd come back; someday he would be a part of it.

He wrenched open the door of the moving taxi and jumped in beside Dwyer. "Did you think I'd kill you for your twenty-two hundred dollars?" he asked.

• • •

The next morning, early, they caught the train to Genoa. They gave themselves an extra day, because they wanted to stop off and see Monte Carlo. Maybe they'd have some luck at the casino.

If he had been at the other end of the platform, he'd have seen his brother Rudolph getting out of one of the sleeping cars from Paris, with a slender, pretty young girl and a lot of new luggage.

• • •

The first night out of Genoa, Falconetti, who was dealing a poker hand in the messroom, looked up when Thomas and Dwyer came in together. "Ah," he said, "here come the lovebirds," and made a wet, kissing noise. The men at the table laughed, because it was dangerous not to laugh at Falconetti's jokes. Dwyer turned red, but Thomas calmly poured himself a cup of coffee and picked up a copy of the *Rome Daily American* that was lying there and began to read it.

"I'll tell you what, Dwyer," Falconetti said, "I'll be your agent. It's a long way home and the boys could use a nice piece of ass to while away the lonely hours. Couldn't you, boys?"

There were little embarrassed murmurs of assent from the men around the table.

Thomas read his paper and sipped his coffee. He knew that Dwyer was trying to catch his eye, pleading; but until it got much worse, he wasn't going to get into a brawl.

"What's the sense in giving it away free like you do, Dwyer," Falconetti said, "when you could make a fortune and distribute happiness at the same time,

just by setting yourself up in business with my help? What we have to do is fix a scale—say, five bucks for bugging, ten bucks for sucking. I'll just take my ten percent, like a regular Hollywood agent. What do you say, Dwyer?"

Dwyer jumped up and fled. The men at the table laughed. Thomas read his paper, although his hands were trembling. He had to control himself. If he beat up on a big thug like Falconetti, who had terrorized whole shiploads of men for years, somebody would begin to wonder who the hell he was and what made him so tough and it wouldn't take too long for somebody to recognize his name or remember that he had seen him fight somewhere. And there were mob members or hangers-on everywhere along the waterfront, just waiting to rush with the news that he'd been spotted to some higher-up with a dozen gunmen at his disposal.

Read your goddamn newspaper, Thomas said to himself, and keep your mouth shut.

"Hey, lover," Falconetti made the wet kissing noise again. "You going to let your boyfriend cry himself to sleep all by his little itsy-bitsy self?"

Methodically, Thomas folded the paper, put it down. He walked slowly across the room, carrying his coffee cup. Falconetti looked at him from across the table, grinning. Thomas threw the coffee into Falconetti's face. Falconetti didn't move. There was dead silence at the table.

"If you make that noise once more," Thomas said, "I'll slug you every time I pass you on this ship from here to Hoboken."

Falconetti stood up. "You're for me, lover," he said. He made the kissing noise again.

"I'll be waiting for you on deck," Thomas said. "And come alone."

"I don't need no help," Falconetti said.

Thomas wheeled and went out onto the stern deck. There would be room to move around there. He didn't want to have to tangle with a man Falconetti's size in close quarters.

The sea was calm, the night balmy, the stars bright. Thomas groaned. My goddamn fists, he thought, always my goddamn fists.

He wasn't worried about Falconetti. That big fat gut hanging over his belt wasn't made for punishment.

He saw the door open, Falconetti's shadow thrown onto the deck by the light in the gangway. Falconetti stepped out. He was alone.

Maybe I'm going to get away with it, Thomas thought. Nobody's going to see me take him.

"I'm over here, you fat slob," Thomas called. He wanted Falconetti to rush him, not take the chance of going in on

him and perhaps being grappled by those huge arms and wrestled down. Plainly, Falconetti wasn't going to fight under Boxing Association rules. "Come on, fatso," Thomas called. "I haven't got all night."

"You asked for it, Jordache," Falconetti said and rushed at him, flailing his arms, big roundhouse swings. Thomas stepped to one side and put all his strength into the one right hand to the gut. Falconetti sounded as though he were strangling, teetered back. Thomas stepped in and hit him again in the gut. Falconetti went down, lay there, writhing, on the deck, a gurgling noise bubbling up from his throat. He wasn't knocked out and his eyes were glaring up at Thomas, who stood over him, but he couldn't say anything.

It had been neat and quick, Thomas thought with satisfaction, and there wasn't a mark on the man; and if he didn't say anything, none of the crew would ever know what happened out on the deck. It was a cinch Thomas wasn't going to do any talking about it. And Falconetti had learned his lesson and it wouldn't do *his* reputation any good to pass the news around.

"All right, slob," Thomas said. "Now you know what it's all about. Now you'll keep your trap shut."

Falconetti made a sudden move and Thomas felt the big hand gripping at his ankle, bringing him down. There was a gleam in Falconetti's other hand and Thomas saw the knife there. He gave suddenly and dropped onto Falconetti's face with his knees, hard, grabbing at the hand with the knife, twisting. Falconetti was still fighting for his breath and the fingers holding the knife handle weakened quickly. Thomas, now with his knees pinning Falconetti's arms to the deck, reached the knife, pushed it away. Then he methodically chopped at Falconetti's face for two minutes.

Finally, he stood up. Falconetti lay inert on the deck, the blood black on the starlit deck around his head. Thomas picked up the knife and threw it overboard.

With a last look at Falconetti, he went in. He was breathing hard, but it wasn't from the exertion of the fight. It was exultation. Goddamn it, he thought, I enjoyed it. I'm going to wind up a crazy old man fighting orderlies in the old folks' home.

He went into the messroom. The poker game had stopped, but there were more men in there than before, as the players who had seen the clash between Thomas and Falconetti had gone to tell their bunkmates and bring them back to get the dope on the action. The room had been alive with talk, but when Thomas came in, calmly, breathing normally now, no one said a word.

Thomas went over to the coffee pot



"Ralph, leave your wife and children. Run away with me."

and poured himself a cup. "I wasted half the last cup," he said to the men in the room.

He sat down and unfolded the paper and started reading.

• • •

He walked down the gangplank with his pay in his pocket and the dead Norwegian's sea bag over his shoulder. Dwyer followed him. Nobody had said goodbye. Ever since Falconetti had jumped overboard at night, in the middle of a storm, they had given Thomas the silent treatment. The hell with them. Falconetti had it coming to him. He had stayed away from Thomas, but when his face had healed, he'd begun to take it out on Dwyer when Thomas wasn't around. Dwyer reported that Falconetti made the kissing sound every time he saw him; and then, one night, just as he was coming off his watch, Thomas heard screams from Dwyer's cabin. The door was unlocked and when Thomas went in, Dwyer was on the floor and Falconetti was pulling his pants off. Thomas slugged Falconetti across the nose and kicked him in the ass as he went through the door. "I warned you," he said. "You better stay out of sight. Because you're going to get more of the same every time I lay eyes on you on this ship."

"Jesus, Tommy," Dwyer said, his eyes wet, as he struggled back into his pants, "I'll never forget what you've done for me. Not in a million years, Tommy."

"Stop bawling," Thomas said. "He won't bother you anymore."

Falconetti didn't bother anyone anymore. He did his best to avoid Thomas, but at least once a day, they'd run across each other. And each time, Thomas would say, "Come over here, slob," and Falconetti would shamle over, his whole face twitching, and Thomas would punch him hard in the gut. Thomas made a point of doing it when there were other crewmen around, although never in front of an officer. He had nothing to hide anymore: After one look at what Thomas had done to Falconetti's face that night on the deck, the men in



"I'm not Ralph."

the crew had caught on. In fact, a deck hand by the name of Spinelli had said to Thomas, "I been puzzling ever since I set eyes on you where I seen you before."

"You never saw me before," Thomas said, but he knew it was no use.

"Yeah, yeah," Spinelli said. "I saw you knock out a nigger five, six years ago, one night in Queens."

"I never been in Queens in my whole life," Thomas said.

"Have it your own way," Spinelli spread his hands pacifically. "It ain't any of my business."

Thomas knew that Spinelli spread the news around that he was a pro and that you could look up his record in *The Ring* magazine; but while they were still at sea, there was nothing anybody could do about it. When they landed, he'd have to be careful. But meanwhile, he had the pleasure of grinding Falconetti down to nothing. The curious thing, though, was that the men of the crew whom Falconetti had terrorized now treated him with contempt, but hated Thomas for making him contemptible. Somehow, it made them all seem ignoble in their own eyes, for submitting for so long to a big bag of wind who had been deflated in ten minutes by a man who was no bigger than most of them and who hadn't even raised his voice on two voyages.

Falconetti tried to stay out of the messroom when he knew Thomas would be there and the one time he got caught there when Thomas went in, Thomas didn't hit him but said, "Stay there, slob. I got company for you."

He went down the gangway to Renway's cabin. The Negro was sitting alone, on the edge of his bunk. "Renway," Thomas said, "come on with me."

Frightened, Renway had followed him back to the messroom. He had tried to pull back when he saw Falconetti sitting there, but Thomas pulled him into the room. "We're just going to sit down like gentlemen," Thomas said, "next to this gentleman here, and enjoy the music." The radio was playing.



"Whoever you are, leave your wife and children. Run away with me."

Thomas sat down on one side of Falconetti and Renway on the other. Falconetti didn't move. He just sat with his eyes lowered, his big hands flat on the table in front of him.

When Thomas said, "OK, that's enough for tonight. You can go now, slob," Falconetti had stood up, not looking at any of the men in the room who were watching him, and had gone out on deck and thrown himself overboard. The second mate, who was on deck at the time, had seen him but was too far away to stop him. The ship had swung around and they had made a halfhearted search, but the seas were mountainous, the night black, and there wasn't a chance.

The captain had ordered an inquiry, but not one of the crew had volunteered information. Suicide, causes unknown, the captain had put down in his report to the owners.

• • •

Thomas was glad to get off the ship, with its row of silent men watching him from the rail.

"What is it with those creeps?" he asked Dwyer as they walked off the dock. "You'd think they would give me a bouquet of flowers for what I did for them. Instead, that goddamn silent treatment, as though I pissed on their mother's grave."

Dwyer walked in silence for a while, looking at the pavement in front of his feet. "Do you want me to tell you, Tommy?" he said finally.

"Sure I want you to tell me."

"Falconetti had it coming to him, all right," Dwyer said, "but not the way you gave it to him. No matter who a man is, Tommy, you've got to leave him some place to stand. You didn't leave that poor bastard anyplace to stand. That's why nobody said anything to you."

"How about you?" Thomas asked harshly. "You talk to me."

"I owe it," Dwyer said. "There's a taxi."





MAN AND BEAST

(continued from page 114)

None of the animals has this purpose in mind, as far as anyone knows; the animal may mark in one way or another simply because it feels good, but the survival value of such behavior for the species makes it an evolution-chosen trait.

Animals who intrude upon one another's territory are in for a fight, but it is a fiction that such fights are motivated by fraternal blood lust, like that of Cain. A species that had a tendency to kill its own kind would be at a serious disadvantage in the struggle for survival. A male animal fights an intruding rival of the same species not with murderous intent but merely to drive him away, so that the defender will not have to coexist with him in an area too small for the two of them. Not that the territorial defender thinks this through; as far as ethologists can tell, he fights simply because the rival's size, shape, smell and behavior arouse alarm and anger—some say instinctively, others say partly due to learning in the form of youthful mock combat. In any case, the defender seeks first only to frighten the intruder off by making hostile gestures and noises; if this fails, the two do fight—usually in a ritualized fashion that means neither death nor even harm to the loser. Male cichlid fish seize each other by the lips and push and pull for hours, until one gives up, folds his fins and swims away. Stags, wild goats and male mountain sheep engage in ferocious combat, but neither combatant uses its sharp horns to pierce the other; instead, they smash their horns against each other and push, butt, strain and struggle, until one is exhausted and gives up, the victor making no effort to inflict a wound when the loser turns to leave.

So it is throughout most of the animal world: The same animals that will fight other species to the death will engage each other in fierce but primarily ceremonial and harmless struggles ending either in flight, with the victor not pursuing, or in surrender, with the beaten one giving some sign of appeasement—a cringing posture, the turning away of the head, a rolling over on the back or some other form of exposing himself to the mortal blow. But it is never delivered; the act of appeasement ends the fight.

The appeasement gesture itself is a particularly important evolutionary development among animals that live in groups, where the loser cannot run away except at the cost of isolation. Among baboons, for instance, a defeated male will "present"—that is, offer his rump, like a female, to the victor; the latter may choose not to use the proffered rear, but the gesture alters his mood and ensures peace. The sending out of a sexual signal is, in fact, the most effective of all neutralizers of the aggressive

impulse. If the female of the species looks much like the male, then she must offer stimuli that bring about changes in the emotional status of the male territorial defender, so that he does not attack her but mates with her. Whether the female does so by means of a sound, an odor or a series of movements, one need not assume conscious intent on her part—most certainly not at the lower levels of evolution and probably not even at the higher ones.

An example: A small tidal-zone fish known as the goby stoutly defends his territory against intruding males by turning dark, opening his mouth threateningly and puffing out his throat; these failing, he attacks and bites the interloper. But if a gravid female comes near, her condition provides him with various stimuli that modify his behavior, the most important being a chemical she exudes due to her gravid state. The scent of it radically changes his reactions: He turns light, rather than dark, and instead of attacking, he fans the water with his tail, makes grunting noises and leads her to a shelter he has built, where she lays her eggs and he then releases sperm over them. Without her chemical signal and his response to it, the species would perish, but neither the signal nor the response is intentional or deliberate. Both are purely automatic, as Dr. William Tavolga, a zoologist at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, proved by plugging up the noses of male gobies—who thereupon attacked gravid females just as if they were rival males. But let no one sneer at the dim-witted goby; do we not continually read in advertisements that such and such a perfume will inspire passion, or even love and marriage, in the gentleman of one's choice?

Even territorialism and courtship seem commonplace before the miracle of animal mother love. As we said earlier, which of us has not marveled at the mother cat, who knows without training that she should wash her newborn kittens and also knows when they are old enough to be on their own and therefore cuffs them away as if to help them get started? But those who have analytically studied mothering in cats have less romantic explanations of their behavior. The mothers lick their newborn young not because they know it's a good and healthful thing to do but because the young are drenched in placental fluids containing chemicals the mother has just lost and needs to replace and that, therefore, probably taste good to her. Nor does she "know" when her young are ready to be on their own; the young simply get so large that their suckling and playing are uncomfortable to her and she reacts naturally to pain and irritation.

Similarly, the group life of baboons superficially resembles life in primitive human societies; moreover, watching baboons tend their young, fight, play, fornicate and defend themselves, it is difficult not to attribute human feelings and ideas to them. But dispassionate scientific observation dispels the anthropomorphic fallacy. Baboon mothers do care for their young, but baboon society ignores sick or wounded adults; they are simply abandoned as the troop moves on. Dominant males pair off briefly with females in heat, but there are no long-lasting alliances and nothing like family life, not even of the polygamous variety. Communication is largely a matter of gestures, and deals only with immediate situations (there is no passing on of ideas or history); and the major social activity is not work, play nor sexual behavior but grooming—the picking of insects and dirt out of one another's hair. And this is probably an instinctive impulse based on biological need. Observers have noted that a baboon who is away from his group even for a day or two will return heavily infested with ticks and other parasites he cannot remove and that would soon seriously affect his health.

On the importance of studying animal behavior functionally and without anthropomorphism, all sides agree. They disagree sharply, however, about the actual mechanics underlying the behavior they see and about the implications of that behavior for mankind. At one pole, as we have already seen, are the ethologists. The word ethology has caught on with the public (almost as much as ecology) and has come to mean almost all kinds of animal-behavior studies; but among professionals, it still signifies, in Lorenz' own words, "the study of innate behavior; the study of species-specific drive activities." Lorenz, codirector of the Max Planck Institute for Behavioral Physiology in Seewiesen, Bavaria, virtually founded the specialty of ethology two generations ago and remains its principal figure.

The basic tenet of ethology is that by far the largest part of what animals—including man—do is instinctive. For each bit of behavior, there is a blueprint stored away in the nervous system and passed on within the genes of that species. External stimuli and experiences do play a part—but mostly as releasers, or actuators, of the fixed action patterns genetically programed within the animal.

In the years between the two World Wars, Lorenz and his students, reacting against the limitations and artificiality of laboratory experiments in rat psychology, turned to the study of many other species under natural conditions, where each has a repertoire of complicated acts specific to its own kind—acts that seem to appear automatically when the animal needs them and without having learned

them in any sense comparable with that of behaviorist psychology.

The female digger wasp of the species *Pepsis marginata*, for example, when ready to lay an egg, goes in search of a host for it and unerringly picks out a tarantula of the species *Cyrtopholis portoricae* (no other species of insect, not even any other species of tarantula, will do) and digs a hole in front of it, attacks it and finds a chink in its armor through which she stings it into immobility, then drags it into the hole and lays her egg in its abdomen, finally covering the hole over—all without ever having seen any of this done.

A complicated procedure such as this is made up of many small separate acts, and the ethologists think it is the separate acts that are specifically gene-produced and inheritable. As proof, they point out that in hybrids, these small acts are recombined, even as are colors, markings and other hereditary traits. Lorenz' own favorite subjects of study have been ducks and geese, each species of which goes through a courtship procedure involving a whole series of gestures and signs (the bill shake, the head flick, the tail shake, the grunt whistle and others). In each species, the sequence of acts is specific and invariable; but in hybrids, the sequence is altered, some acts appearing earlier or later, some disappearing, some changing form, all in predictable ways—presumably corresponding to the altered configuration of gene loci in the chromosomes.

Each species, therefore, has a complete set of genetic blueprints for behavior that serves to satisfy its four great drives—hunger, fear, sex and aggression. Circumstances may modify somewhat the

precise behavior of the creature, but they cannot change its essential nature; the deer will never be a tiger, the hawk will never be a cow.

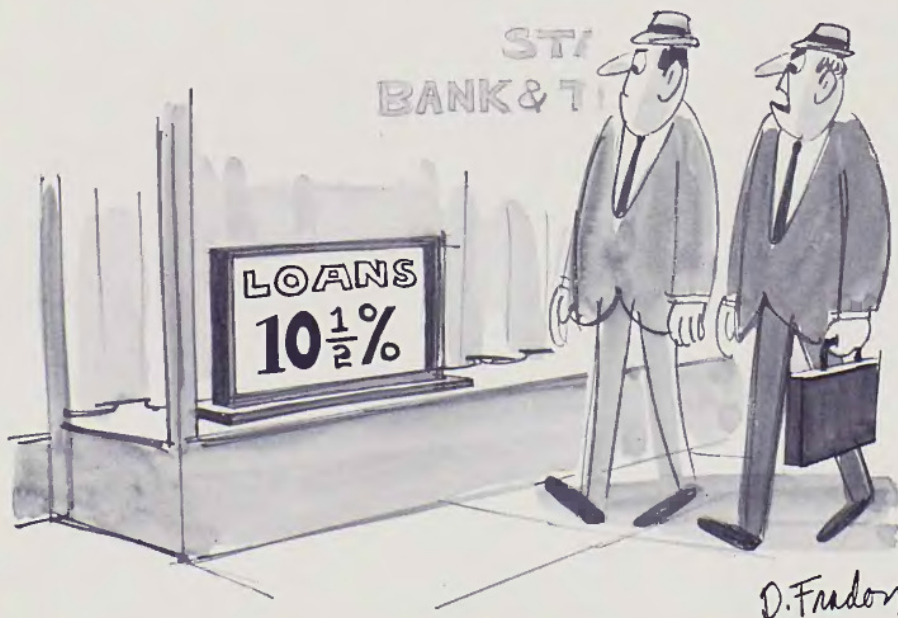
The aggression of animals toward their own kind, however, is held in check by inhibiting mechanisms such as the ritualization of fighting, appeasement gestures and the like. In man, unhappily, the brain has outstripped the rest of his biology; appeasement is no safeguard when killing is too quick, too easy and too impersonal to be stopped by the animal gesture. The beast within us is incompetent to handle the tools of murder the man within us has invented.

From such evidence and theorizing, ethologists are almost bound to draw gloomy and misanthropic conclusions, for the dismal record of history and the sorry state of the present world must be direct reflections of man's innate nature. Here, for instance, are the acerbic comments of Eckhard H. Hess, a distinguished animal psychologist at the University of Chicago. "As an ethologist," he says, "I believe that man is an animal—not a better kind of animal but merely a more complicated one. A lot of liberals and intellectuals—even in the biological sciences—try to deny this evidence, because it contradicts their ideological notions about the equality and the perfectibility of all men. In the do-gooder way of thinking, any discussion of the genic constitution of human beings and their behavior is supposed to smack of racism, and that's very bad, while anything that blames environment is very good. But to deny the biological basis of man's behavior, you have to overlook or deny 99 percent of what we know about biology today."

At the pole opposite the ethologists are those students of animal behavior who take their direction from the late Dr. T. C. Schneirla of the American Museum of Natural History. His disciples, who can be found at Rutgers, Johns Hopkins, the University of North Carolina and other institutions, espouse the developmental view. They disagree with Lorenzian instinct theory almost *in toto*; they regard the idea that the genes incorporate fixed action patterns as primitive and simplistic. Even in low-level creatures, they claim, behavior patterns arise out of a continuing dialectic between biological tendencies and experience; they develop out of the interaction between genotype and environment and do not exist preprogrammed within the genotype, awaiting only the signal of the right releasers to turn them on. Schneirla studied tropical army ants at close range and noticed that even though the ant's behavior is largely metabolic and automatic, the newly hatched workers stay close to the colony for a few days and seem to flounder around; it takes a while before they become proficient at following trails and performing tasks. Even for them, therefore, behavior is not totally instinctive.

Everyone knows, moreover, that cats "instinctively" kill mice, but one researcher observed the behavior of growing kittens and concluded that this so-called instinct is the complex end product of an almost inevitable series of learning experiences based on biological tendencies. The kitten automatically pays attention to moving objects; this leads to playful chasing, which leads to seizing and biting, which leads, in turn, to tasting blood—each experience providing new gratifications and building toward the mouse-killing pattern. If, however, a kitten is carefully conditioned not to chase or bite mice, or misses the crucial steps at the critical period of its development, it may never become a mouser but remain indifferent toward mice all its life.

Much the same is true of mother love. In several laboratories, researchers have been studying mothering in rats and cats and find it to be a complicated phenomenon assembled out of earlier experiences, physical needs and elemental gratifications yielded by the mothering acts themselves. The mother cat, for instance, licks her own nipples and genitals during pregnancy, because they are swollen and feel uncomfortable. This not only helps the mammary glands develop but prepares her to lick her newborn young, who taste the same as her genitals and are, as we saw earlier, wet with the fluids she needs to restore her own chemical balance. The initial licking is an essential first step that leads to others: It stimulates movement and internal functions in the young and conditions them



"I suppose that's not 'crime in the streets!'"



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positively to her, and vice versa. The young, now aroused and hungry, begin random and reflexive nuzzling and sucking of the mother and only accidentally come upon her teats; they learn, however, and day by day get better at it. Their suckling relieves the mother's own congestion and continues to make them pleasing to her; she, too, learns, grows perceptibly more adept at caring for her young as time goes by and is distinctly more skillful with a second litter than with the first.

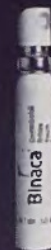
Summing up these and other experiments by developmentalists, Dr. William Tavalga—the zoologist who played tricks on the male goby fish—says, “The whole concept of instinct is superfluous. Certainly, we see plenty of stereotyped behavior in every species, typical of that species, that seems to appear automatically as the creature grows up in its normal environment. But is it instinctive? Not in the way Lorenz means; for at every level of organization, from the amoeba to man, behavior develops out of the interaction between the cytoplasm and the environment. You cannot go directly from the DNA molecule to a specific piece of behavior, and there is no special or separate category of behavior that can be called instinctive.”

On the basis of such evidence and theorizing, the developmentalists draw radically different conclusions from the ethologists about the grand design of animal behavior and especially about the nature of man. In a review of Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative*, the distinguished psychologist J. P. Scott wrote that it presents a “simple-minded,” “uncritical,” “adolescent,” “oversimplified” and “largely erroneous” picture of human nature. In another book review, Schneirla wrote that Lorenz' *On Aggression* is based on “dubious assumptions” and presents a “naïve” and “outdated” view of human nature. Ashley Montagu, editing a volume of rebuttals of ethology, goes furthest of all: “Man is man because he has no instincts,” he writes; “everything he is and has become he has learned, acquired, from his culture.” This view is shared by some very unlikely bedfellows: anti-Communist liberals and anti-liberal Communists, pacifist intellectuals and violence-addicted Maoists, pot-smoking hippies and bespectacled scholars, all of whom believe that man is not inherently aggressive or selfish and that his present character is wholly a product of a bad system; to change him, one need only change it. They disagree only about what changes to make. Some “only”!

Most of the people working today in the field of animal behavior take positions somewhere between these two poles of thought. The emerging view of animal-behavior researchers is that the entire nature-nurture, innate-learned,

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instinct-experience issue is outmoded, if not meaningless; some behavior is purely innate, some entirely learned, but by far the largest part of it results from interactions between genotypic tendencies and environmental influences.

Young squirrels, for example, begin to handle, gnaw and crack nuts by way of natural response to their feel and smell but have to learn by trial and error how to put these several activities together in a useful sequence. Many birds make the right nest-building movements without seeming to require a period of experiment; but they use the wrong materials at first, the right ones later. Songbirds, as they reach maturity, will sing their characteristic song, but inaccurately and incompletely, unless they hear others of their species singing. Monkeys reared in isolation climb and swing like other monkeys but cannot socialize, play or mate, because these complex patterns require much learning. Learning is not all, however: Such monkeys cannot be socialized later on, because they have passed a critical period, during which certain maturational changes take place in the nervous system that are essential to the socialization process.

To understand how the genotype and the environment interact and, therefore, to understand the emerging answer to the ancient nature-nurture puzzle, one has to look closely at animals; even then, he may miss it unless he is lucky. Dr. William Dilger, the Cornell ethologist, regards the nature-nurture issue as a nonquestion but is himself a perfect example of a man who has found an

answer to it in one species, partly by years of dedicated observation and partly by accident.

Long ago, in studying another problem altogether, Dilger was using as his laboratory animal a species of tiny green African parrot known as the peach-faced lovebird, which, along with the unusual "loving" behavior of mated couples, has another curious trait: The female of the species cuts out strips of leaves or thin bark with her bill, tucks the strips in among the feathers of the lower part of her back and carries them in this fashion to the place where she is building a nest. Dilger says:

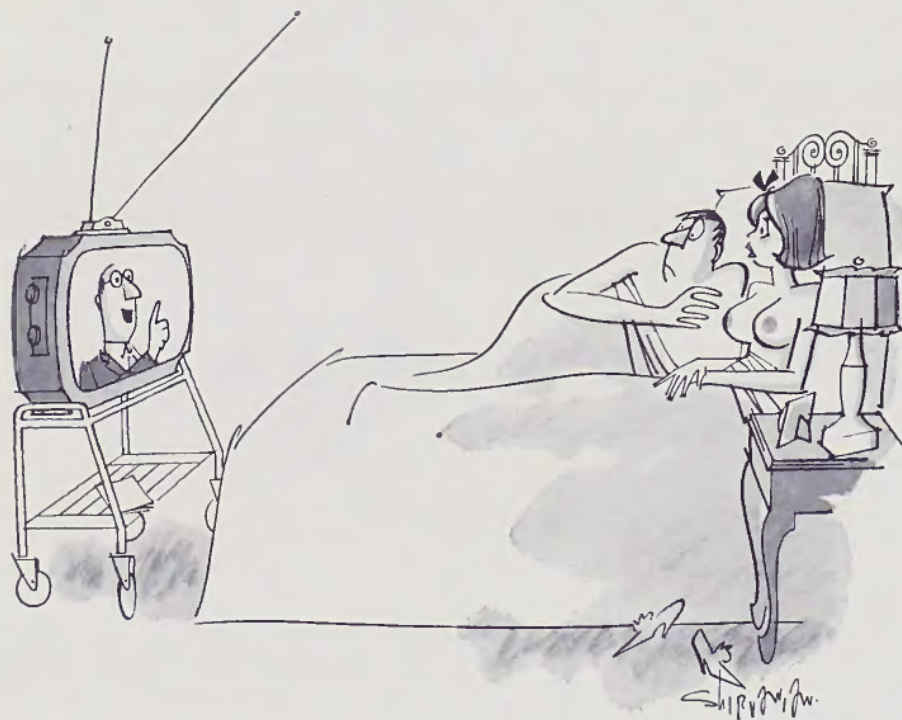
Every female lovebird does it the same way, whether or not she's ever seen other females doing it. I had a rather naïvely instinctivist view of things in those days and it looked to me like a perfect example of an innate, fixed action pattern, a part of the animal's genotype. I even used it in my lectures as a classical example of instinctive behavior.

Then a kind of accident happened in the lab here about ten years ago. We were raising a bunch of females and a young lab assistant of mine took care of them and gave them food, water, grit and whatever they needed. Lovebirds don't build nests when they're young, so he didn't bother to give them nesting materials and didn't think to mention it to me. But although young birds don't build nests with the material, they do *play* with it—they

run under it, pull it around, peck at it and other things of the sort. Finally, they reached breeding age and we paired them—and, to our surprise, not one of those birds could cut out strips and tuck them into her feathers. Not one of them ever managed it. They were simply incapable of it. They showed a great deal of *interest* in the stuff, but all they managed to do was demolish it. Something hadn't happened to them, between the ages of six months and a year, that should have happened. They had missed experiences they needed to have in order to form what I had taken to be a completely innate behavior pattern. They have only a core of response to the situation—a crude, imperfect action with the nesting material that requires experience to modify. They improve their behavior a little the next time and this leads them to modify it a little more the time after that, and so on, until they have acquired the final pattern.

I did some modifying of my own—this whole experience was a key factor in my shift away from the strict ethological viewpoint. I've been studying lovebirds ever since and seeing things I had never noticed before. I've been able to break down tucking behavior into nine separate neuromuscular components—all of them innate—and do things to the birds to see which of the nine are modifiable by experience, which need experience to result in useful behavior and which are essential to other components. I've deprived them of nesting materials at different stages of their lives, I've given them materials but shaved the feathers off their back and rump, so they can't learn to tuck, I've let them learn to tuck and go through nesting and *then* shaved off their feathers. From it all, I've gotten a clearer idea of the way in which one specific piece of behavior, in one species of bird, is constructed out of crude genotypic tendencies as they are modified, perfected and pieced together by experiences gained from the environment.

Recently, I've been studying the same interplay in the case of the lovebirds' courtship procedures. Ethologists have generally considered courtship rituals of birds to be strictly instinctive, and it is true that all male lovebirds do the same things when courting females, even without having seen them done by others. The male has to give the female a lot of signals and get certain positive signs back from her before she'll accept him. We have descriptive names for the things he does

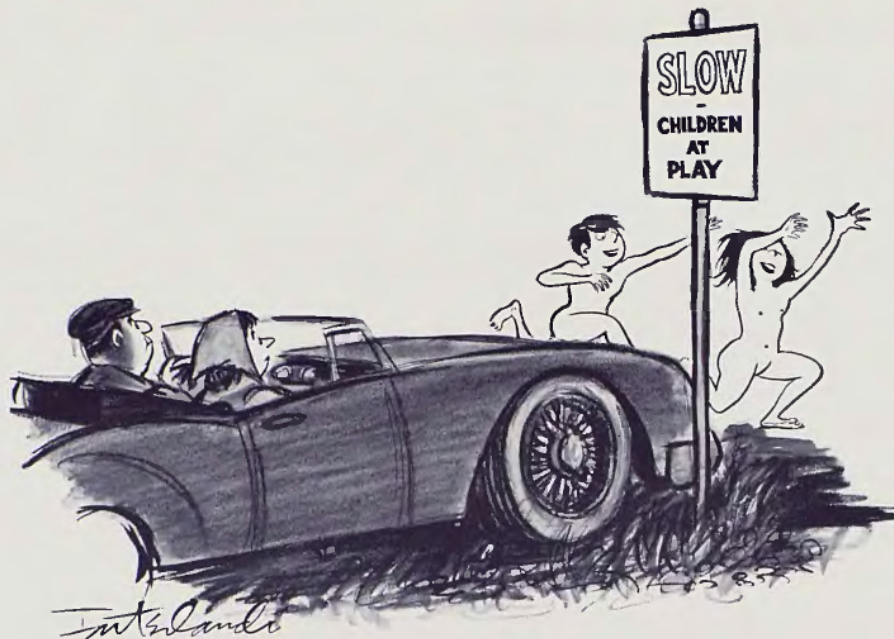


"Uh-uh-uh! Don't touch that dial!"

—"switch sidling," "squeak twittering," "displacement scratching," "head bobbing" and so on—and every male does them, and they always work. But if you really live with the birds, you begin to see differences. I had cages of them right here in my office for years, so that I could see them all day long, no matter what else I was doing. After a long while, I began to see that the novice male makes a lot of mistakes. He does all the things he should do and they look perfect, but he doesn't know *when* to do them; his timing is no good. The female looks as if she's just sitting there; but actually, she's giving him very subtle signals that mean "Stop!" or "Not now!" or "Come on!" If she fluffs her cheek feathers slightly, she's agreeable; if she compresses them, she isn't—tiny things like that. It's very hard to recognize—hard for the male bird as well as the human observer. But he has to learn, because if he rushes in when he shouldn't, he'll get nipped. An experienced male won't make that mistake. So, once again, even in a seemingly innate and rigid pattern of behavior, there's a lot of learning, a lot of genotype-environment interaction.

Lovebirds vary their responses a little; men vary theirs a great deal. More so than any other animal, we are able to modify our reactions to the stimuli we encounter; indeed, we build entire cultures out of those modifications. Less so than any other animal are we provided with ready-made fixed action patterns to satisfy our drives or forced by metabolic processes to respond to stimuli in predictable ways. Each animal has its own diet; men have scores of them. Each animal has its own coital position; we have 10, 20, 100. Each animal preens or grooms itself in a species-specific fashion; we have innumerable ways of doing so. Each of the social animals has a relatively unvarying form of group life; we, in our brief time on earth, have created everything from the Athenian city-state to communistic dictatorships.

It is true that, like other animals, we are impelled to action by hunger, fear, anger and sexual desire. But we are not directed by instinct to take specific actions in order to satisfy those drives. The actions one might call instincts in the clam are not only simpler but different in quality from those one might call instincts in the lovebird and radically unlike those often referred to as instincts in man. This is not to say that the study of animal behavior can teach us nothing about ourselves. It can and will, even as the study of animal physiology can and does contribute much to human medicine. But even if one thoroughly studies



the skeleton, nervous system, blood and tissues of the rabbit, he is not qualified to diagnose and heal the ills of man; their similarities are instructive, but their differences are crucial.

Above all else, we have learned from animal-behavior studies that the more complicated an animal is, the less its behavior is rigidly programed by the genotype, the more its behavior is developed through experience. The conclusion that man's instincts are very much like those of lower animals is unjustified and misleading. What the evidence justifies instead is the conclusion that man's instincts operate on a level very different from those of most other animals and do not result in specific, predictable, stereotyped behavior patterns.

The clinical experience of every psychotherapist and psychoanalyst since Freud indicates that human beings have only the most amorphous and undifferentiated kinds of instincts and that our training within the family and outside it is what makes us either heterosexual or homosexual, monogamous or polygamous, sybaritic or ascetic, convivial or reclusive, combative or passive. We do not automatically become any of these things; we express our sexual "instinct"—one wishes there were another word for it when referring to man—in whatever way we are taught. And without teaching, we can do almost nothing: In some orphanages, where children get almost no individual attention other than feeding and changing, many of them are unable even to *walk* by the age of three or four. So much for man's instincts.

Yet for want of a better word, let us agree to call man's genotypic tendencies instincts—while insisting that this means something very different from instincts in lower animals. Man may be

innately and instinctively aggressive in the sense that he is chronically restless and irritable; in need of change and excitement, challenge and difficulties; quick to anger when frustrated, and to strike out—or feel the desire to do so—at whatever limits him, threatens him or presses in upon him. But man is not programed and his aggressive drive can be directed in many ways and serve many different ends. One man uses it to become Nero but another to become Marcus Aurelius; one man's aggressive instinct makes him Hitler, another's makes him Gandhi.

The record of man's inhumanity to man is horrifying, when one compiles it—enslavement, castration, torture, rape, mass slaughter in war after war. But who has compiled the record of man's kindness to man—the trillions of acts of gentleness and goodness, the helping hands, smiles, shared meals, kisses, gifts, healings, rescues? If we were no more than murderous predators, with a freakish lack of inhibition against slaughtering our own species, we would have been at a terrible competitive disadvantage compared with other animals; if this were the central truth of our nature, we would scarcely have survived, multiplied and become the dominant species on earth. Man does have an aggressive instinct, but it is not naturally or inevitably directed to killing his own kind. He is a beast and perhaps at times the cruelest beast of all—but sometimes he is also the kindest beast of all. He is not all good and not perfectible, but he is not all bad and not wholly unchangeable or unimprovable. That is the only basis on which one can have hope for him; but it is enough.

ANATOMY OF A MASSACRE

(continued from page 139)

ready manpower pool and linked the peasants closely with their fighting men.

Although Song My had an elected Viet Cong government that had been functioning quietly and efficiently for more than 25 years, the *de facto* leader of Song My was Nguyen Tram, commander of the 48th Battalion. Tram, a professional soldier in his early 40s, had distinguished himself in battle and endeared himself to the peasants of Song My. A native of Song My, he had gone to North Vietnam in 1954 for schooling and had returned in 1959. Back in the South, he refined his military education by occasionally heading up Viet Cong province-wide military seminars. Tram understood political warfare; and under his leadership, the 48th spent more time working with the villagers than fighting "free-world" forces. For this reason, his unit's location was never betrayed by casual informers—a remarkable record in a country where information is treated as a commodity to be bought and sold.

On December 2, 1967, Tram led his men in an overwhelming military victory: the total destruction of the Binh

Son District Headquarters, a redoubt located some 15 miles northwest of Song My. A prisoner of war from the C-21 Sapper Company described to me the forced march by the 48th that rainy winter night—reporting that peasants in each hamlet through which Tram's men passed stood by the trail, offering the troops flowers, food and wishes of great victory. Marching his men through that area at dusk, in battle formation, was a calculated psychological ploy on Tram's part. The hamlets and villages were believed, by Americans, at least, to be shot through with government informers; yet no one gave any advance warning of the raid. Tram suffered no compromise even in the hamlets far from Song My and close to the Binh Son District Headquarters—hamlets rated under 100 percent South Vietnamese government control by the American Hamlet Evaluation Reports.

Since the 48th Battalion was allowed to conduct operations undisturbed, its success was a function of its own ability and the indifferent performance of the allied force responsible for the general

Song My area: the First Republic of Korea (ROK) marine brigade. Quang Ngai Province, like other areas in South Vietnam, was split into Tactical Areas of Responsibility (TAORs), with boundaries every bit as inviolable to other allied forces as an armed blockade. Although one allied force could grant special compensations allowing another to operate in its TAOR, the ROKs refused Americans permission to operate in or around theirs.

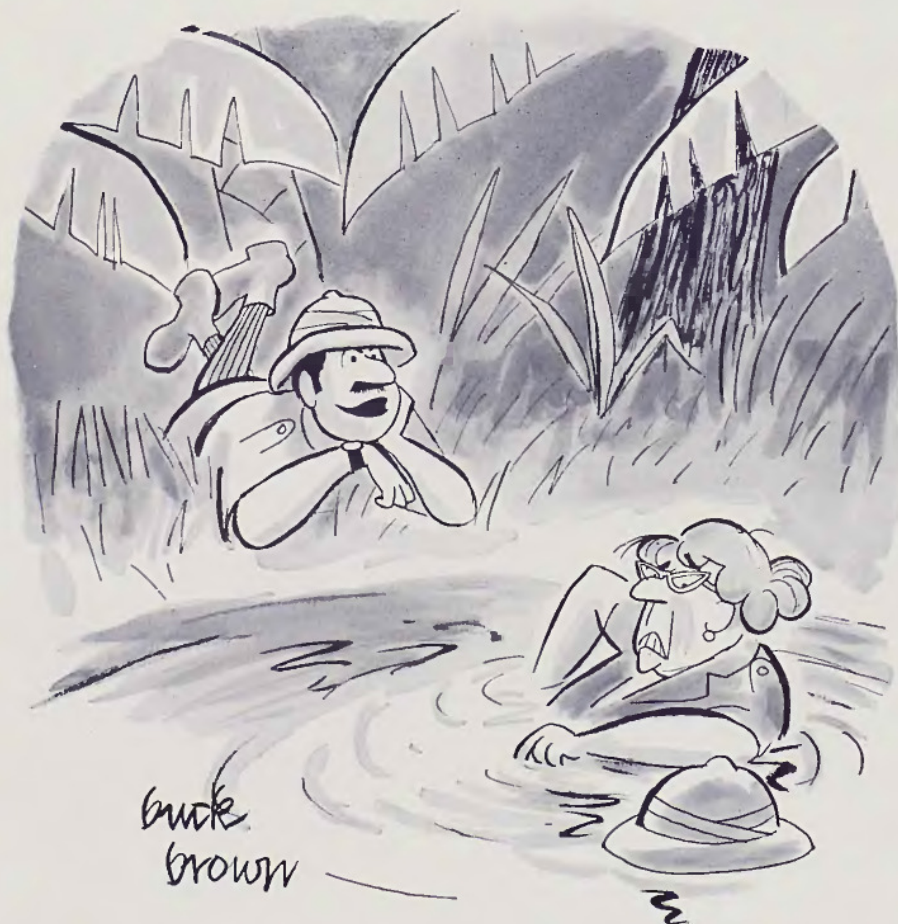
The ROKs presented a glittering facade to the working press, but they seldom conducted offensive penetration patrols. Making more money than ever before in their lives—from both American-supplemented salaries and extensive black-market activities—the ROKs refused to risk it all on something so un lucrative as a military operation. The American Government paid the Koreans large sums to act essentially as a garrison force.

The First ROK marines were both the joke and the scourge of American soldiers in the province—ludicrous in their smiling refusal to finish a known enemy force at their back door but dangerous by allowing that Viet Cong force to stage unhampered attacks on American and South Vietnamese installations.

After the Binh Son raid on December second, Tram quickly pulled his battalion back inside the ROK TAOR, with the U.S. Americal Division (made up of random units collected in Vietnam) in hot pursuit. The ROKs not only refused to allow the Americans to continue the chase, they also refused to act themselves. A Korean intelligence officer said only that he would look into the matter. He never did. Also, while the Binh Son attack was still in progress, the ROKs were asked to send a relief column to break the siege. They complied but took an astounding five hours to cover the six-mile journey and, as they expected, arrived well after the fight had ended. The ROKs, as a Quang Ngai Province advisor euphemistically put it, had a dangerous habit of "sitting on their fire bases."

But the Koreans did stage close, defensive patrolling regularly, since they knew there was nowhere to go if they were attacked by the Viet Cong. In the wake of these operations, the Vietnamese were united in their vehement dislike of the Koreans. During one defensive patrol, the Koreans took light sniper fire from a hamlet close to Highway One—a common occurrence. In retaliation, the ROK patrol leader picked a family at random and had the mother and her eight children beheaded. Unhappily, the husband was away, serving with the South Vietnamese army at the province capital. He subsequently went insane.

In a late-1967 operation—the Americans were surprised that it was conducted at all—the ROKs swept into the Song



"That couldn't be quicksand, dear, you fell in there over an hour ago!"

My-Cape Batangan area. After that short maneuver, the ROKs reported a body count of more than 700 Viet Cong troops and fewer than 20 casualties of their own.

When I talked with a ROK intelligence officer to determine what Viet Cong units the Koreans had destroyed, he assured me—indeed, insisted—that the ROKs had encountered neither the 48th Battalion nor any Local Forces company operating in that area. Even if the 48th and all the Local Forces companies had been included in that body count, the ROKs would have killed all the Viet Cong in the Song My area *twice*. When I asked him what the Koreans had killed and called Viet Cong, he smiled. Before walking away, however, he stopped and reminded me that there is no such thing in Vietnam as an innocent civilian.

The Koreans had committed the first Song My massacre, and it left a legacy of hate for the incoming Americans of Task Force Barker. Not only had the ROKs conducted a staggering slaughter of civilians to cap their long-standing policy of brutality in the Song My area, they had also psychologically prepared the area for March 16. A third-world force in Vietnam, the Koreans will never be called to account for their actions. The Americans of Task Force Barker, who walked into the morass in Song My, will—and have been.

Not long after Tram and the Viet Cong 48th Battalion overran the Binh Son District Headquarters. Major James Willoughby, one of the few survivors, visited a small hamlet just inside the ROK TAOR. To his amazement, he found cigarettes, soap, radios, even small refrigerators inside one of the thatched houses. The items, all from American PXs, had been funneled to the hamlet through the Korean black market. Willoughby confiscated the entire lot. Shortly after returning to his headquarters, he received word that the First ROK marine brigade commander wanted to see him. Willoughby went to the ROK compound south of Binh Son, where he was received by the brigade provost marshal, who told him to stay out of the ROK TAOR—or else. When Willoughby refused, he was beaten by two Korean privates.

Shortly after this incident, the ROKs were transferred from the Batangan complex to an area near the big U. S. base at Danang. Since the summer of 1967, "unofficial complaints" against the ROKs had been filed from Quang Ngai. To those of us on the Quang Ngai advisory team—disgusted with their vehement refusal to stage offensive operations, alarmed by the Vietnamese hostility toward them and concerned about low-level agent reports that they were selling ammunition to the Viet Cong—there

could have been no better news than that of the ROKs' imminent departure. By virtue of the beating Willoughby took, he may have sealed the Korean relocation.

The ROKs started phasing out in December 1967. The process took approximately 30 days and, during that time, the Song My-Cape Batangan complex escaped any allied penetration. Tram built the 48th Battalion back up to strength and resolidified its peasant support. He pointed to the ROK marines to dramatize the Viet Cong case against the allied forces. The villagers of Song My and Cape Batangan who had suffered at Korean hands were a responsive audience.

With the Koreans finally gone, new TAORs were drawn up. Not wanting any part of Cape Batangan, the South Vietnamese left it to the U. S. Americal Division; but, in turn, the ARVN took responsibility for Song My village.

In mid-January 1968—shortly before the devastating Tet offensive—a multi-battalion ARVN and Regional Forces/Popular Forces operation was launched in the Song My area. The maneuver was scheduled to go to but not through My Lai number one, the easternmost hamlet in the village. The ARVN, after all, was not particularly eager for contact.

On this operation, ARVN took 55 casualties, only two of which were gunshot wounds. The remainder came from mines and booby traps. It was one of those discouraging operations in which 100 yards could not be covered before a dull rumble, a gray-black cloud of dirty smoke and a piercing scream announced the triggering of another explosive device. The ARVN gave up far short of its intended objectives.

The Vietnamese had not operated in the area for so long that they had forgotten how dangerous Song My was. The Viet Cong had booby-trapped the village so completely, it had become a fortress. They had placed trail markers by each explosive device to warn the Song My villagers of danger, but the peasants were less than enthusiastic in cautioning allied troops.

This was ARVN's only offensive in the area until well after March 16. The ARVN operation defeated, Nguyen Tram prepared for his role in the Tet offensive. The ARVN operation in January had not cost him a single man and his losses to the constant artillery fire were negligible. His unit, just as prior to the December Binh Son attack, was well supplied and up to battle strength.

The 48th had a key role in the 1968 Tet offensive. Under Tram's leadership, the battalion—reinforced by three Local Forces companies—attacked and secured the northernmost area of Quang Ngai City, the province capital.

On February first, the second day of

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the offensive, Tram made an uncharacteristic move. Instead of pulling back to the anonymity of the peasant masses—his unit's concealment during the daylight hours—he chose to slug it out. He had obviously been given an order to hold his ground rather than withdraw after overrunning his assigned objective, as he normally would have done.

Although Tram's troops occupied high ground, their primitive weapons were no match for American jets and helicopter gunships. In a four-hour battle, the Fourth Battalion of the Fourth ARVN Regiment retook the Viet Cong positions and killed Tram. The ARVN unit, which a month before had broken and run from a poorly armed Viet Cong platoon, symbolized its military resurgence by tying Tram's body behind a jeep and dragging it through the dust, dismembering it beyond recognition.

Without Tram, the 48th Battalion lost hope and heart. In an extraordinary move, survivors of the 48th abandoned their cover, laid down their weapons and started dragging their dead and wounded back toward Song My. In the brilliant late-morning sunlight, they took a trail they had traveled many times but never as a recognizable military unit. Unafraid to show their strength before the successful assault on Binh Son, they were equally prepared to display their wounds in retreat that February morning.

American observation helicopters and "bird dog" spotter aircraft quickly picked up the movement and reported it to headquarters at Quang Ngai City. The

observers' description was clear enough: a defeated, demoralized element with many wounded offering no resistance; in effect, a hospital train. Although advised by Americans to have South Vietnamese troops merely round up the defeated elements, Lieutenant Colonel (now Colonel) Thon That Khien, the Quang Ngai Province chief, ordered the stragglers massacred from the air. American helicopter gunships struck, slaughtering the Viet Cong, as one aviator later described it, "like hogs."

The 48th Battalion was reduced in strength from 266 to approximately 35 men. Nguyen Tram, Song My's inspired leader, was dead. For the first time in as long as any observer could remember, the Song My complex was defenseless. Psychologically, the villagers of Song My were staggered; they had suffered first the Korean massacre and then the Tet losses, both tragedies of far greater magnitude than the cumulative effect of the bombing and shelling delivered by jets and artillery.

Trying only to stay alive (any type of offensive operation was out of the question), the Viet Cong of the 48th turned to their wits. Knowing the allied TAORs every bit as well as the allies themselves, the Viet Cong carefully remained inside the ARVN's area for protection. Stunned by the fury of the Tet offensive, the local ARVN units withdrew all the way to Quang Ngai City—the pattern for the ARVN during that period of the war. In the absence of allied offensive pressure,

the 48th began putting the pieces together once more.

• • •

While the 48th struggled to rebuild and to continue a remarkable military record, the U.S. 11th Light Infantry Brigade was attempting to get some kind of military record going. A latecomer, almost an afterthought to the Vietnam war, the 11th arrived at Qui Nhon on December 22, 1967, from Hawaii—at the same time the Korean marines were conducting the first Song My massacre. From Qui Nhon, the 11th moved north by truck to Duc Pho Combat Base, where it established a lackluster combat record—not because of any physical shortcomings on the part of the unit; there simply weren't enough Viet Cong left in Duc Pho to justify the hunt.

When the U.S. Americal Division, the 11th's parent organization, took over the responsibility for the ROK TAOR, a new opportunity was presented the "Jungle Warriors," the nickname the 11th had inauspiciously assumed. After the fury of Tet had subsided, Americal staged its first operation into Song My, claiming the Viet Cong had linked a full battalion in the village and its surrounding area. Americal correctly noted that the entire village complex was linked by trenches, tunnels and fortified positions, but the battalion it was chasing was a ghost.

Americal assigned pursuit of the phantom to a bastard unit, Task Force Barker, a conglomerate of the best company from each battalion of the 11th Light Infantry Brigade. It was named for Lieutenant Colonel Frank Barker, the unit's commander, and it operated from Landing Zone (LZ) Dotti, named for his wife. Barker was specially picked for the command, as he later would be picked to head his own battalion. By mid-February, Barker's task force was working regularly in the old Korean TAOR and occasionally south into the Song My village complex. To the Koreans, TAOR boundaries had been fortified lines, but to the ARVN still cowering in Quang Ngai City, Task Force Barker could have as much as it wanted.

Although ARVN had the responsibility for Song My, the Americans asked for and received permission to operate in the area. Since Americal officers believed the Viet Cong were in Song My, they wanted to go there. At first, Task Force Barker asked for permission to operate in the ARVN TAOR within narrow time limits, outlining for the Vietnamese the plans for American operations. This, however, was unacceptable. Since Quang Ngai Province Headquarters was saturated with Viet Cong informers, it was hardly the place to air one's offensive strategy. In fact, plans of future operations were often transmitted faster to the Viet Cong



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than to allies at the province capital.

As a result, Lieutenant Colonel Barker took the course he would use for the operation of March 16. Instead of requesting a specific time limit, he asked for clearance to operate over a wide time latitude and made no mention of operational tactics. When the Vietnamese grant this kind of latitude, they relinquish any control of fire in the zone—making it, in effect, a “free-fire” zone. In a normal engagement, when no such agreement has been reached, Americans are obliged to obtain “political clearance” from either the district or the province chief before firing into an area.

Theoretically, once political clearance has been granted, the area comes under American rules of engagement. A more liberally accepted interpretation, however—and one the ARVN itself seems to employ—is that political clearance is carte-blanche authority to fire in the area. A free-fire zone condemns anything that moves under its own locomotion—men, women, children, water buffalo—as Viet Cong and, therefore, fair targets. “As soon as the Viets said we could shoot ‘em up, we went right ahead. After all, they’re

talkin’ about their own people and they ought to know,” one Americal officer told me.

As with the unofficial American policy of turning prisoners of war over to the South Vietnamese for questioning, Americans practice the strange habit of insisting that the South Vietnamese set standards of American military fire discipline. Letting South Vietnamese stage brutal interrogations leaves American hands clean; acquiring South Vietnamese political clearance before firing into a hamlet leaves American consciences clean.

This policy was hardly compatible with the announced effort to win the “hearts and minds” of the people; so, in its early Song My operations, Task Force Barker was frustrated by the civilian population. The peasants had experienced virtually no contact with Americans but believed everything they had heard; they could not forget the American artillery fire. One Americal intelligence officer noted that more tons of ordnance had been dropped on the Song My-Cape Batangan complex than had been used to shatter German defenses at Normandy in World War Two. Thus, most families

had already suffered at the hands of Americans before the troops from Americal arrived.

While the peasants did not display hostility openly, their indifference was an effective and provocative weapon. Many American platoon leaders reported passing through a group of peasants who watched quietly as a U. S. soldier stepped on a land mine. No attempt was made to warn Americans of such destructive devices, and their effects were witnessed only by emotionless, disinterested Oriental faces.

So Americal faced in Song My the “nickel-dime” war of attrition in its most brutalizing form. Without making any significant contact, Task Force Barker took casualty after casualty from mines and booby traps [see *Step Lightly*, by Tim O’Brien, page 138—Ed.]. A mine is a neutral device; after suffering its effects, a man has nothing to shoot back at, no enemy to attack. In Song My, there was only the emptiness of the coastal spring.

The Task Force Barker soldiers became vengeful; they saw their buddies’ deaths as confirmation of their feeling that all the peasants were not only “gooks” but Viet Cong “gooks” as well. Of course, the peasants *were* Viet Cong; they had been under Viet Cong control for over a generation and had sons, husbands and fathers serving as Viet Cong soldiers. But the American establishment had convinced its troops that no such thing as an independent, indigenous Viet Cong estate existed. And the GIs of Task Force Barker, only freshly arrived in the country, expected to be received by peasants who were at least neutral. That these innocents looked on them as colonialists and reacted to their presence by concealing and planting mines was incomprehensible.

• • •

Since its formation, Task Force Barker had been confronted with a difficulty common to any new military unit operating in an unfamiliar area: lack of firm intelligence sources. Although a hasty effort had been made by Task Force to form a reliable intelligence collection service in the area, it was simply too young. Barker intelligence was shocked to learn that its estimates didn’t coincide with those of the American military-intelligence team at Quang Ngai City. When Americal officers arrived there early in March to plan the fatal assault, we, the province team, gave them the information that had been accumulated through an efficient collection effort in the Song My area.

At this final preoperation liaison in Quang Ngai City, Task Force Barker was informed of the progress of the 48th Battalion and its recent activities. For



“Hold it—this page is printed upside down.”

almost three weeks after Tet, what remained of the 48th had lingered in the Song My area. But with its entire command staff dead and the area harassed by Task Force Barker operations, rebuilding was impossible. Therefore, the 48th had moved almost 20 miles west. Task Force Barker never realized it was gone.

Americal and our province team formed different evaluations of the enemy situation in Quang Ngai Province, because each operated under its own set of strategies and policies. Province advisors are a throwback from earlier, optimistic days, when the U. S. was limited to advising and assisting the South Vietnamese in *their* war. Advisors ideally become Vietnamese—familiar with the country through close relationships with their Vietnamese counterparts. The ideal advisor eats the local food, speaks the language, knows the people, understands the problems and unselfishly devotes himself to the welfare and well-being of the people; his military zeal is tempered by his thorough understanding of the local situation—a sort of Renaissance warrior in the rice-roots battle. Of course, it never really worked that way; many advisors were inadequately trained or psychologically unfit for this demanding job, and Vietnamese cooperation in the absence of any enforcement machinery was random and almost whimsical.

When the advisor system. Special Forces tactics, interdictory bombing and other quick and easy solutions failed to carry the field and the Viet Cong looked dangerously close to winning on the battlefield, large American combat units were committed. An infantry division incorporates none of the subtlety the advisor units are supposed to employ. It is an instrument of death first and always; what civic programs it conducts are afterthoughts. In combat outfits such as the Americal Division, everything is phrased in the stark argot of warfare: casualties, objectives, enemies and, in Vietnam, body counts. The solution in Vietnam to the old battle problem of inflicting maximum damage on the enemy at least expense to your own unit can be expressed, as the late Bernard Fall pointed out, in one word: firepower. The practice of big units in Vietnam is simply to overwhelm the enemy with destruction. Where the advisor system would, in theory, use some sort of vague unified approach to any situation, employing direct military action only when absolutely necessary, the first recourse of the American combat unit is fire—a myopia that makes any kind of solution in Vietnam, short of genocide, impossible.

After the American combat troops arrived in March of 1965, the advisor system was reduced to an impotent secondary effort both in resources and priorities.

We still had an advisory team in Quang Ngai Province, but we had no reliable forces. We could only pass on our judgment and appraisal of the situation—based on our day-to-day experience with in the province—to Americal.

But the task force operated on its own purely military assumptions and premises, so it failed to understand the composition of the Viet Cong 48th. On its sweep operations, Task Force Barker picked up occasional documents from the 48th and, in one instance, captured a prisoner from the battalion. Since the unit was thoroughly integrated into the life of Song My village, it would have been almost impossible for any conscientious search *not* to turn up remnants of the battalion's presence. Instead of taking this material as mere evidence of the 48th's long association with Song My, Task Force Barker preferred to use it as proof that the unit was physically in the village.

An advance cadre from the 48th had returned to the Song My area on approximately March tenth. This group, no

larger than 30 in number, had the responsibility of recruiting even more troops. The Local Forces companies in the area—already understrength themselves—each gave up a platoon to the 48th.

Those few cadres back in Song My from the 48th had left the village and moved some eight miles north into Binh Son for further recruiting. This information was provided to Task Force Barker no more than 36 hours in advance of the March 16 operation. On that day, the most notable consideration about the 48th Battalion was its absence from its old home of Song My. The Quang Ngai intelligence team told Task Force Barker all this and more.

The Quang Ngai intelligence team also informed Task Force Barker of what it would find in that area: a few disorganized North Vietnamese stragglers who had remained since the Tet offensive and a skeleton collection of hamlet guerrillas. The task force might catch there one of the understrength Local



"Just one little thing. In the ideal city of the future, I don't think we want the main shopping center quite so close to the ghetto."



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(See page 159 for application.)

Forces companies—no more than 50 men—but it would not find the Viet Cong 48th Local Forces Battalion. After receiving this information, Task Force Barker liaison elements made another stop to gather information for the impending operation. This was at the Central Intelligence Agency compound in Quang Ngai City.

A CIA operative, who went under a code name, commanded this operation. He himself was a former Army man who had only recently joined the agency; this was his first assignment. He arrived long on enthusiasm and energy but woefully short on judgment. His intelligence estimates were so ludicrous that he was ignored by serious intelligence officers in the province. But if anybody could pull a snow job, it was this operative. Shortly after his arrival, even the experienced military-intelligence team at Quang Ngai City was sucked in by his bubbling confidence. Based on CIA information, a Special Forces team was sent to reconnoiter a supposed Viet Cong industrial-hospital complex. The only thing it found was an ambush.

The CIA operative liked to think big, and it showed in his intelligence estimates. He estimated the 48th Battalion at a strength of 450 men—the figure Task Force Barker foolishly chose to believe. He could produce report after report to reinforce his statements, but there was a reason for that. Just as he thought big, so, too, did he pay big for information. Indeed, he was known to pay as much for a single, unconfirmed piece of information as the military-intelligence team paid its entire agent net in a month. The Vietnamese agents—who were not as financially ignorant as the operative thought them to be—quickly recognized that he paid well for overblown reports. They responded with the big reports he wanted. The agents ended up wealthy and the operative, happy.

Task Force Barker dispatched Captain Eugene Kotouc—now charged with murder and maiming of Viet Cong suspects in connection with the massacre—to talk to the operative. Clearly, Kotouc fell under the CIA charisma and bought the bogus intelligence without question—even though every experienced intelligence agency in the province, including Kotouc's parent intelligence unit at the American Division headquarters, provided estimates of the enemy situation in sharp contrast to the fiction conjured up by the CIA.

But there was something else Kotouc picked up on his unfortunate CIA visit: the black list drawn up for the My Lai hamlets. The CIA coordinated what was known as Operation Phoenix—the systematic elimination of known Viet Cong hamlet and village cadres and supporters.

The black list is the heart of the Phoenix program. For My Lai, it con-

tained the names of as many as two thirds of the entire hamlet population. It listed people who held positions in the Viet Cong military-political complex, from secret and semisecret hamlet guerrillas to chairmen of Viet Cong farmers' organizations. The black list did not overlook children, documenting members of such groups as the Viet Cong young girls' alliance and the Viet Cong equivalent of the boy scouts. Those on the CIA-Phoenix black list were tabbed for systematic elimination. To the CIA, execution was definitely an acceptable means of systematic elimination.

Kotouc was given a copy of the black list for My Lai. He had it with him on the operation of March 16. In effect, Company C was doing no more and no less than following CIA directives by putting the inhabitants of My Lai to the wall. The victims already were doomed men, women and children, by virtue of their CIA identification. First Lieutenant William Calley, Jr.—charged with the murder of 102 civilians in My Lai—and his men may be guilty of being unauthorized executioners, but not of carrying out an unauthorized execution.

Several months after the massacre, the CIA operatives in Quang Ngai received praise from Saigon for Operation Phoenix, for the manner in which they had eliminated the Viet Cong "infrastructure." Among those persons reported by the CIA as eliminated from Viet Cong ranks were the victims of the massacre. While the CIA operative received a gold star for the slaughter, Calley stands to receive a rope.

Indisputably, Lieutenant Colonel Barker was spoon-fed the CIA estimate of the area. The Peers Commission indicated that he issued a curious set of directives when he called in his company commanders to issue a warning order for the March 16 heliborne assault. His intelligence estimate stated the presence of the 48th Battalion in the area with a strength of up to 450 men. There had not been 450 men in the 48th in three years.

Barker further told his company commanders that there would be no women and children in Song My when his elements hit on March 16. Captain Ernest L. Medina (commander of the unit assigned to assault My Lai number four) confirmed this in a news conference. The Peers Commission said flatly that this inaccurate information came from Barker himself—that he promised his officers that the peasants would be marketing either in Son Tinh or in Quang Ngai City. This, in itself, was a blatant misunderstanding of the area, so erroneous it is incredible that even the CIA could have made such an assurance or that even Kotouc would have bought it.

There are many methods of giving orders in the Army. Obviously, the direct order, either oral or written, is binding and clear. Far more dangerous is the one

implied by a commander and expected to be inferred by his subordinates. Certainly, Barker did not gather his staff and company commanders and state flatly that they were to kill every man, woman and child in the hamlet. Rather, he left the nefarious implication that the only persons to be encountered would be Viet Cong. How Medina interpreted the implication can be seen in the briefing he gave his own company before the operation.

Medina could not have received the news of a vacant village without reservations. He had operated in that area and was familiar with the habits of the people. The traditional market places for the villagers of Song My were neither in Son Tinh, the district capital, nor in Quang Ngai City, as Barker had told him. The villagers went either to My Lai number-one hamlet or to Son Thanh village to do their trading. But, the very idea of a mass morning exodus for marketing should have been laughed at by Medina.

How readily he would laugh at the idea of a 450-man battalion is another question. Without a decisive kill to their credit, the "Jungle Warriors" were distinguishing themselves only by stumbling through the mystic world of body count. In 1968, a low body count or kill ratio was an embarrassing statistic that did little to gain favor at higher headquarters. Commanders, especially those who had enthusiasm and ambition, could not disregard the emphasis placed on this official index of success. Lieutenant Colonel Barker was no exception.

Before arriving in Vietnam, Barker had been persuaded by high-ranking officers to take a Regular Army commission instead of the Reserve commission he held. He was assured, at that time, that bigger things were in his future—if, of course, he did well in Vietnam. The 48th Battalion was his obsession—so much so that on the very morning of the massacre, he was heard to announce, "I'd give anything to get the 48th." (Eventually, he gave everything. On an operation directed against the 48th in the same area three months later, his command helicopter collided with an Air Force observation plane. The helicopter exploded, killing Barker and his staff.)

A rugged man, Barker left an air of intensity wherever he went; he was a professional: meticulous, energetic and fearless. A few days before the massacre, he had ordered his command helicopter down in the face of enemy fire to pick up a soldier who had become separated from his unit and faced certain death. Barker followed the progress of his troops so closely, he could often be heard cutting in on the radio to give on-the-spot advice to a pinned-down company

or platoon. Of those directly involved in the massacre, Barker was an ambiguous witness forever silenced. What Company C did that morning was done under his responsibility.

Barker ran the entire March 16 operation from a helicopter command post and, though it is not impossible that he missed the massacre from the air that morning, it is highly unlikely. He was too thorough a man—a virtue that, ironically, condemns him in death. Relying on a faulty intelligence estimate, filled with an understandable desire to destroy the 48th and angered by the losses his task force had taken from mines and booby traps, Barker probably watched the destruction of the 48th's home village.

His intelligence officers had told him the task force would hit the 48th because they knew what he wanted to hear. It's an old game and one not necessarily limited to the Vietnam war: ambitious subordinates trying to please a commander. In this instance, it was costly.

Upon receipt of the same bogus intelligence, Captain Medina began keying his troops for battle. In a preoperation briefing, he told his men—who had not yet faced a large enemy force—that this assault would be "the big one."

In a November 1969 interview, former Pfc. Charles Gruver of Tulsa denied that there was any subtlety at all involved in Medina's words on the evening of March 15. "Our captain gave us a briefing the night before. He said everything was to be killed—that it was all V. C.," Gruver recalled.

But that was Gruver's inference of what Medina had said. The Peers Commission said in a news release that Medina stressed only the revenge factor in his operational briefing, reminding the men of losses they had taken in the

hamlet chain. Medina, like his commander, dropped ideas and suggestions. For Company C, that was enough; the briefing was decisive.

As preparation for the operation, artillery was directed against the targeted hamlets, indifferently pounding at an enemy force long gone from Song My. When the helicopters landed at approximately 7:30 A.M., light sniper fire steeled the troops' conviction that they were setting down in the midst of the 48th. But sporadic sniper fire from hamlet guerrillas and a few persons running from the landing zone are commonplace in helicopter assaults. Captain Medina's description of the landing zone as "hot" was an overstatement. But it was hot enough for his troops; psychologically prepared to battle for their lives, they moved out from the LZ and began a cordon and search of My Lai number-four hamlet.

The reaction of the peasants in My Lai number four was predictable. Even when they concealed no troops in their hamlets, Song My villagers could not act innocently; they had suffered too much and too long at the hands of the Koreans to stand around. They came streaming out of the hamlet toward the Regional Forces/Popular Forces Son Thanh outpost and My Khe hamlet to the south.

Eyewitnesses told NBC News that a number of children were killed attempting to get away from Song My. They ran head on into an American platoon set up in a blocking position—itchy, ready for combat and ill-informed. Nobody had bothered to tell them that what was occurring was the pattern around Song My. The Americans just happened to be standing squarely on the traditional escape hatch.

"An old saying among Americans in



"I'm a bed wetter."

Vietnam is that a running Vietnamese is a Viet Cong," war correspondent Charles Black has observed. Black, who followed American troops from the DMZ to the Mekong Delta, has called the skittishness of the peasants in the Song My area "unlike anything I have ever seen anywhere in the country."

Few had an opportunity to run, however. The search led by Calley that day was lethally effective. The villagers, rounded up in small groups by Calley's platoon, showed little fear until the shooting started; they expected nothing more than a screening.

Eighteen months later, Calley was charged with murdering 109 "Oriental human beings." The Army reduced the count to 102 in February 1970 and charged several of Calley's men with other murders and atrocities, including rape. No one knows exactly how many were killed that morning; eyewitness observers put the number from 75 to 370. Intelligence sources in Quang Ngai City received reports of at least 500 peasants killed.

The most condemning piece of evidence against the now-defunct Task Force Barker is its own large body count—the result it desired most from the My Lai assault. The initial report for the operation claimed 128 Viet Cong killed in the operation and no weapons captured. That figure was later raised to three rifles.

When we received the after-action report at Quang Ngai City, we simply could not believe the count: There weren't 128 Viet Cong troops in the village to be killed that day and it would have been impossible for that many Viet Cong to have been killed with so few weapons taken. In mountainous areas where a valley separated one force from another, Americans could count bodies across the valley floor but could not retrieve weapons, because of the danger of negotiating the terrain. But in the flat, uninhabited area of Song My, there was no excuse.

Although there was speculation that civilians had gotten in the way, nobody made much of it. The more accepted conclusion was that Task Force Barker had inflated its body count for good press coverage—a practice relatively common in Vietnam and one that grew in inverse proportion to the number of Viet Cong combat troops present.

On the evening of March 16, the Americal intelligence section at Duc Pho—a unit in no way responsible for the erroneous information given Task Force Barker prior to the operation—was suffering misgivings. Captain Albert Labriolla, the order-of-battle officer at Duc Pho, recalls one of his sergeants' calling LZ Dotti for an explanation. Task Force Barker told him, "We were pursuing the enemy; they doubled back and

picked up their own weapons, leaving the corpses." The cover-up for the massacre had begun; if Lieutenant Colonel Barker's intelligence failed the unit before the operation, it was prepared to fail neither him nor Medina in its aftermath.

In two days, low-level agent reports of the massacre began filtering back to military intelligence in Quang Ngai City. Task Force Barker was claiming it had caught and killed 128 Viet Cong from the 48th Battalion, while agents reporting to the military-intelligence team in Quang Ngai swore the 48th was not even in the area. But all the reports based on agent accounts began, "The Viet Cong report . . ." thus causing first stories of the massacre to go unheeded.

Colonel Khien, the province chief, said in a press release in November 1969 that he had consulted with his U.S. counterpart and ordered an immediate investigation. That is not true. James May, his counterpart, a systematic man, never turned to military intelligence for assistance in the aftermath of the massacre, as was his invariable practice in matters demanding clandestine, in-depth investigation. An inquiry, even a question, about the massacre from his level would have brought the agent reports back into focus. (Indeed, Khien even failed to remember in his statement that May was still his counterpart. He instead said he consulted with Edward Dillery, who did not assume his duties in Quang Ngai until long after the alleged investigation would have taken place.)

Khien has reason to avoid offending the Americans. Before being promoted to Quang Ngai Province chief, he had been the subject of two lengthy investigations concerning illegal activities in the buying and selling of matériel and influence. The dossiers of both investigations were destroyed in the name of good allied relations. But to say Khien was promoted to province chief is an overstatement. The fact—as documented by now-destroyed military-intelligence files—is that he bought his way into the position, using his former position as chief of staff for the Second ARVN Division.

Khien's complete indifference to—indeed, his disdain for—the condition of the peasants in his province was a matter of record in Quang Ngai. That he would ignore a massacre of his own people—though he had ample access to many of those same agent reports that confounded the military-intelligence team—is simply predictable. He did not want his highly lucrative financial operations side-tracked.

Discreet inquiries about the body count were made to the U.S. Americal Division by the advisory team in Quang

Ngai City. But since there was no official pressure behind the inquiries, they were made only in general conversation. Americal intelligence officers visiting the advisory team admitted that they, too, were curious about the body count.

Months later, I was informed by an Americal intelligence officer at Chu Lai that rumors of a massacre were rampant in his headquarters, but he mentioned no specific names or places. Even in Vietnam, the dismal truth was almost revealed but not quite. The details of that day at My Lai were sealed within the depths of Americal.

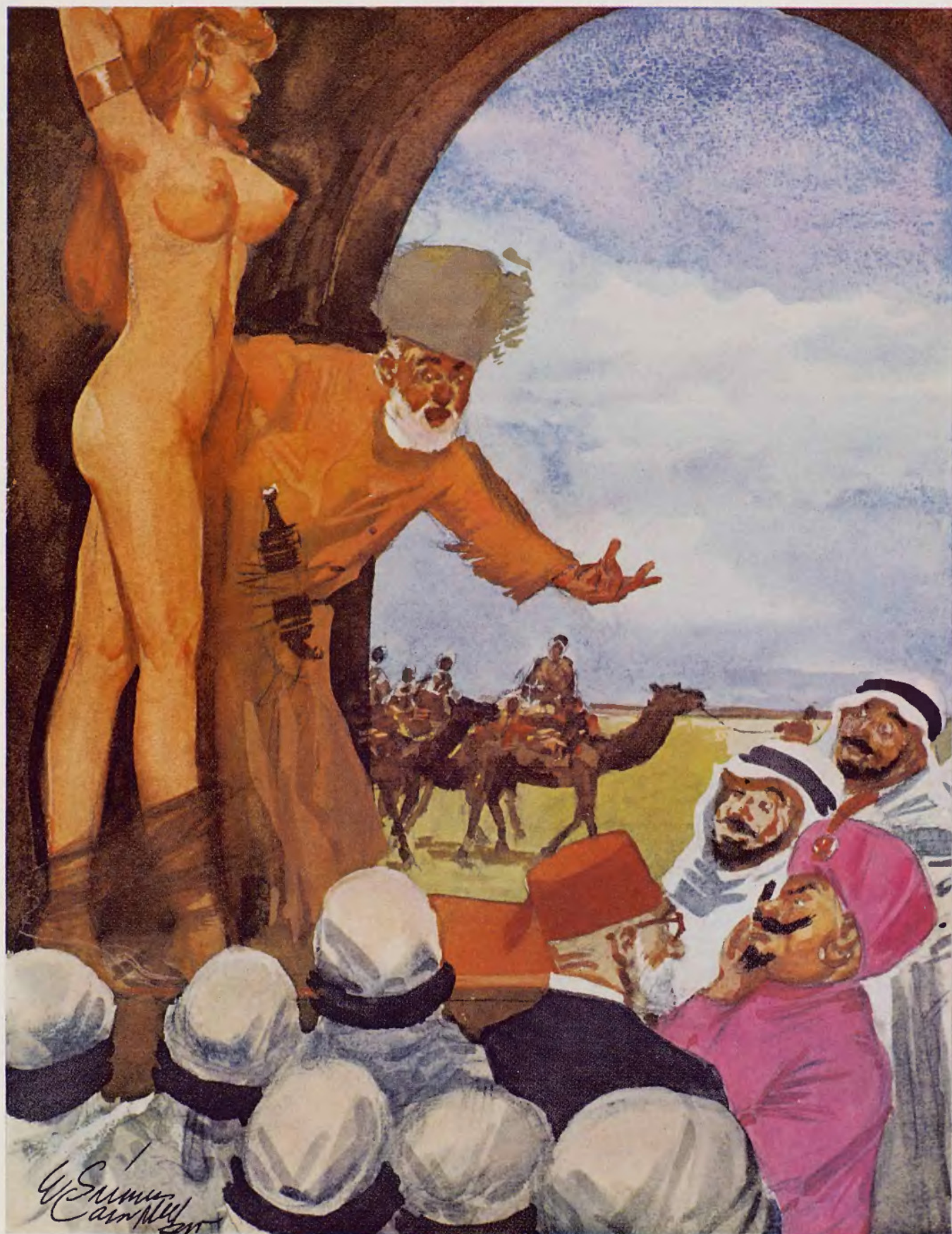
It can honestly be said that those who were expected to be in the know—those serving in intelligence—never knew exactly what had happened at My Lai and the surrounding hamlet chain. We had our ideas, but there are a great many ways to kill large numbers of innocent people. The most drastic supposition ever offered was that a large number of peasants had been killed by artillery fire. We were never able to imagine a massacre, despite everything we had seen come and go in Quang Ngai Province.

Nixon Administration public relations has been attempting to create a specific impression about the massacre. Preparing to admit that it occurred. Administration spokesmen have frantically insisted that the incident was merely an isolated act. But Calley and, to a lesser degree, the others will become scapegoats not for a general officer but for a general war policy. Attempts will be made to paint that wretched lieutenant as a mad-dog killer; certainly, his psychological balance will be questioned. Calley is and will continue to be contrasted with the candy-giving, head-patting, smiling-faced boys whom Americans desperately insist are fighting the Vietnam war. But American, like Korean, brutality had long been a matter of record in Quang Ngai.

That is, in fact, what the massacre is truly all about—it was a *way of life*. And this is what the Nixon Administration must sweep under the rug of public relations if it is to continue its policies in Vietnam.

There is one more ugly souvenir of March 16, 1968. Upon being informed of the results of the operation in Song My that day, General William C. Westmoreland reacted quickly. He could not have read the statistics saying 128 Viet Cong had been killed and only three weapons captured without some second thoughts. But Task Force Barker had played the game of body count well and, after all, it was Westmoreland who had put the emphasis on that grisly statistic in the first place. So he fired off a congratulatory message to the task force for its action on March 16—for the My Lai massacre.





"Before I decide on any deal, I prefer to sleep on it."

LAST TRAIN TO LIMBO

(continued from page 116)

suit, he limped up and down the aisle and gave a lecture against the ghetto riots that were destroying the cities he didn't live in.

His training, his education, his self-control soon came back to him and he returned to his seat to take a nap (he had actually spread out, placing his newspapers in the seats across the aisle).

It was just past five o'clock, thereabouts, when he woke. Stein had all his business now, he figured. The sun was still strong but sinking. For the first time, Avery realized that no other trains had been by all day. The intense quiet, the buzzing silence, soothed him. He yawned. A gentle throbbing of the right mastoid bone made him fidget. An aspirin would have helped, a drink even more. But let that pass.

Bored, and with what he took to be an

artistic urge for a view, he raised his window shade to study the New York skyline. It wasn't there. Confused only for a moment, Avery slowly raised the shade opposite to look at Newark. It wasn't there, either. The Turnpike rose on its tall columns, but Avery could see no traffic of any kind. It did not seem foggy, but Avery supposed that fog was the reason his vision was blocked. Or perhaps clouds—although fog is clouds; that's right; he'd forgotten that.

Anyway, he thought as he returned to his seat and folded a sheet of newspaper into a complicated pattern that, when cut properly and opened, would spring into an artificial Christmas tree, anyway, it's a hell of a way to run a railroad.

Leave him there, hanging there, no journey completed, full-circleless, stewing in his own juices, plumped with his beliefs, ready for whatever.



"We're going into our landing pattern now. Would you like something to read?"

conversation pieces

(continued from page 120)

Boil halibut in salted water until fish flakes easily—about 12–15 minutes. Drain; remove skin and bones from fish and break into flakes. Cut into approximately 1/2-in. squares. Place halibut, potatoes, celery and apples in mixing bowl and toss lightly. In another bowl, combine mayonnaise, sugar, vinegar, horseradish and 1 teaspoon chives, mixing well. Add mayonnaise mixture to fish mixture and toss lightly, adding salt and pepper to taste. Turn salad into serving dish. Sprinkle remaining chives on top.

SWEDISH MEATBALLS

- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 lb. ground veal
- 1 1/2 slices stale white bread, 1/2-in. squares
- 8-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon ground fennel
- 1/2 teaspoon ground allspice
- 1/4 teaspoon ground mace
- 1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 2 eggs

Place meat in mixing bowl. Put bread and tomatoes in blender. Stir with rubber spatula until bread is softened with juice of tomatoes. Add balance of ingredients to blender and blend at high speed about 1 minute. Add to meat in mixing bowl; mix well by hand. Preheat oven at 375°. Shape meat into small balls about 3/4 in. in diameter. Place on lightly greased shallow baking pan. Bake until brown, about 20 to 25 minutes. Combine with paprika sauce below and heat over low flame about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Best if made a day in advance and reheated at serving time.

PAPRIKA SAUCE

- 1 cup chicken broth, fresh or canned
- 1 cup light cream
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup very finely minced onion
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons dry white wine
- Salt, pepper

In small saucepan, heat chicken broth and cream to boiling point and remove from fire. In another pan, sauté onion in butter until onion is yellow. Remove from fire; stir in paprika and flour, blending well. Slowly stir in chicken-broth mixture. Return to a moderate flame and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add wine and salt and pepper to taste.

STUFFED EGGS WITH LOBSTER

- 8 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 freshly boiled 1 1/4-lb. lobster, split

2 tablespoons very finely minced shallots or scallions
 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
 1 tablespoon bottled Sauce Diable
 2 tablespoons butter at room temperature
 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
 1/2 teaspoon finely minced fresh tarragon
 Salt, pepper
 Small can consommé madrilene with sherry

16 strips fresh tarragon, 1 1/2 ins. long
 Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Remove and mash yolks by forcing them through sieve. Remove tomalley and any roe from lobster and mix with mashed yolks, shallots, mustard, Sauce Diable, butter, mayonnaise, minced tarragon and salt and pepper to taste. Pile yolks back into whites. Empty madrilene from can and chill in refrigerator just until it is syrupy-looking, not jelled. Brush tops of stuffed eggs lightly with madrilene. Cut shelled lobster into 16 chunks; dip each in madrilene and place on top of egg half. Dip tarragon strips in madrilene and arrange alongside lobster. Chill well.

CELERY AND CUCUMBER, MUSTARD CREAM

3 cups sliced celery
 2 cups sliced cucumber
 2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
 4 teaspoons lemon juice
 1 cup heavy cream
 Dash cayenne pepper
 Salt, white pepper
 Clean celery and cut crosswise into 1/2-in. slices. Peel cucumber; remove seeds with spoon and cut crosswise into 1/2-in. slices. In mixing bowl, stir mustard and lemon juice until well blended. Slowly stir in heavy cream. Add celery, cucumber, cayenne and salt and white pepper to taste. Chill well. Keep covered in refrigerator.

OLIVE MEDLEY

Peel a dozen small shallots or round scallions, white part only, and simmer in boiling water until barely tender. Drain. In mixing bowl, combine shallots, a dozen each of extra-large green olives, pimiento-stuffed olives and ripe olives, all drained. Cover with mixture of 3 parts olive oil and 1 part red-wine vinegar with 2 large cut cloves garlic. Marinate overnight. Discard garlic and place olives without oil in serving dish. Oil mixture may be used at another time for salad dressing.

MELON WITH PROSCIUTTO AND GINGER

Cut 1-in.-wide slices of melon in season, allowing two per person if served with other hors d'oeuvres. Cut away skin of melon. Brush each slice with syrup from candied ginger in syrup. For each slice of melon, chop coarsely a piece of candied ginger and place in hollow of slice. Wrap each piece of melon with a slice of prosciutto.

PÂTÉ

Allow about 1 oz. *pâté* per person, using canned, homemade or fresh *pâté* from gourmet shop or restaurant. Cut *pâté* just before serving with sharp knife dipped in hot water or with wire cheese slicer. May be served on Boston lettuce leaves garnished with chopped meat aspic, if desired.

BEEF, APPLE AND ONION SALAD

Marinate 3 to 4 hours 1-lb. can drained shoestring beets, 2 large apples, peeled, cored and cut same size as beets, 1 cup onion, same size, 1/4 cup olive oil, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar and salt and pepper to taste.

BACALAO FRITTERS

2 2-oz. packages shredded salt codfish
 4 eggs, separated
 1 cup flour
 1/2 cup milk
 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 1/4 cup finely minced roasted sweet pepper
 2 tablespoons very finely minced parsley
 1 teaspoon chervil, very finely minced
 1/4 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
 Olive oil
 Soak codfish, following directions on package, and drain well. Mix codfish, egg yolks, flour, milk, lemon juice, sweet pepper, parsley, chervil and black pepper. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Preheat 1/4 in. oil in skillet at 370°. Drop batter by heaping teaspoons into fat. Fry until medium brown, turning once. Fritters may be made ahead,

chilled and reheated (in a single layer on baking sheet) in moderate oven 10-12 minutes before serving time.

PANINI WITH CHEESE

8 small hard dinner rolls
 Butter at room temperature
 7 1/2-oz. jar sweet roasted peppers, drained
 1/2 cup onions, 1/2-in. dice
 10 ozs. diced fontina cheese or any semisoft cheese such as bel paese or port du salut
 4 eggs, beaten
 Salt, pepper
 1/4 teaspoon oregano
 Freshly grated parmesan cheese

Cut a slice about 1/2 in. from top of rolls. Scrape out several tablespoons crumbs from each roll. Butter inside of each one generously. Place sweet pepper inside roll. Place onions in cold water in saucepan, bring to a boil and discard water. In mixing bowl, combine cheese, onions and eggs. Season generously with salt and pepper. Add oregano. Preheat oven at 350°. Spoon cheese mixture into rolls; sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Place rolls on baking sheet; bake about 20 minutes. Place under broiler for a few moments, watching constantly, for additional browning, if desired.

Any or all of the aforementioned—whether they be hot or cold, from the north or the south—should turn on your guests' taste buds in spectacular fashion. If they don't, we can only suggest that you try new guests.



"Brother Anthony!"

OH! CALCUTTA!

(continued from page 78)

break through and we couldn't break through to him and he looked as if he was crazy. We took off his clothes and bounced him around, made a circle around him and made him *sing* our names out to get him back into the group."

This remarkable 22-year-old lady, who was clearly born to dance naked, and teach others the same, pulls neither physical nor verbal punches in her work. Margo both strips and bandies four-letter words as insouciantly as the rest of us might dispose of a plum pit. Rehearsing the opening number, which is called, with exfoliated accuracy, *Taking Off the Robe*, she calmly instructed the cast: "Every ten bars, a white light picks up a different person, who does his thing, and in the end everybody is doing the *same* thing. You're welcoming your guests to this evening. Everybody is introducing himself, so think of the name you want projected behind you and the correct spelling. Now, Martin's first; he doesn't expose anything—he teases. Anna Lee shows a little ass. George shows his legs and a little cock. Simon, you're the first tit. Sheldon, the first real flash of cock. Tony is a lot of ass. Adrienne is the first time you see the whole body naked and mine is taking the robe off completely and putting it back on again. I'm totally nude at the end. That's the progression of the thing—more and more is shown. It's a little bit tough. You know: Take it or leave it." Then, turning to the elaborately indifferent accompanist, who was reading a book on child psychology, she asked demurely: "Can you play *Oh! Calcutta!*, lady?"

Simon said, "I'm not jiggling them right," and George conceded that "It's hard to dance and jiggle, too." Martin

said, "Don't worry, we'll get it jiggling, baby," and Margo said, "It's terrible." "It's not that good," Thoma added. "It's got to get better to be terrible."

Several days of technical rehearsals—setting lights, props, positions, slides, 35mm color film—interrupted the sensitivity exercises and, finally, Martin said to the director: "We seem to be drifting, losing contact. We can use some close-contact exercises again. Now there's too much involvement with self, with energy levels and what each of us is responsible for, which doesn't allow the socializing thing we had. We're really spent at the end of the day. Before, we felt good. I've become more interested in certain people than others. Others I'm losing. There's an undercurrent of jealousy. This isn't good."

Mike Thoma agreed; it was the very thing he had in mind himself. First he consigned your horny, astigmatic notetaker from his usual front-row seat to some dim limbo "beyond the tenth row," to avoid disturbing his sensitive passel of players. Then he assembled them onstage: "What we wanna do, gang. . . . *Quiet!* Now, listen, gang, because of the technical activity of the past week, we've been losing the warm, wonderful family thing we've had. I want to get into exercises where we can *find* each other again. We've gotta be together. I feel it myself; I've let it happen. I don't want to lose what we had. I feel *you're* not as full or as free or as warm toward each other. OK, Mother [to Margo], we'll start with a little sound-and-movement exercises. Now, get your asses up there and *love!*"

After a particularly lachrymose S-and-M—there wasn't a dry eye in the house

—Margo invented a new exercise: "Go down to the floor when you feel like it. Now sit up and hold hands and I want you to make eye contact with everyone in the group. Look into the other person's eyes—*beyond* the point you look away in embarrassment, to see what *else* is there. Otherwise, we lose the involvement. Shhhhhh, don't talk. *Look!* If you haven't made good contact with somebody, reach out for them." The silence and solemnity of the moment were almost palpable; and sensing that they had gone far enough, Margo switched the *William Tell Overture* to full gain and deliberately shattered the mood. Yelps and laughter rent the musty air. Then the men simulated masturbation, as they do in a scene from the show, John Lennon's puerile *Four in Hand*—in which the new member of an onanist society is turned on by the Lone Ranger, the show's lone nod to homosexuality.

"When we did this in New York," said George, "we had our pants open and our cocks out, but nobody noticed, they were so busy watching the film scenes"—of sexy nudes that precede the Lone Ranger. Mike Thoma added that in the opening ensemble number, "They'd ask, *what* slides? There, they were so busy looking at tits and cocks and cunts, nobody was looking at the film."

Which brings us to the nub of my signal complaint about *Oh! Calcutta!*: that everyone even remotely connected with the show seems to have infected it—onstage and off—with an emotional virus that operates at the most elemental, immature level of human sexuality. Instead of stoking Eros, they have stunted him. And what joy there is in an undulating expanse of skin, this veritable veld of flesh, is too often overborne by a partly pagan but mostly pubescent delight in dirty words. Shock is never readily sustained, through either nudity or obscenity. A long, hard look behind the scenes often produced, curiously, but an echo of the worst of what's out front: a calculated, seemingly cultish effort to substitute vulgarity for what might have been a visceral vitality, amateurism for professionalism, sensation for thought. A telescoped sampling from the first full-cast number in rehearsal:

MARGO: You're holding one hand across your crotch and one across your tit. My grandmother used to call me Tit.

ANNA LEE: That's a nice nickname. How are you, Tit?

MARGO: That's a flash, Martin. You don't like my flash?

MARTIN: Why don't you go fuck yourself?

MARGO: I don't have the equipment.

MARTIN (ogling ANNA LEE): Holy shit! They're *twice* as big as yours, Margo.

MARGO: I don't care, I like my tits.



"Blast it, Miss Honan—it's not the third-quarter figures on the Belding account I want—it's you!"

ANNA LEE: I think they're pretty.

MARTIN (*kissing them*): I do, too.

MARGO: He insults me, now this.

MARTIN: You got your right tit off to the side, Anna. And get your hair out of your cleavage. . . . Are the people going to be watching my ass, Margo?

MARGO: Don't worry. By the time you do it, you'll be beautiful. . . . Now, you always close robes right to left.

MARTIN: That's abnormal.

MARGO: The whole *thing* is abnormal. . . . No, Martin, it's as though you're pulling your cock out with your two hands. Now, don't *hold onto* your thing, just hands over crotch.

MARTIN: My robe is sticky. I think I got peanut butter in here.

GEORGE: In New York, Bill Macy went to a *bar mitzvah* and they asked him what he was doing in *Oh! Calcutta!* He took his cock out and laid it on the banquet table and said, "That's what I'm doing." . . . Hey, we better swirl these robes lower or we're gonna be snapping crotches.

MARTIN (*tangled in robe*): Oh, fuck, the slit is the real fuck-up.

GEORGE: When in doubt, slap it over the rhythm section. Our curtain call will be the guys come out and raise their robes and do a bump. The girls lower their robes and make them go around. Can you make them go, Anna? Let's hear it for the cast. (*Shakes hips so penis slaps thighs noisily.*)

MARTIN: Mine's not that big.

ANNA LEE: We'll get you a hand mike.

GEORGE: Props!

MIKE (*watching MARTIN flash mid-stage*): Keep it covered. You think they're gonna pay twenty-five dollars to see *that* piece of shit?

MARTIN (*looking down dolefully*): It's nothing, is it? I'm going to hang a birdseed bag on it to make it longer.

Gardner Compton, who designed the show's tricky mixed-media light sequences, stopped his cameras, came over and said: "Now I know why you have such a small notebook for this assignment—all you need is room for four-letter words." He was almost right and, ironically, none of it was as funny as, say, Martin's straight-faced remark while watching George and Margo rehearse their stunning nude *pas de deux*, *One on One*: "That's pornography!"

After the first preview, the cast was wrung out and George Welbes, particularly, was depressed but lucid. "I really think there is something in the material of the show that does not allow *acting*," he said with some acuity. "It's a good-time, throwaway burlesque show, and it

should be played that way. I went into it with total committed energy and it was terrible, terrible. It was like an awful lot of energy you put into something that isn't that worth while, the feeling that with half the effort, I could be twice the man."

Mike Thoma, looking worn and suety, assembled his players for the first round of cast notes. "Michele [who replaced Adrienne], you stepped on a line during a laugh—be grateful for every one of those. In *Jack and Jill*, I'd like to get a little *tuch* showing in that run-around. And in the rape, I don't want the cries too much. Be selective about the noise. I would like to feel that his cock has just hit your Adam's apple—*hhhhggguuuurrr*. Tony, in *Was It Good for You Too?*, give us some activity that will slow you—like playing with your cock for half an hour. And in *Coming Together, Going Together*, see if you can say 'pussy' without that sense of rush—it's just a matter of articulating the thing—'puus-see,' in the line: 'I talk about pussy, but I eat corned beef.' Simon, your 'What the fuck are they doing up there?' was cut off. You've been begging for that line for weeks, and you fucked it up. In *Four in Hand*, everybody stops thinking about their fantasies when the Lone Ranger comes in, and that's when you *stop* jerking off—the point was blurred, because we didn't have the film."

Thoma ordered more sensitivity exercises, several hours of them, in fact, on the very day of the premiere. But once more, the possibilities of exhilarating freedoms and uncluttered pleasures were diluted by the same perverse, narcissistic indulgences that can make even sexuality boring. During an exercise leading into *Much Too Soon*, in which the naked couples first explore each other tentatively, innocently, then group-symmetrically until they freeze in Rodinlike poses, Martin placed his head where Simon's thighs met and Margo said, "I don't want you to *eat* her." "No," said Simon, "my mother's coming tonight." Then she complained about "the way Martin's dirty foot comes around between my legs"; but Martin enjoined her not to worry, because "It'll be clean tonight."

It was, but the show wasn't. It opened at the Fairfax before a tepid, celebrity-studded audience; once more, it was roundly scored by a rash of critics (three notices in the *Los Angeles Times* alone, including one by the cinema reviewer). Earlier this year, the unrelenting pressures of city censorship, a lot of quasi-official obloquy and a lawsuit filed by the executive producer against the local producer for failing to make royalty payments conspired to cut *Oh! Calcutta!* down, at least for the time being. All this in the very root country of anything goes. Alas.



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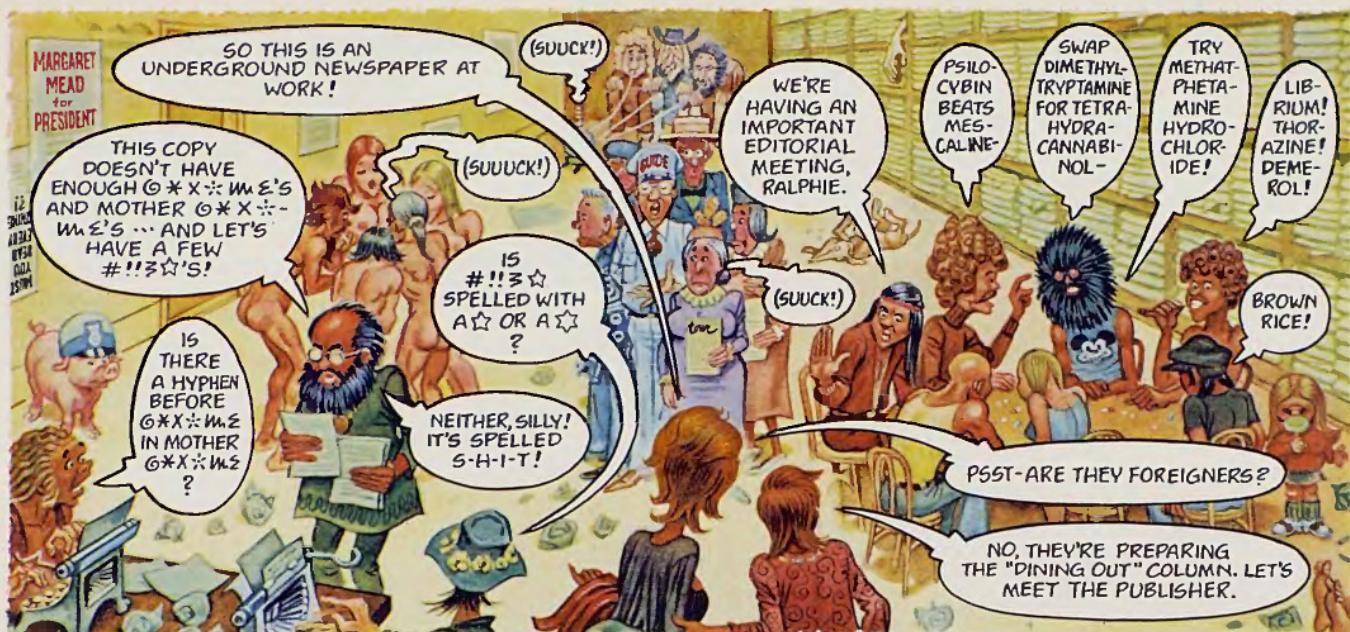
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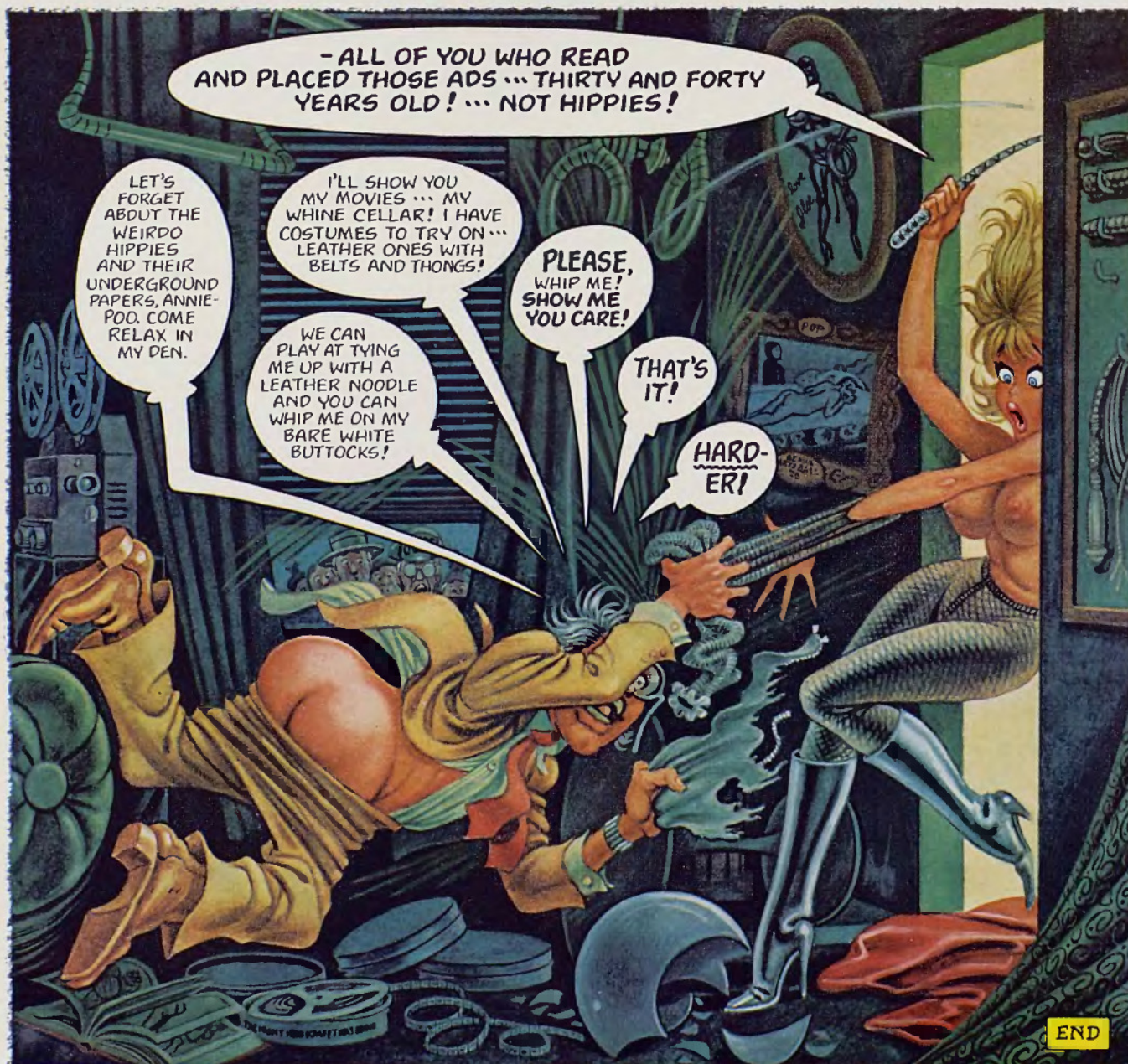
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